

The Smart Screen Magazine

1985



SCREENLAND

July

15c

10¢ in Canada

Charles Shaldon

Ginger Rogers

**PRIZES in
"PAGE MISS GLORY" CONTEST**

Glamor Girl by VICKI BAUM

Why we love SHIRLEY TEMPLE — her leading men tell

★ WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL ... WAKE UP ★



TODAY IS YOUR WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . it's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her

P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. *The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.*

breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE . . . DEODORIZES LONGER

"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR

"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-75
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

**IPANA and Massage
mean
Sparkling Teeth
and Healthy Gums**

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

JAMES M. FIDLER, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE ORIGINAL STORIES for MOTION PICTURES?

Who doesn't? Almost everyone has a story to tell. And almost everyone would like to tell it in saleable form so that it could be sold to the movies. The question is, can it be done? Is it a waste of time to write down your ideas which you believe would make good motion picture material? Or is some producer out in Hollywood sitting behind a big mahogany desk just waiting for you to send in your idea so that he can buy it for his next big production?

SCREENLAND has been asked repeatedly for advice and suggestions as to the possibility of selling original stories to the movie companies. Now we have the answer for you! Straight from the shoulder, out of her own practical experience as an author of best-selling novels and popular screen stories, Beth Brown has written a sympathetic, human-interest feature which we advise you to read if you want the truth. Miss Brown's article will appear in the August issue, on sale June 25th. Read it, by all means.

JULY, 1935

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"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

JOAN CRAWFORD · ROBERT MONTGOMERY
NO MORE LADIES

with
CHARLIE RUGGLES · FRANCHOT TONE · EDNA MAY OLIVER

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Salutes and Snubs

You write 'em! We print 'em!
Producers and stars read 'em!



Saluting versatile Loretta Young! Left, a first still from "The Crusades," with Ian Keith. Above, Loretta and Clark Gable in "The Call of the Wild."

The first eight letters receive
prizes of \$5.00 each

PRETTY NICE OF LORETTA!

Who says Loretta Young isn't nice? While filming "Call of the Wild" up here she gave every evidence of being charming. Retiring early one evening, Loretta got up around ten o'clock, (at night), when she heard that a girl had been waiting since six o'clock for her autograph! P.S. I got the autograph!

M. F. Donner,
6220-37 N.W.,
Seattle, Wash.

HERE'S PRAISE INDEED

As a SCREENLAND reader living in the Thrums countryside, I congratulate Hollywood on its superb picturization of "The Little Minister." Hepburn and Beal were grand. Characterization, setting, and costumes—excellent. I question if British producers could have done the job half as well.

David Donald Jolly,
27 Queen St.,
Forfar, Angus,
Scotland.

BEDAZZLED BY BLONDES

Something should be done about this business of casting too many blondes in one film. "The Captain Hates the Sea" was a swell picture, but although I am a movie fan, those three blondes in the film kept me constantly confused. Why not give the brunettes a break?

Gene Ayden,
Boone, N. C.

WAIT'LL HE DOES WIN—WOW!

Can't something be done for Jack Holt? I've followed him in picture after picture and never yet have I seen him win the girl. If this continues Jack is going to develop an inferiority complex.

M. Seitter,
6454 Laflin St.,
Chicago, Ill.

SIMILE SALUTES

Add similes: As charming as Leslie Howard. As dashing as John Barrymore. As nonchalant as William Powell. As well-turned-out as Adolphe Menjou. As homespun as Will Rogers. As handsome as Clark Gable.

Miss D. M. Moore,
Santa Rosa, Calif.

DOUBLE-FEATURE DISCORD

Why doesn't the "front office" of the movie industry put a stop to these tiresome, double-feature billings? Right now there are such disgusting program-mixtures. For instance, the exquisite "Barretts of Wimpole Street" shown with a rough and bloody western, "Two-Gun Pete." The effect was positively revolting.

Mrs. Paul Weber,
Ursa, Ill.

DO YOU AGREE?

Perhaps the tragic ending of "The Wedding Night" was logical, but it left me with a feeling of frustration. Despite arguments favoring the unhappy ending, I believe movie audiences prefer the happy one. Life is tragic enough for most of us; that's why we go to the movies.

Mrs. W. M. Jackson,
810 West 7th St.,
Columbia, Tenn.

THE MOVIE-MADE TOWN

It used to be a dead old town until they built a theatre this winter. Now what a difference! The new theatre, one of the finest in the county, draws people—and with them life and amusement—from all the surrounding towns.

Chester L. Weaver,
228 Front St.,
Lititz, Penna.

Does Hollywood create true or false impressions of distant locales reproduced as backgrounds for its film dramas? Is the "double feature" a menace or a blessing? How many fans really like to see an unhappy ending, even if logical to the drama? Here are but a few, a very few, of the interesting questions thrashed out in the present session of the Salutes and Snubs meeting.

Are you a regular contributor to this department? If not, it's high time you joined the lively party and had a good time for yourself! Your Salutes are appreciated, your Snubs taken to heart by the stars. You can tell your favorites precisely what you want to say to them and be sure they'll get your message—if you send your comment through the medium of Salutes and Snubs. It's easy to do. Simply say what you think—saying it, please, in fifty words or less—and address your letter to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. You may win a prize—\$5.00, you know, if your letter is judged to be one of the eight best for the month! Let's hear from you!

They HAVE ALL GONE

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures.
These stars are now with GB . . . because
GB Productions have individuality,
glamour, and a tone all their own.



GEORGE ARLISS



ROBERT DONAT



JESSIE MATTHEWS



MADELEINE CARROLL



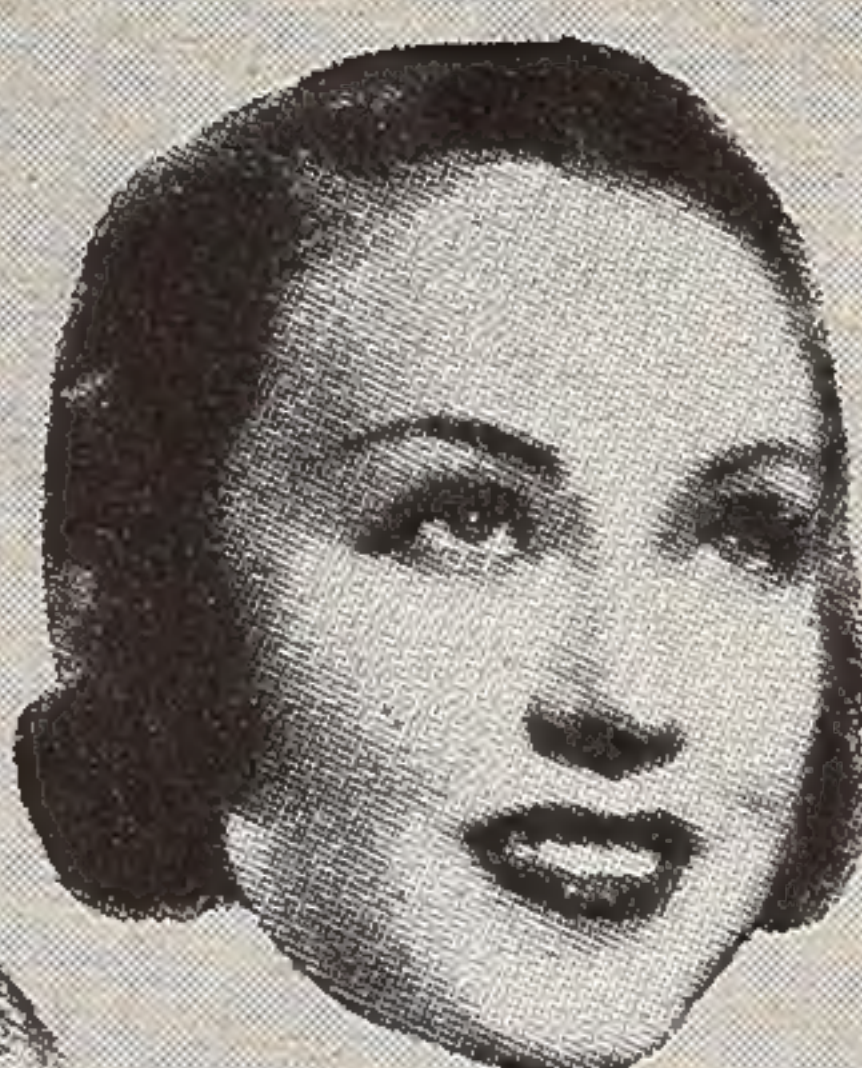
JACK HULBERT



NOVA PILBEAM



BORIS KARLOFF



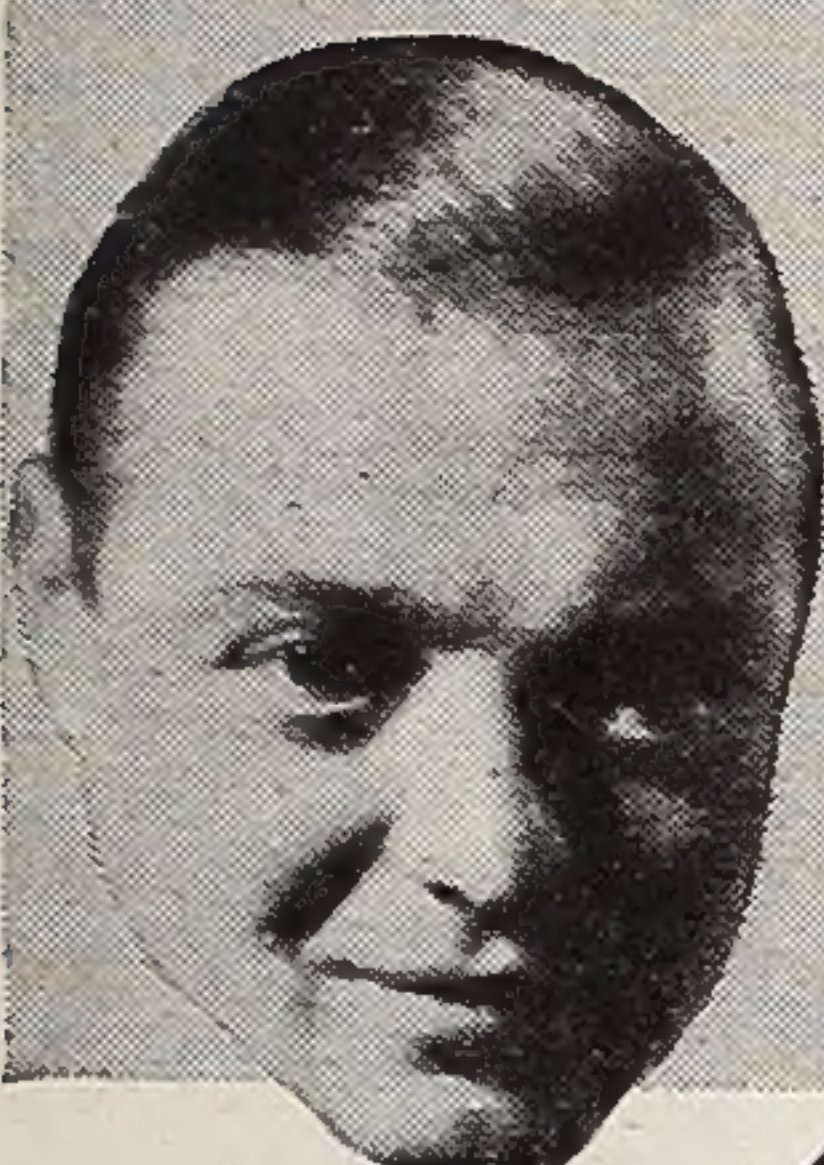
FAY WRAY



CLAUDE RAINS



MADGE EVANS*



PETER LORRE



WALTER HUSTON



LUPE VELEZ



* MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



CONRAD VEIDT



RICHARD DIX



C. AUBREY SMITH



HELEN VINSON



CICELY COURTNEIDGE



BARRY MACKAY



TOM WALLS

Watch For These Pictures!

THIRTY-NINE STEPS

THE CLAIRVOYANT

THE TUNNEL

THE KING OF THE DAMNED

THE MORALS OF MARCUS

RHODES

KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE

PASSING ^{OF THE} 3RD FLOOR BACK

MODERN MASQUERADE

SECRET AGENT

DR. NIKOLA

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

TOPS 'EM ALL



*By Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

*Exclusive photographs,
posed especially for SCREEN-
LAND Service Section, by
John Miehle, RKO.*

The beautiful Lady of the Rancho greets you! Here at the right is Frances Dee McCrea inviting you to her picnic in the summer-house.



By
Betty
Boone

Inside the Stars' Homes

And Outside, Too! This Time a
Ranch Picnic with Frances Dee
McCrea Your Charming Hostess



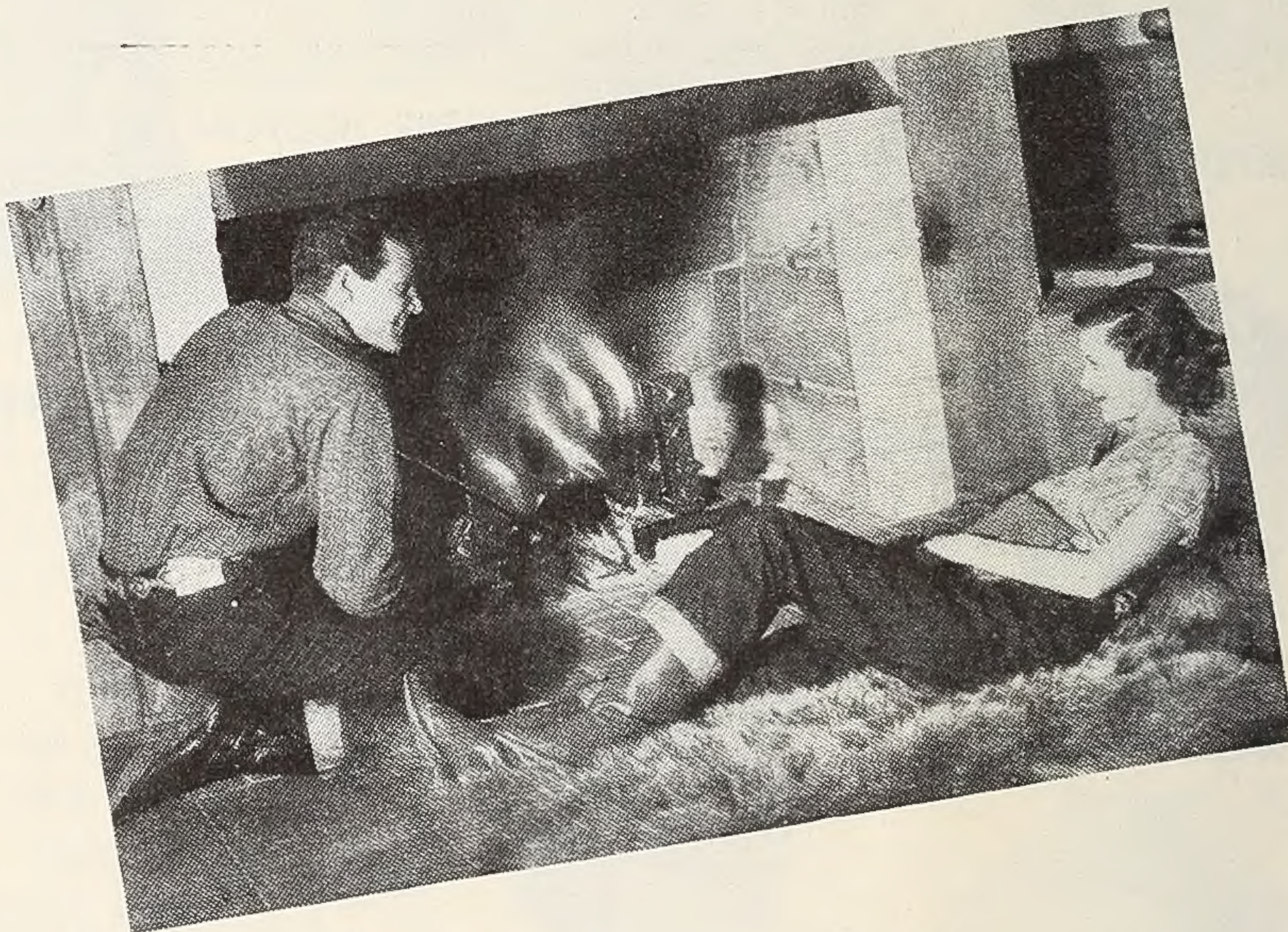
Above, a "long shot" of the McCrea home about forty miles from busy Hollywood. Not a play place, but a real, paying ranch of 3,000 acres.

FRANCES DEE and husband Joel McCrea—or Joel McCrea and wife Frances Dee, as you prefer—have a three thousand acre ranch about forty miles from Hollywood. It's not a play place, but a real ranch with horses, cattle, chickens, alfalfa, clover, and everything that belongs there. A foreman is in charge and—acid test—it showed a nice profit last year.

The house is early American, nestled into a green hillside. From its long low veranda there is a view of other hills with sunny valleys between; on a clear day, there is even a glimpse of the ocean. Golden poppies and blue lupines make a colorful pattern below the grass plot. A summer-house and swimming-pool, (not a gleaming-tiled Hollywood affair, but a swimmin'-hole"), are set still lower beyond a group of tiny citrus trees.

"We'll have the picnic in the summer-house," decreed Frances, "Isn't it fun to eat outdoors? I come of a long line of picknickers and it's my favorite recreation. I grew up in Chicago and everyone picnics there. Sort of a habit. We used to snatch up whatever food happened to be in the house, mix up lemonade, and dash off. But on special occasions, naturally, there were special dishes. We'll go into that later. Right now, we'll take our own picnic down and eat it, shall we? Everybody help!"

Our hostess was appropriately—and most becomingly—dressed in blue flannel slacks and shirt. Joel, arriving at that moment mounted on his favorite horse, wore



Joel McCrea and his lovely wife, known to you as Frances Dee, spend quiet evenings before their fire like other happily married folk!

overalls with chaps and riding boots—and handsome he looked, too.

He was so full of good news he couldn't wait to dismount, but shouted: "Hey, 176 has a calf, sweetheart!" when he got in earshot.

Frances thrilled. We all stopped, with our arms full of appetizing food, to hear about 176-A, as the calf was laughingly named. It seems that all Joel's cattle are numbered instead of branded.

Augmented by Joel and the two dogs, Stubby and

Shane, the picnic party descended to the summer house, the hot corn pudding in my charge. This is the dish for which Della, the McCreas' maid, is especially famous, and it's an addition to any picnic. Here's the recipe:

Corn Pudding

- 1 pint corn off cob or canned
- 2 eggs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- A dash of pepper
- 1 rounded teaspoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup milk

Mix corn, sugar, pepper, salt. Add melted butter. Break eggs into milk, whip slightly, then mix with corn. Bake in a slow oven.

"In California, you must have at least one hot dish," said Frances, as we spread out chicken, ham, biscuits, honey, salad, cottage cheese, and pie on the summer-house table. "Della's corn pudding is a grand one, and can be carried in a thermos food container. We like it better than baked beans or spaghetti. But back east our main idea was to get cool when we went on a picnic, so hot dishes were out.

"We used to go in for cold drinks, but we never heard of the marvelous ones I've discovered lately. We're serving coffee today because there's a cool breeze, and milk because Joel's so proud of our ranch product, but let me tell you two perfectly grand drinks I've tasted: Canton Cup and Iced Coffee with Orange."

Canton Cup

Place in a bowl two oranges sliced, the juice of two lemons, four cups of tea infusion, six sprays of mint, half a cup of sliced cucumber, and four tablespoons sugar. Mix and stand in refrigerator for an hour.

When ready to serve, strain into a glass pitcher. Place down the inside of pitcher, six sprays of mint, some whole strawberries and one long piece of cucumber rind. Then fill pitcher with ice cubes and ginger ale.

Iced Coffee with Orange

Place in a pan, one cup water and thinly cut rind of two oranges. Bring to a boil and let simmer for ten minutes. Remove from fire and add half cup sugar, stir until sugar is dissolved; when cold strain out peel and add four cups of clear, strong, black coffee. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving add half cup of coffee cream and the strained juice of two oranges. Serve in tall glasses and top each glass with a spoonful of whipped cream.

"What fun picnics are!" sighed Frances, a chicken wing in one hand, a biscuit in the other. "I always enjoy them, even when we have mishaps. I remember one day, when I was in Chicago, we packed a lunch and went to the Indiana sand dunes, a pet spot. We had set out the food and were just going to eat when along came a sand storm. We grabbed the stuff and fled to the cars and huddled down in them. The sandwiches were full of dust, even the lemonade was gritty!"

"Have on olive?" urged Joel, passing them. "No, they didn't grow on the place, but we have some olive trees—come out next year and see what they can do!" Young olive trees shade the summer house and pool.

"Californians always take olives to a picnic," mused Frances, "but back east pickles seem to rate higher. New and different pickles was a slogan. Do you know about quince pickles? Or nasturtium? Della will give you the recipes."

Della did, and here they are:

Nasturtium Pickle

It takes one year from the time the pickles are put up until they are ready for

(Continued on page 94)

Does your LOVELY HAIR attract men?



Don't let their "CLOSE-UP" view be disappointing! Your shampoo should be a special beauty-treatment for your type of hair

For Hair
inclined to be oily

Guard against flabby oil glands and the embarrassment of *stringy, oil-flooded* hair which will not hold a wave. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*. This shampoo is gently astringent . . . *made especially for oily hair.*

Packer's tonic Pine Tar Shampoo is absolutely safe. Use it as frequently as necessary to cultivate the shining fluffiness which is the birthright of your type of hair.

For Hair
inclined to be dry

Avoid harsh shampoos which increase dryness and leave your hair *dull . . . fly-away . . .* the kind that "frizzes" rather than "waves"! Use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo*, made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" and contains soothing, softening glycerine to help your hair become silky and manageable.

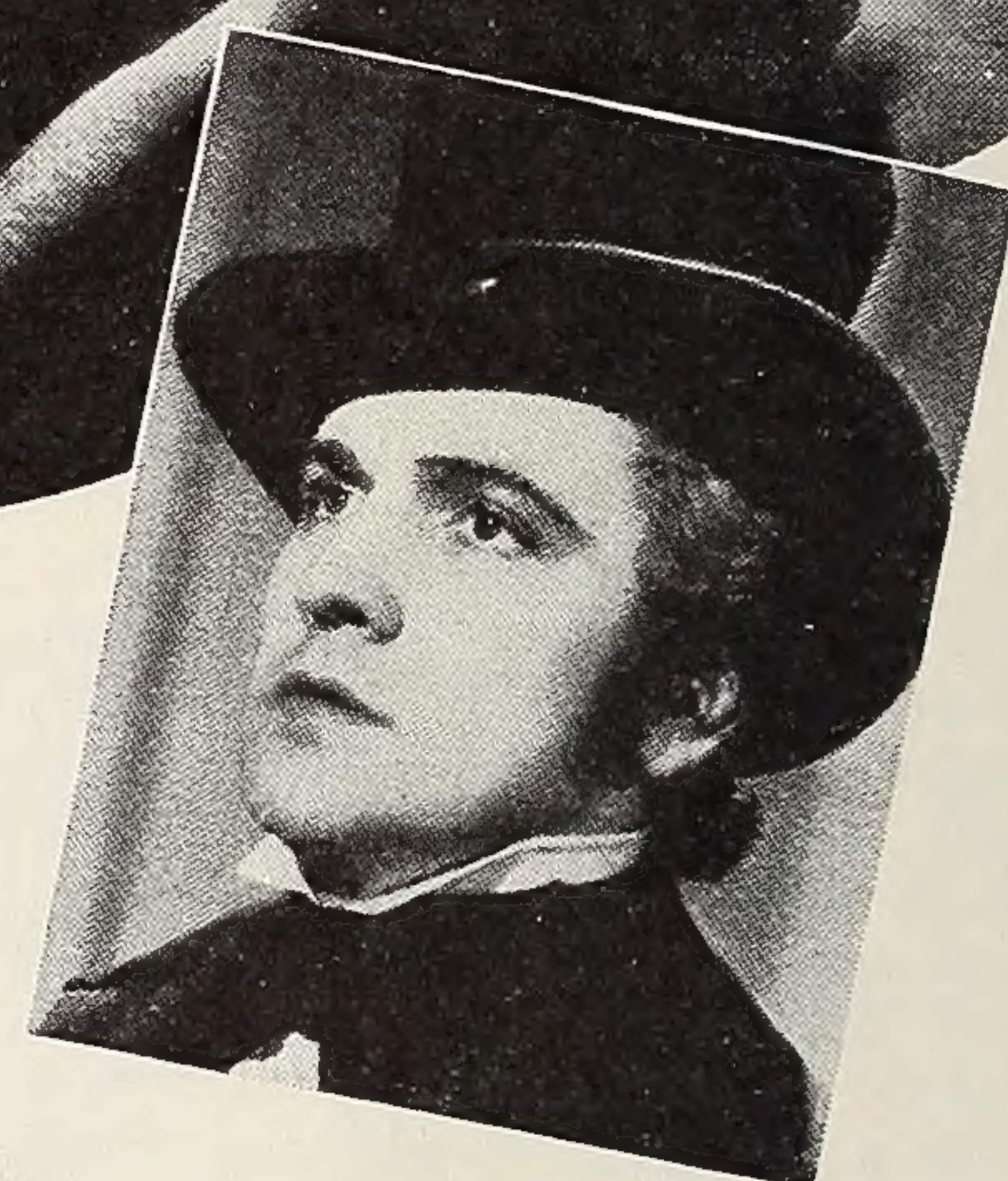
Both Packer Shampoos are made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap.

PACKER'S SHAMPOOS

PINE
TAR
for OILY hair



OLIVE
OIL
for DRY hair



Fredric March, above, with Rochelle Hudson in "Les Misérables." The close-ups show phases of his superb characterization.



SCREENLAND Honor Page



LET'S come right out with it: Fredric March is the finest young actor on any screen. In "Les Misérables" he competes in artistry with such seasoned thespians as the impressive Sir Cedric Hardwicke and the eccentric Charles Laughton—and it is March who triumphs. We have been generous in our praise of imported talent, and rightly; but we should not forget that in Fredric March we have the most sincere, the most versatile of all younger cinema actors.

Forward, March!
We Honor Fredric
the Great for his
JEAN VALJEAN in "Les
Miserables"

IN the heroic rôle of *Jean Valjean* in the praiseworthy Zanuck-United Artists picturization of Victor Hugo's great book, "our Mr. March" surpasses even his own past memorable performances—yes, even his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As the tortured convict he is harrowingly real; as the fugitive he flames with feeling; and he achieves his perfect performance not by mere make-up or mannerism, but by his bright inner fire—he is indeed an artist!

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

A Hoosier Fan. Your state has produced many well-known actors, actresses, painters, writers of fiction and poets—not to mention Presidents and Vice-Presidents. Several screen stars claim Indiana as their birthplace. Among them are Louise Dresser, Ann Christy, Louise Fazenda, Carole Lombard, Irene Purcell, Ross Churchill, Charlie Murray, Richard Bennett, father of the three Bennett girls, Barbara, Constance, and Joan; Tom Geraghty, story writer for pictures, and Charles Butterworth, South Bend, Indiana's boy who has made good in cinemaland.

Margaret A. I'm a very good explainer and can take care of almost anything that needs an answer, if I may say so. Phillips Holmes can be interested in any of the likable and good-look-able girls of the screen if he wants to—he is *not* married to Frances Dee. She has a perfectly good husband—none other than Joel McCrea. There is a third member of the McCrea-Dee family, it's a boy.

Curious Fan. Many of our screen stars make a picture or two or three, then do a play on Broadway—it's all in a day or night's work. Our one-time blonde favorite, Blanche Sweet, is appearing in a Broadway play as I write this "The Petrified Forest," written by Robert Sherwood and starring Leslie Howard. Humphrey Bogart, who has been in several films, is also in the cast.

Nell. L. Stand by for your lesson in arithmetic, Nell, and figure out just how old or young Jean Parker is. She was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, on August 11, 1915, and that's the truth, so help Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, weighs 105 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her first film, "Divorce in the Family," was made in 1923. Myrna Loy is all-American, born in Helena, Montana, in 1906. Margo has another name but doesn't use it in pictures or on the stage. Her latest release is "Rumba" with Carole Lombard and George Raft.

Mrs. A. B. You're right. Marguerite Snow was James Cruze's first wife and they had a daughter named Julie. We're all in love with Freddie Bartholomew, so you are no exception. His portrayal of young *Master Copperfield* is one of the finest bits of child acting ever caught by the camera.

Dorothy P. As far as I know Joan Crawford's first marriage was with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan's natural ability as an actress and her outstanding picture personality are of greatest concern to us, after all. Occasionally a former stage star walks away with a picture, as you have witnessed in the case of Frank Morgan.

Violet S. I don't believe Leon Janney has made any new picture contracts. He appeared in a stage play, "Every Saturday," featuring Queenie Smith, but Queenie has since taken herself and her talents to Hollywood, a film contract in her pocket and her first screen rôle, in "Mississippi," is now behind her. Leon meantime has remained in New York, chiefly engaged in being a master of ceremonies at a swank night club, and also pursuing his desire to further himself as a stage actor. His latest contract is with the Theatre Guild.

Hush!

Grace Moore is singing!

Millions sigh . . . dream . . . live anew . . .
when the divine star of "One Night of
Love" bursts into glorious song . . . as
melodrama, romance, music are brilliantly
blended in a grand story!



Divine

Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

with

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

PHOTOGRAPHED

MORE THAN 5,000 TIMES

Sometimes you see her as a debutante, sometimes as the happy housewife and young mother; again as the blooming bride. Her flawless teeth have gleamed at you from scores of tooth paste pictures. She is Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of beautiful New York models and one of the most successful.



*"This toothpaste gives the Brilliance
the studios demand"*
says **ELIZABETH RUSSELL** famed New York model

"No one," says Miss Russell, "is in a better position to judge products, especially those affecting health and beauty, than models.

"Manufacturers are constantly asking us to try various creams, powders, soaps and tooth pastes. It doesn't take long to find out which have merit. They prove themselves quickly. These we use. The others we reject. For, after all, when one's good looks and livelihood are concerned, one cannot afford to take chances. That is especially true in the case of tooth paste. A model with poor teeth is a model without work.

"Of all the dentifrices, I like Listerine Tooth Paste best. I began using it when I first went into modeling four years ago. It's really marvelous how thoroughly and quickly it cleans. It seems to impart to teeth a brilliance and lustre that photogra-

phers like to see reproduced in their work.

"And it is reassuring to know that it is safe to use. The ingredients are so fine and so pure that they are not a menace to enam-

el—the thing all models guard against."

Your Teeth Can Look Better

More than two million women and at least one million men have found that this tooth paste accomplishes remarkable results in keeping teeth healthy and beautiful. Such results are due to ultra-modern polishing agents—thorough but oh so gentle in action—that Listerine Tooth Paste contains.

Why not get a tube and try it for a week or two. See how much better your teeth look and feel. At all druggists in two sizes: Regular 25¢ and Double Size 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



THE FILM-COMBATING, STAIN-ATTACKING TOOTH PASTE

The Editor's Page.



The expressive face of the great Bergner, above; and right, in one of her inimitable "eating" scenes.



Acclaimed by George Bernard Shaw and Sir James M. Barrie, Elisabeth Bergner is also a pet of the public.

An Open Letter to Elisabeth Bergner

DEAR PIXIE:

Come right down out of that tree-top, Peter Pan! You look little and impish and appealing up there, shaking your straight golden locks; in fact, I don't know anyone who can look cuter doing that sort of thing, except possibly Freddie Bartholomew. But I'm not to be taken in; I know you come down to earth occasionally, because I caught you eating salami. And maybe I didn't tell myself I was watching a priceless performance! The great Bergner, sensation of two continents, in a salami close-up! Only Joseph M. Schenck, the benign big boss of the United Artists company that releases your pictures, could have directed you in such a scene and got away with it. Mr. Schenck has a sense of humor and so have you. Your nibbling scenes in "Escape Me Never" have audiences drooling in sympathy. And here I was watching a close-up of the enigmatic, elusive Elisabeth tackling the salami and going straight on through the liverwurst, and getting hungrier myself by the minute, but afraid I would miss a Bergner gesture if I gave in. But it was worth it. How I enjoyed your performance—a composite of "Catherine the Great," and *Gemma* in "Escape Me Never," and "Ariane," with a dash of Peter Pan just for luck and for dear old Sir James M. Barrie. I think I also caught a glimpse of the genuine Bergner beneath all the art, and I like that Bergner, if she's the one I think, even better than the other girls.

I said: "You're not really shy at all," and you gave me a wise look out of those amazing, liquid brown eyes that can hold so much wonder and woe, and you said: "It is embarrassing, being on exhibition"—because all the people who'd been trying to catch up

with you since you landed in America and had failed until Mr. Schenck grabbed you and gave you a plate of food and called in the press—suddenly seemed to appear at once, to stare at you who had never before been stared at in person. And you, the brilliant Bergner selected by George Bernard Shaw to film his "St. Joan" instead of Hepburn or Joan Crawford who wanted to film it; who inspired Sir James M. Barrie to get to work again after his long silence to write a new play just for you—you sat there in a little-girl's frock of blue and white, with the afternoon sun streaming full upon you and your hint of freckles and your child's hands innocent of manicure; and you giggled disarmingly, and munched contentedly; and you were so friendly and so natural and so gay that I wish half the actresses in Hollywood could have been there to take a lesson in real Acting—and in good manners.

Speaking of Hollywood: "I do not belong there," you said. "I am foreign. But I am curious about Hollywood, and I shall go there one day—but quietly, secretly and quietly. It cannot be done? Ah, but I think it can! It is always possible to go quietly and attract no attention—if one really wishes to."

Think that over, Hollywood.

Delight Evans

WHY

As told to
Dorothy
Manners

Siren Shirley's
Faithful Swains
Explain Devotion!

EDITOR'S NOTE: A little honesty in the beginning concerning the feelings of the average actor about playing with a child star can't help but color these tributes from *The Men In Shirley's Life* (so far), with real significance. For, verily, the average adult performer had rather grow crow's feet, lose his hair, and pay income tax than to play in support of a child or an animal. It isn't entirely professional jealousy, either; though no matter how much sex-appeal he turns on, the little two-foot, or four-foot is a cinch to walk off with all the honors.

But if the ordinary run of picture-making is a hard grind and a gruelling effort, making a movie with a child is nothing

short of a prelude to a nervous breakdown. Invariably, just as the actors work themselves up to the correct emotional pitch, someone discovers little Tootsie-Wootsie has gone to sleep and the Society For The Prevention of Waking Sleeping Children will not permit her, him, or it to be aroused. Or else, right in the middle of a difficult scene the Infant Prodigy has to go home because the State Laws won't permit minors to work more than four hours, seventeen minutes, and no split seconds before the camera daily.

But Shirley Temple is no average child star, as the actors who have appeared in her pictures are so willing to testify. Read why they regard her "a real trouper."

WE LOVE SHIRLEY

Her Leading Men Tell

Lionel Barrymore—The "Little Colonel's"

Big Colonel

I LOVE Shirley because that glorious, shining simplicity of hers on the screen is no camera trick of a precocious little girl, but a true reflection of the child as she really is. After working with Shirley for six weeks I came to the conclusion that hers is not a temporary talent to fade and die after she has passed her baby days. My grandmother, the first Mrs. John Drew, was a great actress at six years of age. I have several engravings of her taken at that stage of her career. At the age of eighty she was the outstanding *Mrs. Malaprop* of all time. Like this great soul, I believe little Shirley's artless art will survive and carry her forward as long as simplicity and loveliness continue to charm the hearts of the world.

"Away from the camera she is just a baby. She makes a game of acting; but still, I have watched her closely and can see that at times she is severely bored with it all, the constant repetition and retaking of scenes. Here is a case in which the director, scenario writer, and dialogists are making no mere brain-tank of this child. She may reflect their suggestions, but she reasons everything out with a rare intelligence in her own manner.

"Once during the making of 'The Little Colonel' the writers had put a long and involved speech in Shirley's mouth. Little trouper that she is, she had no difficulty in memorizing the rather stilted lines—yet I could see she was not happy in speaking them. 'What's the matter Shirley?' I asked, pulling her close. We were great ones to whisper about things during rehearsals, Shirley and I. She cupped her hand against my ear and whispered the speech as she would like to say it in the utterly natural manner of a child. I told the director—and Shirley's (Continued on page 77)



Above, Miss Temple and her next-to-favorite leading man: Joel McCrea, who plays her screen father in her new film, "Our Little Girl."

Head-Man in Shirley's screen life: Jimmy Dunn, right. Jimmy admits Shirley reformed him—and what's more, she even made him like it!

Below, from left to right: Shirley with Lionel Barrymore in "The Little Colonel"; with Gary Cooper in "Now and Forever"; and with Lyle Talbot.



Don't Fear Passing Years!

Says
Claudette Colbert

As told to Maude Cheatham

"Time holds no terrors for me. I'm not in the least daunted by the passing years!"

It was Claudette Colbert speaking!

I was so amazed that I almost toppled off my chair. Such an attitude in any woman is unusual, to say the least. Yet here was a screen star, young, beautiful, successful, who approached the feminine bugaboo with utmost serenity. To most actresses it spells Tragedy; the end of all things precious.

Noting my speechless surprise, Claudette, with a laugh, went on: "We can't buck the forces of the universe. And who wants to? The thrill of human existence is its continual change. What a terrible thing it would be if we had to go right on singing the same song in the same way, year after year! It is monotony, not age, that kills."

Claudette was curled up like a kitten in the corner of a big divan in her white and blue dressing-room at the Paramount studio. As I watched her it suddenly came to me that her delicious sense of humor and her abounding enthusiasm, which make her one of the most vital personalities on the screen today, were also the very qualities that formed a shield against the frightening aspects of the passing years.

"Women give too much importance to birthdays," she went on. "Of course, I'll change with the years and my ambitions, my viewpoints will change, too. But you see, I hope to live every year to its fullest and to be eager to meet that other self as I round each corner.

"I'm not the same girl I was five years ago. I don't regret that. Why, I've lived and learned and achieved so much during these years!

"I don't want to stand still. Each year brings its special gift and believe me, I'm (Continued on page 82)

Claudette, lucky and lovely—young enough to be a tennis girl; poised enough to play matured women. Every woman will want to read how Colbert kids the age jinx!



Leslie Howard, shown above and right, below, with his daughter at his home in England: exclusive family pictures never before published.

Problems of an Actor's Private Life!

LESLIE HOWARD came into the room. He had just been for a long stroll in Central Park. He wore the traditional Englishman's idea of a proper walking costume, consisting of a sweater under the coat of his suit; no top-coat, of course; no hat, and heavy brown suede oxfords. With his pipe clenched between his teeth, he must have aroused no little curiosity as he walked down Fifth Avenue. Pedestrians probably took him for "another one of those health nuts."

Certainly as one saw him then, one would never have connected him with the theatre. Here is no handsome matinée idol, I thought as I watched him move about the room. No swash-buckling romantic figure to speed up the feminine pulse. You would never suspect him of being in the same category with Clark Gable, with his lure of good looks. Or Ronald Colman and his fascina-

tion of sophisticated charm. Or Maurice Chevalier with his obvious sex appeal. Or any of the other famous screen idols. I saw before me just an ordinary young man with an intelligent face.

And yet, over on Broadway his name was bringing joy to the box-office not only of the theatre in which he was scoring the biggest hit of the current season in a play called "The Petrified Forest," but also to the largest motion picture palace in the world, where his latest screen vehicle, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was drawing unmitigated praise from all who saw it.

He sat down in an arm-chair and proceeded to polish his horn-rimmed glasses. They make him look like a student. The dark color of the rims accent the blueness of his eyes, and the blondness of his closely-cropped, curly hair. Always slight of (Continued on page 68)

Leslie Howard
speaks frankly
about home,
children, salary,
and success in life



By B. F. Wilson

Bill Powell and Jean Harlow.

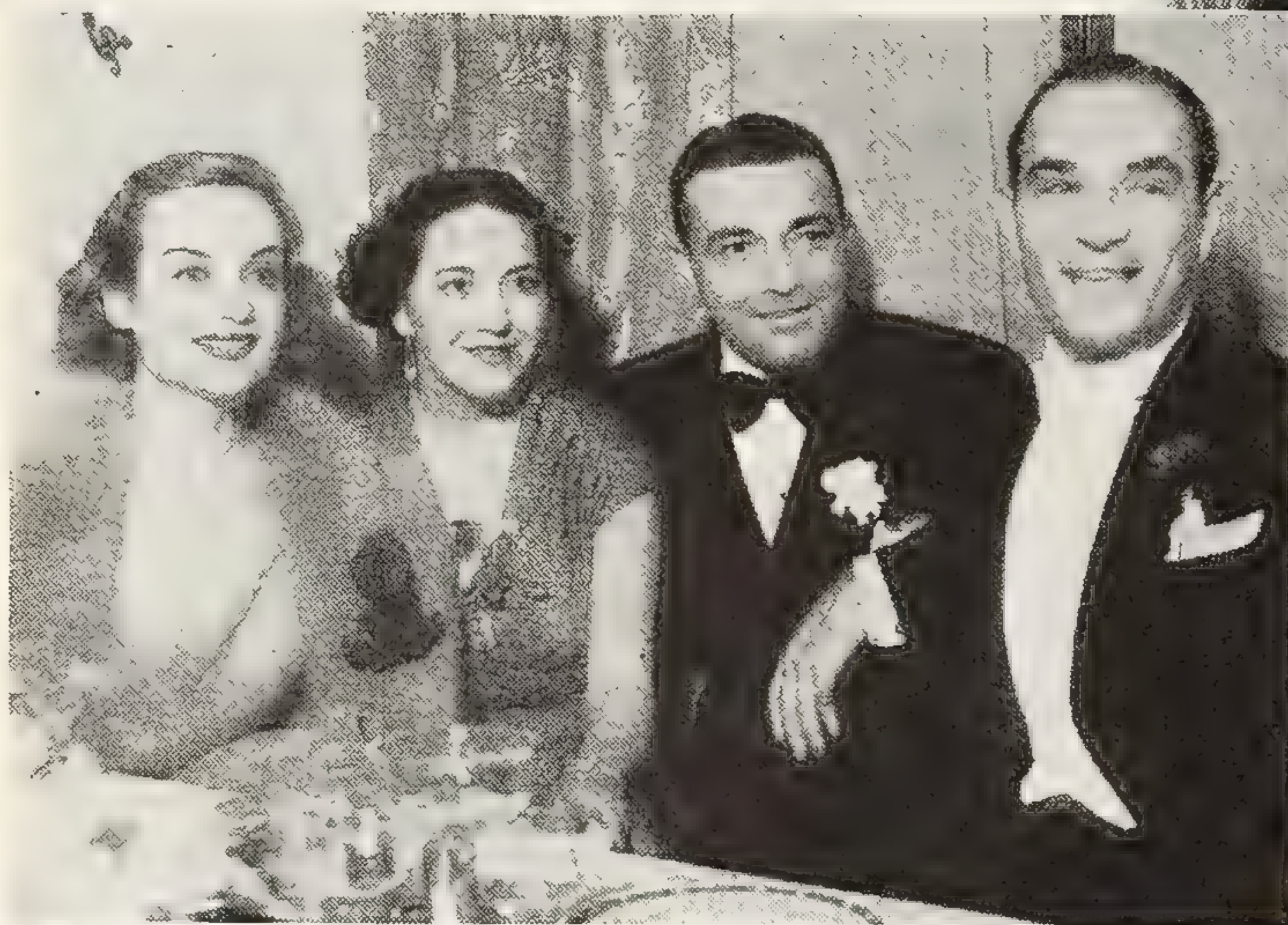
International



MERRY!

Charles and Elsa Laughton, right.

Acme

QUITE
MAD!Carole Lombard,
Jessica and Dick
Barthelmess, Robert
Riskin.Wide
World

CUT-UPS!

Who's eligible for membership in the Irresponsibles Club? Some of your pet picture stars! Read about their gay goings-on—just good, clean fun

The Mad,

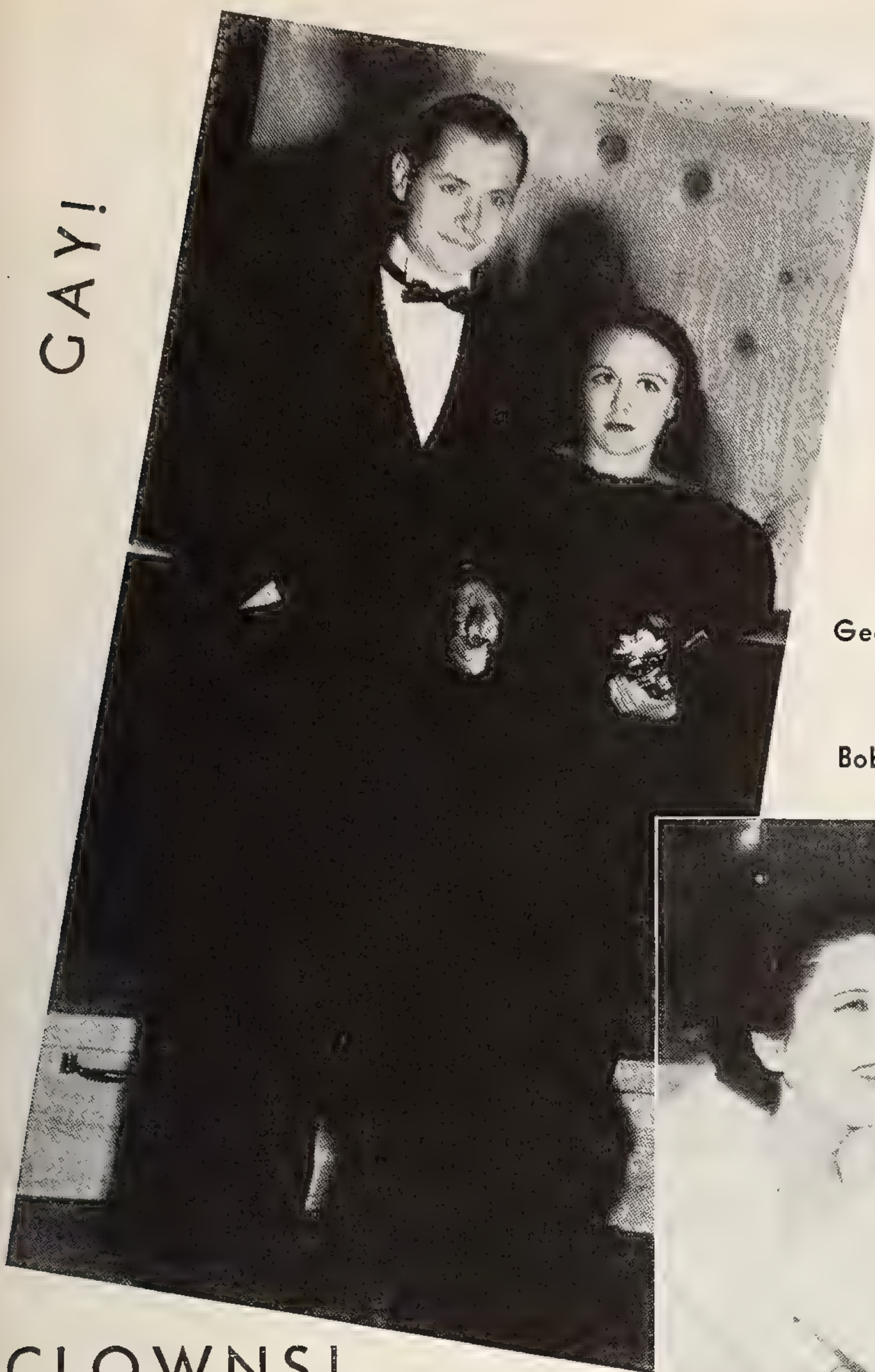
IT ALL happened when Bill Fields, who sports the only double begonia beak in Hollywood, and Greg LaCava, who directs with beer and banter, (his latest being "Private Worlds"), got on a train one week-end to get away from it all in Santa Barbara. When Mr. LaCava tapped on Mr. Fields' compartment the next morning he found a very, very wrinkled Mr. Fields sitting on the side of his berth and morosely drinking very black coffee. Mr. Fields was quite sad about it all; he couldn't change his shirt because he had forgotten his luggage; in fact, he couldn't even get off in Santa Barbara because quite inadvertently he had gotten on the Chief bound for Chicago. Mr. LaCava sat right down in the wash basin, which is a neat trick, and had fits and convulsions.

And that, you dear wretches, is how Hollywood became Irresponsible-conscious. Bill and Greg, having nothing to do until the train reached Albuquerque, decided to organize the Fits and Convulsions Club with the oddest rules and by-laws. Such as, there are four vice-presidents, but nobody knows who the president is. There is a fine of twenty dollars for any member caught

having a sane conversation with anyone for more than four minutes. There is a ten dollar fine for anyone getting on a train with all his luggage, and a twenty dollar additional fine for anyone caught *not* annoying the porter. One day each month members must spend with a sane person, sympathizing with him. (This is the only "charity" the club goes in for.) Every applicant must be quite mad, but with a sense of humor, and every applicant must have a check made out to the club for ten thousand dollars initiation fee—but the check definitely must bounce.

Well, when the *Hollywood Reporter* heard of the new club it immediately submitted an exclusive list of eligibles, and the town screamed in the throes of a bloodless revolution. Everyone was mad because he wasn't considered mad. People who for years had sort of been hiding their irresponsibilities in the bottom of the clothes closet with the family skeletons and "Lady Chatterly's Lover" suddenly dragged them forth, shook out the moths, and put them on parade. Several stars whose names weren't on the list decided to sue the *Reporter* for defamation of character and not eat at the Vendome for a week. A Bennett, no less, raised loud complaints and offered to prove to the editors that she was just as

GAY!



George Cukor, Freddie and Florence March.

Bob and Betty Montgomery, left.

Wide World*Acme*

BUT CRAZY!



"Bill" Fields, the old original.

Kay Francis and Donald Ogden Stewart.

CLOWNS!

Merry Set!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Charter Member of
the Irresponsibles

insane as anybody else. Such goings-on! The whole town reeked with irresponsibility. A sane person was treated like a leper. If you weren't quite mad you just didn't belong; indeed, you couldn't be one of the Right People on the Left Bank.

Well, just as you suspected, your Auntie Bess was on the original list of eligibles for Fits and Convulsions, neatly sandwiched in between Bill Powell and Dick Barthelme, lucky girl. Two things, well, many things, I have done in Hollywood made me definitely eligible. There was the night I took Claudette Colbert down to the RKO Hill Street theatre to a preview. There was a crowd of newspaper folk around and it took me several minutes to get the preview tickets, but I got them and blithely started into the theatre when I bumped right smack into Claudette. "Hello, Claudette," I said quite surprised, "I didn't know you were coming tonight!"

And there was the very formal and dull dinner party during the recent censorship crisis when I had to sit next to a big shot censor from the East, who confidentially informed me with the fish that he thought something would have to be done about DeMille's "Cleopatra." "But you can't do anything about 'Cleopatra,'" I said quite aggrieved, "it's in the Bible." And for hours

I discussed the Biblical Cleopatra and Mr. Whosis seemed rather impressed. It wasn't until several days later that it came to me that Cleopatra isn't in the Bible. I was thinking all the time of a couple of other girls, Sheba and Salome.

So as a distinctly upper-class nut I now take the privilege of naming my own favorite mad, merry Irresponsibles. When it comes to insanity-with-humor they don't make them any madder than the Bob Montgomerys and the Chester Morris. Recently when the Al G. Barnes Circus was in town Bob and Betty and Chester and Sue went to the opening performance and cracked peanuts, which were staler than their jokes, and had a swell time.

After the performance Bob said, "Let's stare for a change," so they took in all the freak side-shows and finally wound up "back-stage" with the manager and the troupe. "Gee," said Chet "I'd certainly like to be in a circus. You guys have much more fun than we do." So the genial manager took the hint and invited the four of them to come down at seven the following night and rehearse for the evening's (Continued on page 95)



Wide World

Wells, giant of contemporary literature, has some pungent opinions about motion pictures, in this exclusive SCREENLAND interview, only one granted to a screen magazine.

H. G. WELLS

talks about the MOVIES!



Just a few of the many Wells books. Some have been filmed. More will be.

H. G. WELLS, world-renowned author of some of this century's most famous books, declares:

That he intends to devote himself in future only to motion pictures.

That he will write no more books.

That he doesn't believe either of his novels which have already been filmed received proper treatment, although he has great hopes for his book now in production in the British studios.

That no movie version of a famous book can be truthful and faithful unless the author himself is present to supervise production.

That while England is not likely to produce better films than America, Elstree will nevertheless give Hollywood a good battle.

That the movies, if properly handled, can become the greatest instrument of cultural education the world has ever known.

Such were the statements made by the elusive Mr. Wells in his cabin aboard the S.S. Bremen, just before it steamed out into New York Harbor, to carry its famous passenger back to Europe after his month's visit to this country.

"No, I am not going to write any more books," said the moustached Mr. Wells in his thin, high-pitched, slightly British-accented tones. "I intend to concern myself in future only with moving pictures.

"Not many of my books have been filmed," he went on, in gruff, friendly fashion, "but I am not the least bit satisfied with what has been done with those two which have been produced in pictures. If you want to know, I think 'The Island of Dr. Moreau' as a film was terrible—

terrible! You can print that, if you want to," he added courageously.

"My story of the mad scientist who tried to convert wild animals into creatures that walk and talk like human beings—my story was handled miserably. With all respect to Charles Laughton, who is a splendid actor, and to the others concerned in the making of this moving picture, which I believe you Americans re-titled 'The Island of Lost Souls,' I must say that it was handled with a complete lack of imagination.

"The translation from the book to the film was so free that it might almost have been another story. The characters were not true. The horror element, for which



Read what H. G. Wells says about the filming of his book, "The Island of Dr. Moreau." Above, Kathleen Burke and Charles Laughton in the picturization, which was called "Island of Lost Souls."

Famed Author, for the First Time,
Tells You What He Thinks About
Pictures, Particularly Those
Filmed from His Own Books

By
Pearl Katzman

I have never particularly aimed, prevailed throughout. No subtlety was used in the creation of the dreadful atmosphere. The whole thing was so ridiculously obvious that I must repeat—it was miserable.

"‘The Invisible Man’ was better—technically. It was more exactly as I conceived it. The casting, the acting, the mood, the supervision—very good."

Wells was pleased with the excellent trick photography employed to present a picture of apparently empty clothes walking and moving. Claude Rains' voice, dominating the production, carried a sinister note which helped the tone of the film considerably. The minor characters too, Wells thought, were nicely cast. Una O'Connor and Forrester Harvey offered good characterizations of innkeepers in a true English countryside.

"Yes," the author admitted, "‘The Invisible Man’ was better—but even that was not what it should have been."

"And no film can be produced correctly unless the author of the book is present to supervise production. Until this is permitted, producers will never learn how to make a faithful reproduction of a novel."

Wells' reason for holding this opinion is that the author is the individual who conceived the story and the characters. He has a definite, clear picture in his mind of exactly how each character looks, acts, speaks. But the words he has used in presenting these mind pictures



Hail and Farewell, America! H. G. Wells, who said he came over here "to improve his mind," failed to visit Hollywood but consented to give his views on the movies.

often produce another photograph in the reader's mind.

Thus to every reader is presented a picture which is modified by his own understanding of the description, and qualified by his own experiences. So it is impossible to get a true picture of the characters as they were meant to be, except through the author himself. He alone has the right to select their living prototypes, since he is their creator.

"In England, they are beginning to permit us authors to supervise production of our own works. You will notice that the pictures being produced over there are infinitely better than they used to be. Shaw has supervised some of the film treatments of his volumes. I similarly have been permitted to supervise production of the film, 'One Hundred Years From Now,' which is based on my novel, 'The Shape of Things to Come.'"

This film, directed by Korda for London Films, is being produced with the greatest secrecy. It is to be released here through United Artists, some time next fall.

"No," Wells answered my next question, "I would not rather have my books filmed in England. It doesn't matter to me where they are filmed, if they receive proper treatment. They will never be handled properly, however, unless I am present on the set to supervise backgrounds and characterizations."

"Do I think English films will ever surpass American films? Well—no-o-o. No. But we'll run you a pace—we'll run you a pretty pace." He looked up with a smile. "Do you know that phrase—run you a pace?"

"You mean, they'll give us a battle?" I asked.

"Yes—run you a pace. But I do not believe English films will ever surpass those produced in California. Hollywood is beautiful, colorful. Hollywood has sunshine. Hollywood has hundreds of your vivid, charming American girls. If you permit English films to surpass yours, it will be no one's fault but your own."

As to the cultural value of motion pictures, Wells believes that the (Continued on page 70)



Of "The Invisible Man," filmed by Universal with Claude Rains and Gloria Stuart, Mr. Wells says: "The casting, the acting, the mood, the supervision—very good."

Glamor Girl

A new novel in which the author of "Grand Hotel" captures the tense drama that pulses behind Hollywood's studio walls

By Vicki Baum

The Story So Far

Stella Harrison, just turned sixteen, slender, fair-haired and with eyes of an ice-gray color, arrives breathless and bewildered at the Monarch Film Studios, answering a summons by phone from her sister Betty, an extra player, to come quickly. Somewhere, at some time in the past, Stella had been seen by Morrison, the casting director, who orders Betty to have her sister come to his office right away. Morrison has been commanded to find, and find quickly, a girl that is young, fresh, lovely, the very picture of innocence, to play the leading rôle in a new Monarch production to be directed by the company's ace director, Stewart. Morrison and Driscoll, author of the forthcoming production, eye Stella critically, and still await word from Stewart that the director will see the girl Morrison says "is made to order" to play the new part. Now read on:

PART II.

DRISCOLL was circling about Stella again—legs, back, head, forehead, eyes.

"Sort of a dollish nose," he frowned critically.

Morrison fixed him with a cold stare. "You would find something to bleat about, you four-eyed ram."

"The point is," Mecklenburg murmured, "can she act?"

"Did you ever," inquired the casting director with elaborate politeness, "know anyone who *could* act, to begin with?" His gaze wandered back to the girl. "She's got eyes, anyway."

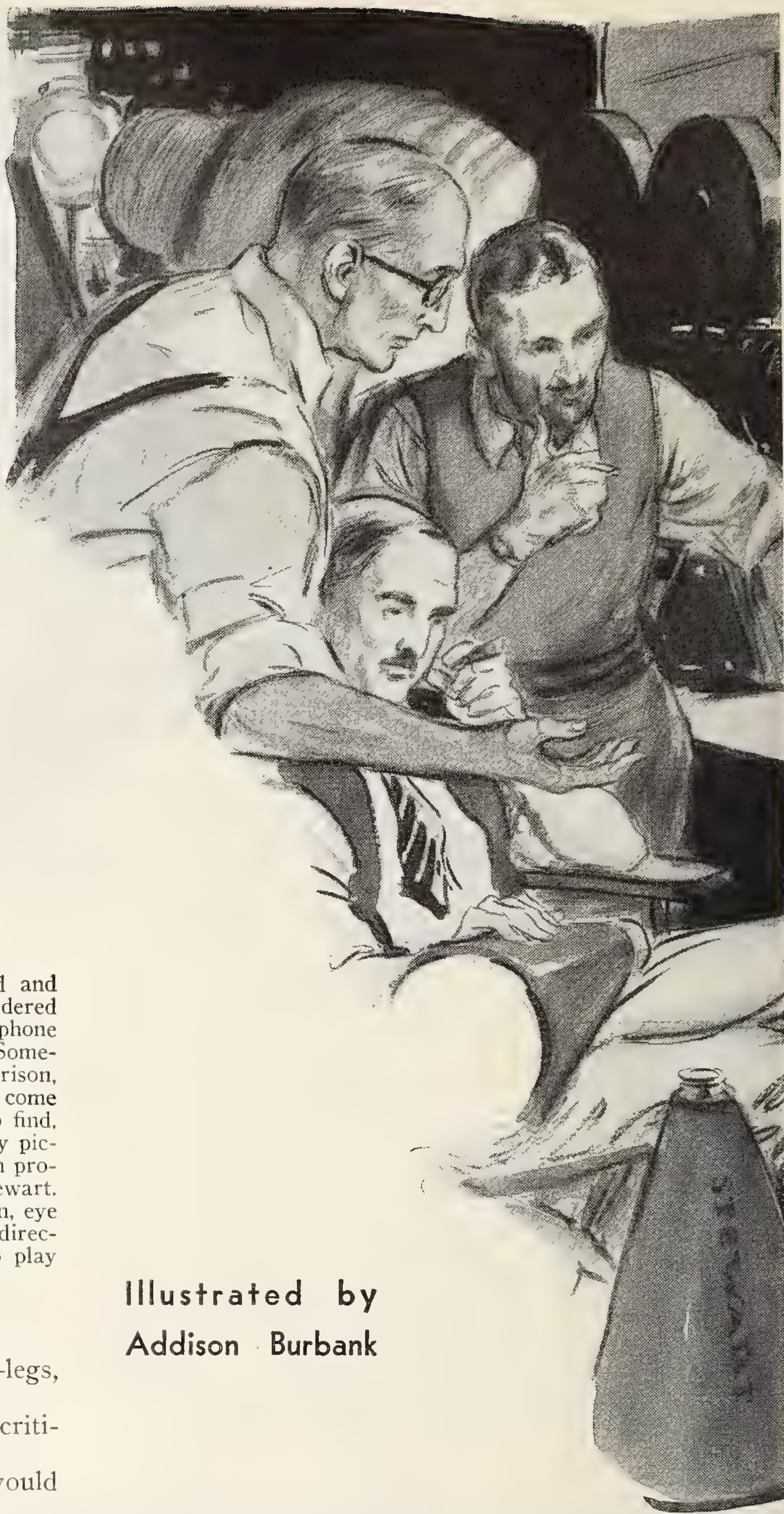
"She's got eyes all right," the others agreed, after which they all stood and stared at Stella again—Stella who was wondering vaguely what they'd expected her to have instead of eyes—Stella who had begun to sweat so that the bridge of her nose was beaded like a slumbering infant's with delicate drops of pearly moisture—Stella who had locked her trembling fingers together and was doing her best to look like Greta Garbo.

"Listen, darling—" Morrison spoke coaxingly, encouragingly, as to a timid young colt. "We're going to take you down to see Mr. Stewart, and we want you to make a hit with him. Try to get a little expression into your face—little feeling, know what I mean? Try to imagine

Illustrated by
Addison Burbank

—let's see—can you imagine, for instance, that you're standing under a blossoming apple-tree?—it's spring, you see? and here's an apple-tree with all the pretty white flowers on it, and you're here under it: Go ahead, try it!"

He sprang back three steps, narrowed his eyes to gain distance and perspective—and Stella tried it. She tried her level best. The blossoming apple-trees in her life had been few and far between. One spring a neighbor had taken them out toward Bakersfield to see the flowers, but her most vivid memories of that occasion had to do with a row, because her father, (who had been alive then), was drunk. And Aunt Caroline had an apple-tree in her backyard—but such a tiny one—no higher than her breast—involuntarily her eyes dropped to her breast and she sighed. The eyes of the three men fol-





Resting her weight on her delicate left hip, Stella raised her eyes, as though drawn by some hypnotic power, and looked at Robin, as the famous actor approached from out of the shadows, his eyes fixed on her and her alone.

more than breathe. Betty had left her to go to another stage where the Salvation Army scene was being shot. With a whispered: "Do your darndest, kid—it's your big chance," she had pressed a painted kiss on the cheek of the astonished Stella—who was wholly unaccustomed to such demonstrations—and run off. Stella sat and waited—heard orders yelled, an orchestra playing, trills practised, arguments shouted back and forth—and waited; saw scaffoldings, dazzling arc-lights, little bungalow dressing-rooms, the legs of workers—and waited. At first her heart pounded madly, then she began feeling a little faint. "If I could only have a drink," she kept moaning to herself, afraid to ask, afraid to move, afraid to go to the commissary. Besides, she had no money for such extravagances as Coca Cola. Finally, in the midst of the clamor and shouting, as she was figuring just what she'd do if she could make a hundred dollars at one shot, she drowsed off. . . .

"This is the kid," said Morrison to Stewart at 4:20.

"Feels right at home, doesn't she?" Stewart observed.

"Wake up, sister."

Raising her gold-fringed lids, Stella saw first a pair of long, long canvas trousers, then a sweater above it, and above that Mr. Stewart's face—a face that looked tired but neither friendly nor hostile.

"Well?" asked Morrison, hope and suspense struggling for the upper hand in his voice.

Stewart described a half circle about Stella. "Hm," he said. Stella was still cowering in her corner. Somewhat belatedly she remarked that this was her big chance and stood up, running her tongue rapidly over her pink lips to moisten them—a trick (*Continued on page 79*)

lowed hers—to the faint, shallow rise and fall of the young bosom.

"Well," decided Morrison finally, not altogether encouraged by his protégé's attempts at expression, "all that'll come later."

Stewart had promised to take a look at the girl at 2:30. It was 4:20, however, before he finally got around to it. Meantime Stella did what all movie people do—she waited. Morrison sat her down in a corner of the stage where for a while she watched wide-eyed, as long periods of feverish, apparently aimless activity were followed by brief intervals of tense silence when no one, it seemed, save the brilliantly lighted actors on the set dared do

Will Rogers' Cinematic Life Story

"Off-the-record" revelations about the public and private life of America's homespun hero

By James M. Fidler

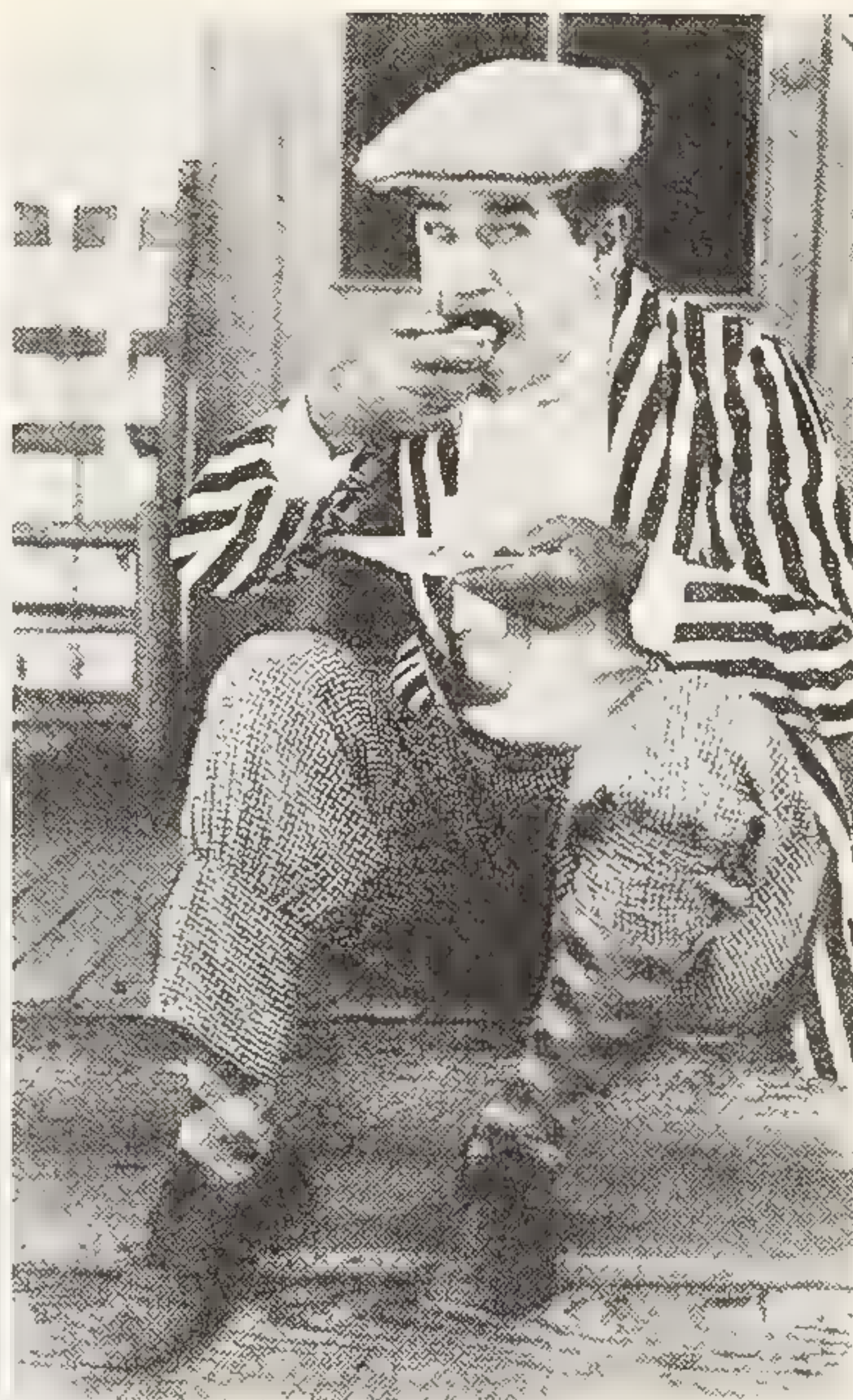
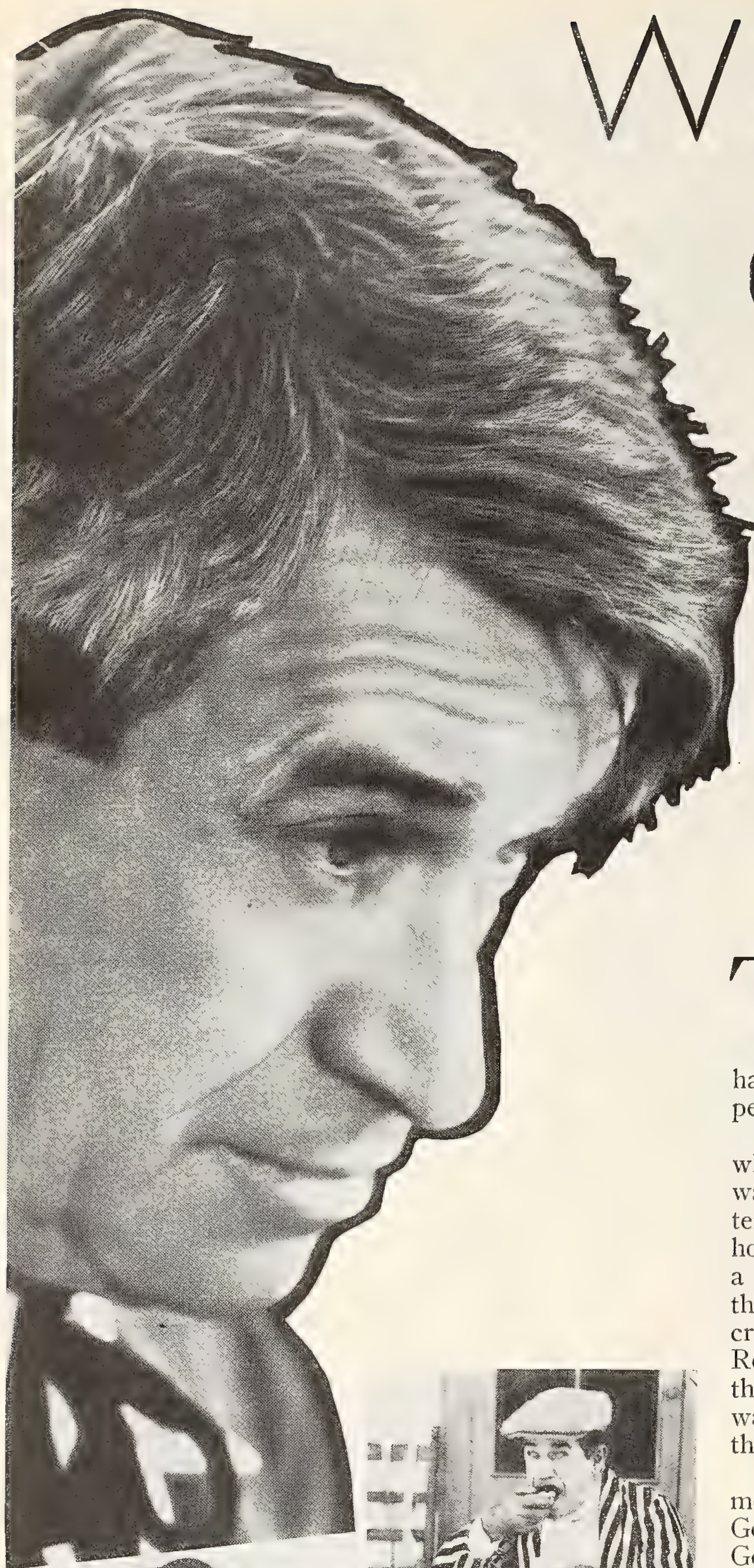
THE stork ushered into the screen world, during the year 1919, a husky infant named Will Rogers. He was born with a wad of gum in his mouth, plus the proverbial silver spoon. Rumor has it that he also carried a polo mallet, perched like a pencil behind his ear.

Will literally arrived to the accompaniment of a whistling chorus, because in his second picture, (his first was hardly important enough to merit considerable attention), he characterized a whistling, good-natured hobo. This picture was "Jubilo"; the first was "Almost a Husband." The movies were silent in those days, so theatre orchestras everywhere employed whistlers to create the *sound* while the screen character portrayed by Rogers went through the *action* of whistling. This was the birth of theme music in theatres; the song "Jubilo" was the theme employed by orchestras that accompanied the picture.

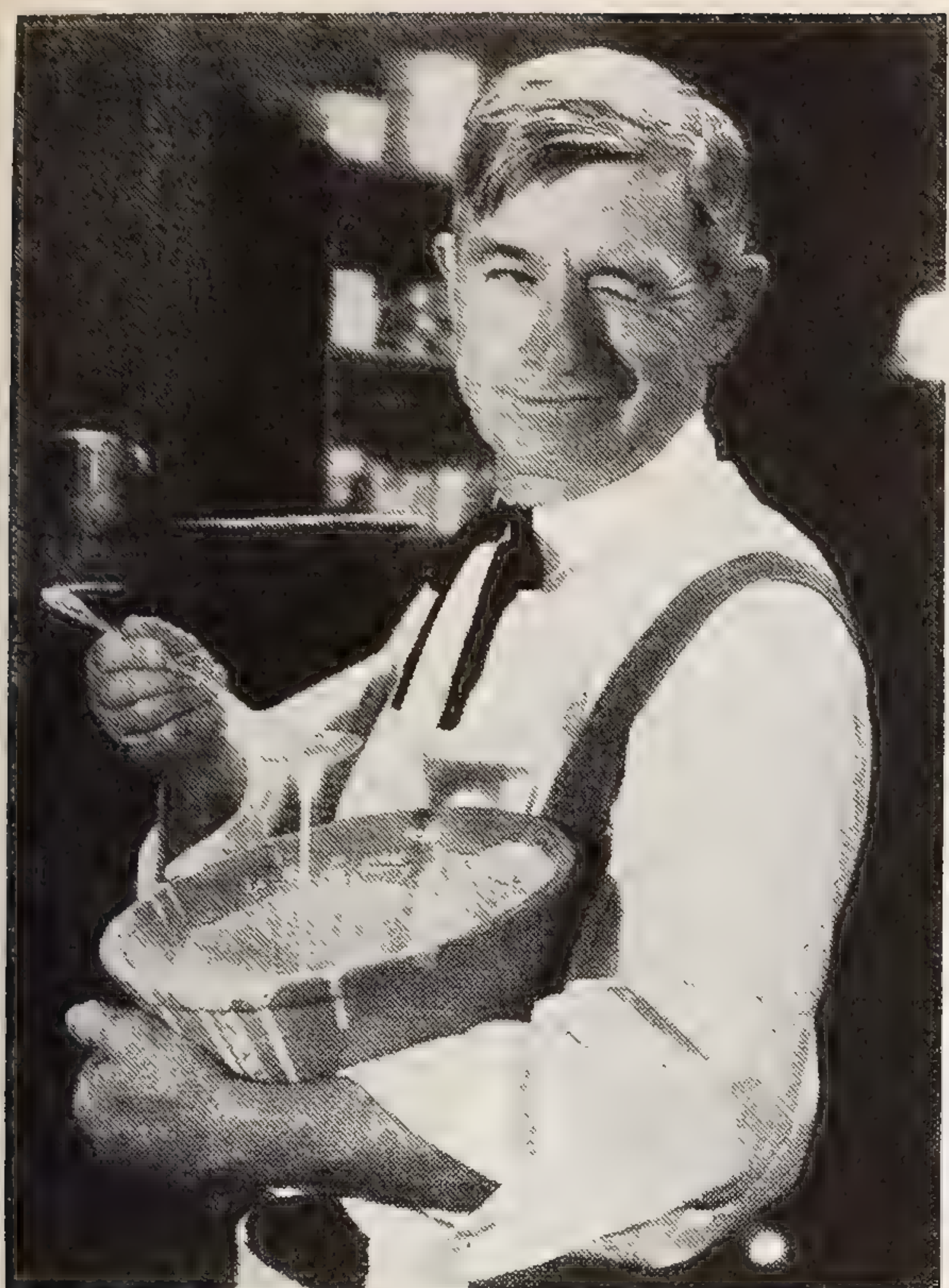
Rogers was initially brought to Hollywood for "Almost a Husband" by that picker of many stars, Samuel Goldwyn. (The producer was then president of the Goldwyn Film Corporation; later he sold his interests, and subsequent mergers brought about the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization.) Will came straight from Broadway, where for five years he had been a sensation in the Ziegfeld Follies. Mrs. Rex Beach, wife of the noted author, was responsible for Goldwyn's action; it was she who first descried in Will possible screen talents.

"Jubilo" did not quite catch on with the public, after "Almost a Husband" had proven a flop. Somehow, Will's humor didn't register in title form; all the dry, piercing wit that had established him as a favorite of the New York stage was lost in silent pictures. But his contract with Goldwyn forced him, at times against his better judgment, to remain in Hollywood, and during the next year he made "Doubling for Romeo" and "The Strange Boarder."

He had a queer hobby in those days. He kept goats and horses in the vacant lot back of the studio! Lunch



Will Rogers, left, as he looked when first signed for films. Above, in one of his Hal Roach comedies.



In "Life Begins at 40," left, Rogers had a congenial rôle.

"The County Chairman," right, was a typical Rogers picture.

Back in 1923, Will's favorite sport was roping goats—below.



hours and between scenes, he would mingle with his dumb friends. Now goats are noted for one thing—odor. Many a lovely young actress and fastidious actor sniffed audibly when Rogers returned from his meanderings among those back-lot pals.

He liked "Doubling for Romeo" the best of all his earlier films. He says of it:

"'Doubling for Romeo' was about a cow-hand who went to sleep and dreamed he was the Shakespearean hero. I liked my work a lot, but the company had a sales convention at the studio, and though I thought the picture was funny, nobody laughed. I was nearly heart-broken. I felt I was a flop, and I was ready to quit."

He didn't quit. Although Goldwyn failed to exercise his option on Rogers, Hal Roach decided that Will would be a natural in two-reel comedies, so he offered a contract that the comedian accepted. This was in 1922, and for the next several months Will was engaged in making people laugh via short comedies.

"We had a terrible time persuading Rogers to do anything that bordered on slapstick," Roach says. "He believed he 'wasn't the type' for heavy burlesque, and we had to battle with him to introduce 'gags.'"

"The funniest situation we ever had with him was the time he played the rôle of a cowboy on a dude ranch. Supposedly, the ranch was owned by a society woman who wanted her cow-hands to dress for afternoon tea. Rogers drew a pair of golf knickers for his costume, and he arrived at the studio wearing these knickers and a pair of suspenders to hold them up. A scene was being made showing Will with a cup of tea in one hand and a plate of cake in the other, when the suspenders broke! What a time he had for the next few minutes, trying to keep those pants up! The cameras kept grinding, and the result was an uproariously funny sequence that made the picture."

During this period of Rogers' cinematic life, he introduced Hal Roach to polo. Rogers lived in Beverly Hills, and he had a small practice field beside his home. There Will and his friends would gather on Sundays, to ride, rope, and knock polo balls around. People from every walk of life—United States Senators to out-of-work Oklahoma cowboys—were always welcome, and they invariably mixed as man to man. Rogers saw to that. He had, (and has), no use for snobs.

People have said that Will (Continued on page 91)

"They Had to See Paris" was Will's first talkie. Right, a scene with Fifi D'Orsay from this memorable film.



Irene Rich won fame in Rogers' pictures. The scene at left shows Irene and Will in "Down to Earth."

"State Fair" was one of Will's most popular pictures. He co-starred with Janet Gaynor, shown at right.



"Doubling Thomas," with Billie Burke, left, is Will's latest film—and, some say, his very best to date.

Mister!

First domestic close-up of Hollywood's happiest "young marrieds," Lew and Ginger Rogers Ayres, by the writer who knows them best

SEEMS funny to call Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres "Mister and Missus." Now, don't misunderstand me! They are very much Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres, all right; but they have refused to grow up otherwise.

Of course, they have taken a new home in Beverly Hills. It is larger and more elaborate than the hillside house Lew occupied prior to his marriage. Naturally, they did not remain in *that* house, because that is where Lola Lane and Lew spent *their* honeymoon and subsequent few months of wedding life.

In Ginger, Lew has found the perfect complement to his own design for living. Lola Lane was entirely too social for Ayres, who likes to stay at home amidst a small circle of friends. He doesn't enjoy meandering around after dark. Lola does, and that difference was often a stormy area in the matrimonial sea upon which they had embarked.

Ginger and Lew like the same things. Informal parties at home. Comfortable clothes. A paucity of night life. They enjoy bowling, tennis, ping-pong, week-ends in the mountains, games of all kinds. Several nights every week, they go to bowling alleys, ping-pong courts or such informal places.

They are inordinately fond of music, and they welcome every opportunity to attend the Hollywood Bowl symphonies, the Los Angeles operas, musical concerts, and such occasions of fine music. This mutual enjoyment extends into their home; they don't suffer the Mr. and Mrs. Average Family's quibbles over what radio program to tune in—if there is fine music on the air, they both want to hear it.

They live modestly. They employ only two servants, a colored couple. Ginger and Lew drive their own cars, two modestly priced coupes. The wear and tear on their clothes is unimportant, because as a rule Ginger dons sport or house pajamas, while Lew lounges at his best in flannel trousers, open-neck shirt, and, if the weather is chilly, sweater. Of course, on those occasions when they do "step out social," they dress correctly. There are no two young people in Hollywood who can wear clothes with more nonchalance and proper



Lew looks like a boy, and he isn't really very much older than that; but he is screenland's most devoted husband, nevertheless. Left, Lew and his bride just after the wedding.

poise and carriage than Ginger and Lew.

They are both money-wise; they realize that dollars do not grow on trees. A portion of every dollar they earn goes "into the sock." Safe and sane investments get these dollars. Ginger and Lew are content to achieve financial independence moderately fast; getting rich quick does not interest or fool them.

Household or business expenditures that entail more than ordinary sums of money are discussed seriously between them. Of course, they don't call a consultation every time they want to make personal expenditures, because they earn separately and neither questions the other's method of spending his or her own salary. Only on their community invest-



Ginger, the dancing sensation of "Roberta" and "Top Hat," shown at right with Fred Astaire, her co-star, is a home-loving wife in private life, as this intimate story tells you.

ments or like expenses do they confer.

They live for fun; not for artificial excitement. Most of their weeks follow the same general pattern. I mean, they don't live a very varied life. This week they may bowl on Monday, for instance, and next week they may bowl on Wednesday, and the week following they may not bowl until Friday, but it is a safe wager that they will bowl at least one time during every week. So, with other habits. Now that this has been explained, let me guide you through a typical Rogers-Ayres week:

MONDAY: If Sunday was a *very* active day, Monday night will likely be quiet. There may be a friend or two for dinner, strictly informal. Or perhaps



Missus!

By

James Marion

Lela Rogers, Lew's mama-in-law, (and such a nice one!), will adorn their board. Nothing more exciting than music succeeds dinner. Lew has a library of fine phonograph recordings by the world's most famous symphonic orchestras, and the chances are, if you call on a Monday, you will hear Stokowski render a brilliant suite.

TUESDAY: Ah, the Ayreses rested on Monday; tonight they are ready to go places! Since one night of this "sample week" is to be devoted to bowling, why not Tuesday? Their favorite alley is in Beverly Hills, not far from their home. Once I accused them of choosing their particular house because of the proximity of that bowling alley.

Ginger is a good bowler; if she had more time to practice, she might be an expert. Occasionally she beats Lew. When that happens, he turns all shades of red, tries a little too hard, and consequently fails to bowl his best. You see, Lew is of the old school that believes it is actually indecent for a woman to defeat a man at any sport.

They rarely bowl alone. Gary and Sandra Shaw Cooper, Janet Gaynor, Bruce and Adrienne Ames Cabot, Andy Devine, Johnny Weissmuller and sometimes the excitable Lupe Velez, have all become bowling fans, perhaps due to Lew's enthusiasm. Movie fans in search of autographs are overlooking real opportunity when they fail to visit that bowling alley on Wilshire boulevard in Beverly Hills—Lew or Johnny or Gary will likely kill me for this revelation.

WEDNESDAY: One night each week is devoted to a general "drop-in" party. Nobody dresses for the occasion. Ginger and Lew simply say to a few friends, "Come around to the house tonight." Those friends bring along an acquaintance or so. Sports pajamas and old clothes are the order of dress. If the gang comes for dinner, food is served buffet. Usually, the group includes Phylis Frazer, (Ginger's cousin), Ben Alexander, Andy Devine, (one of Lew's intimates for years), Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason, and a few others not so closely identified with the movies.

Kid games are the order of the evening. Marathon tiddledy-winks, for example, (Continued on page 74)



Marion Davies

"Page Miss Glory" Contest!

Prizes for your ideas! Create the world's most alluring girl by blending the loveliest features of Hollywood's entrancing stars in one adorable composite beauty!

RULES OF THIS CONTEST

1. Fill out coupon (either the one printed on opposite page, or the coupon published in connection with the first step of the contest in SCREENLAND for June, 1935, the previous issue). After you have selected the nine stars you nominate to supply the features requisite to create the Most Beautiful Composite Girl, and entered their names in the spaces allotted on the coupon, write an essay detailing your reasons for the selections made; essay not to exceed 200 words as outlined on opposite page. Retain both the coupon and your essay. The August issue of SCREENLAND, on sale June 25, 1935, will contain the third and final step. Then mail your entry covering the complete contest. Judges of the contest are: Mr. Mervyn LeRoy, famous Warner Bros. director; Mr. Charles Sheldon, noted artist; Miss Delight Evans, Editor of SCREENLAND.

2. This contest will close at midnight, July 24, 1935.

3. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Mail entries to: Marion Davies Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE: Auburn New 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan. Pictured below. Approximate Retail Value \$1800.00.

SECOND PRIZE: Atwater-Kent 8-Tube A.C. World-Wave Console Radio.

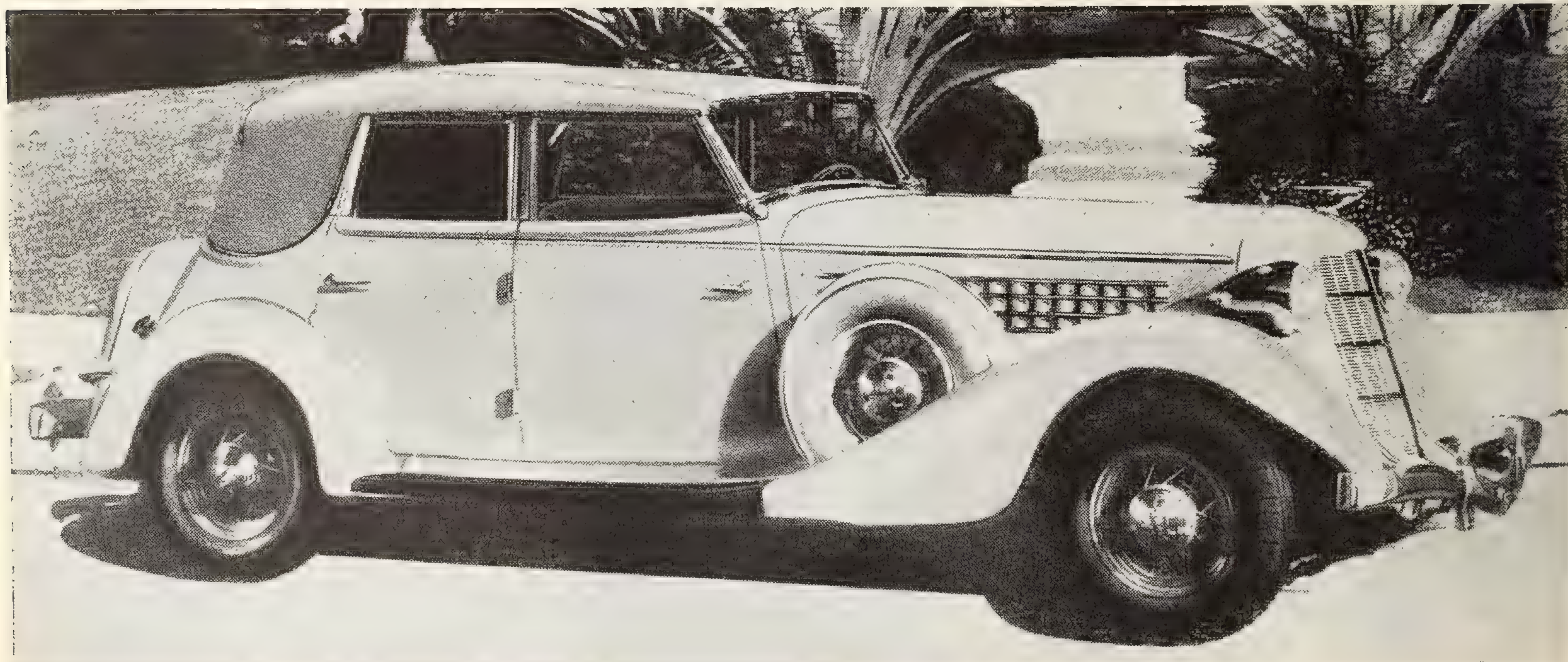
3 THIRD PRIZES: (small) Atwater-Kent Radios.

15 FOURTH PRIZES: Electric Toasters.

50 FIFTH PRIZES: Helena Rubinstein Compacts.

100 SIXTH PRIZES: Hostess Sets.

100 SEVENTH PRIZES: Subscriptions to SCREENLAND Magazine.



Pictured, above, is the first prize in our Marion Davies Contest: Auburn new 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan. Approximate retail value \$1800.00. Includes extra wheels and de luxe equipment.

Second step of a great contest!
Enter now! Join in the fun!

HERE is the most fascinating challenge to your ideas of feminine beauty and your knowledge of screen stars. Prizes of extraordinary value await the practical application of your very own conception of how the world's most beautiful Composite Girl can be created by blending in one adorable creature the loveliest features of nine of Hollywood's most alluring screen stars. You simply name the stars whose individual features you consider the most beautiful, entering each name, opposite the feature indicated, on the blank below. Thus you suggest the elements which would produce the Composite Girl; selecting, let us say as an example, Jean Harlow, or Kay Francis, to supply the hair; Garbo or Hepburn, for the eyes; Dietrich or Del Rio, for the legs; and so on.

At the right is a photograph which may serve to spur your imagination. But, remember, there are no restrictions as to which nine stars you select to supply the required features. You are absolutely free to pick any nine stars whose features you believe would blend to make the most beautiful Composite Girl, made up of the hair, eyes, nose, mouth, arms, hands, hips, legs and feet that are the most beautiful you have seen on the screen.

That is the first step. The second step is equally simple. Simply write not more than 200 words, setting forth your reasons for the selections you have made.

As an aid to your best creative efforts in making your selections, we suggest you read the interesting fictionization of "Page Miss Glory," currently appearing in SCREENLAND, since the plot of this romantic screen-play revolves about a Composite Girl, and serves as Marion Davies' first starring vehicle under her new Warner Bros. contract. In addition to its interest as absorbing fiction soon to be seen in action on the screen, "Page Miss Glory" may give you background and stimulate ideas which will enable you to make the most of your ability to create the Most Beautiful Composite Girl. Then watch for the next issue, containing the third and final contest step, and the conclusion of the story of "Page Miss Glory."



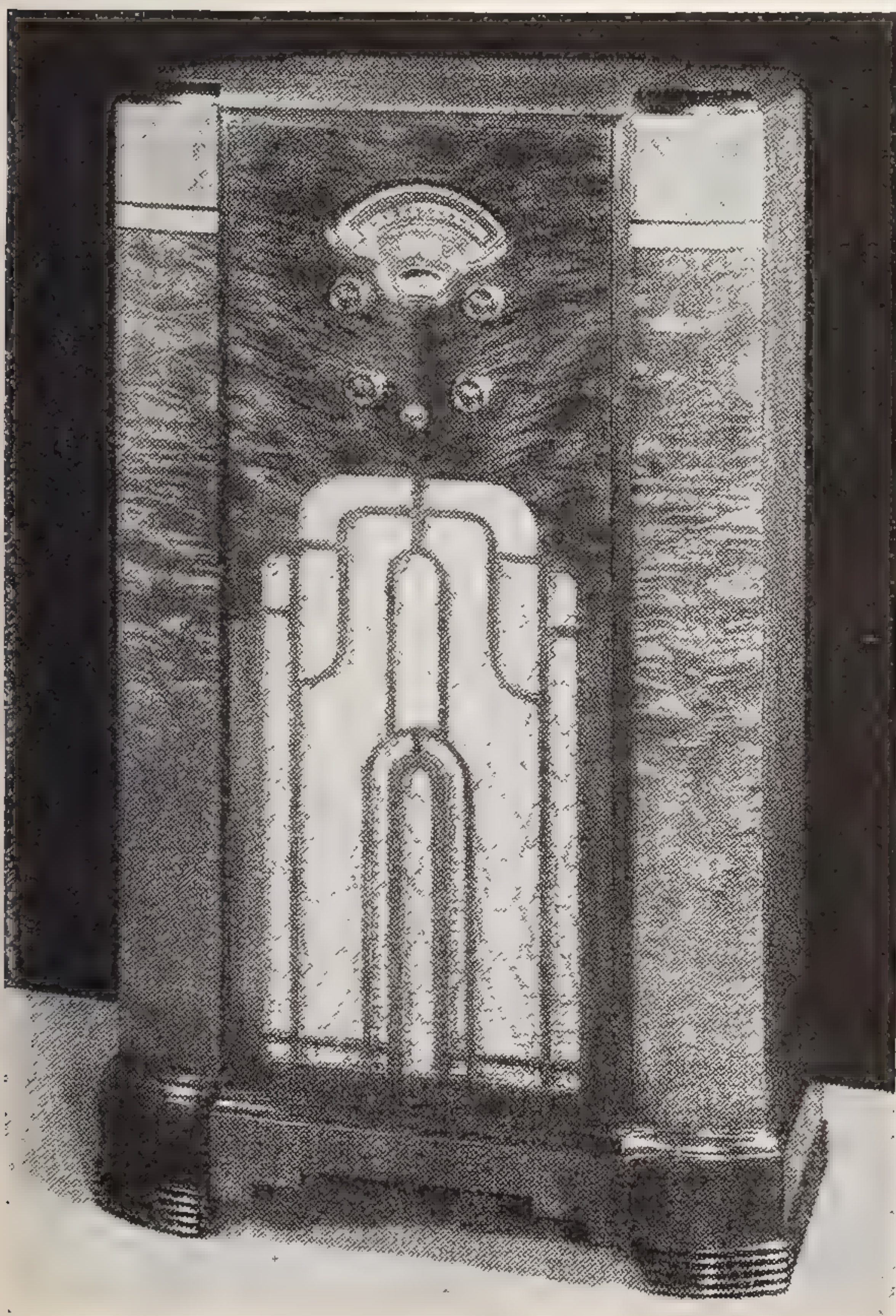
Above, some beauties you might select to make the Composite Girl—but you needn't restrict yourself to these particular stars for your composite.

My selections to make up Hollywood's Composite Girl are as follows:

HAIR	_____
EYES	_____
MOUTH	_____
NOSE	_____
ARMS	_____
HANDS	_____
HIPS	_____
LEGS	_____
FEET	_____

Name	_____
Street Address	_____
City	_____ State _____

Left, handsome Atwater-Kent World-Wave Console Radio, second prize.





Loretta, the chambermaid (Marion Davies), actually meets the object of her affections, Bingo Nelson, the famous aviator (Dick Powell).

Click Wiley (Pat O'Brien), hears the radio announcement of the winner of the beauty contest and learns that she is his candidate, "Dawn Glory."



Resumé of Preceding Chapter:

Loretta, (played by Marion Davies), a small-town girl who came to New York in search of a job, finds herself involved in unexpected happenings when she finds employment as a chambermaid in one of Manhattan's great hotels. Click Wiley, (Pat O'Brien), a smart promoter, and his pal, (Frank McHugh), enter a composite photograph, blending the loveliest features of famous screen stars, in a contest to find the Most Beautiful Girl. Loretta's dream hero, Bingo Nelson, (Dick Powell), the famous aviator, a friend of Click's, drops in, sees the photograph of the composite girl, whom Wiley has christened "Dawn Glory," and promptly falls in love with her, while Loretta worships him from afar. Bingo, about to take off on another hazardous flight, takes a photograph of "Dawn Glory" with him for inspiration. Meanwhile Click awaits the radio announcement which will tell him if his creation, "Dawn Glory," wins the contest.

PART II

THE suspense of a soldier rooted in a muddy trench anticipating the zero hour was as nothing to the travail Click went through waiting for the radio to disclose his fate.

"Remember, there's no better aid to beauty than the regular habit of taking Nemo Yeast . . ."

The clipped British accent of the announcer that had come to him in some mysterious manner by way of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., droned on as casually as though three people's lives were not hanging in the balance. Another moment would tell if all of them, Click and Ed and Gladys, would be deposited unceremoniously in front of the Park-Regis Hotel with their luggage held as hostage—or if they would be in the money again.

"And now the winner of the beauty contest and the twenty-five hundred dollar prize . . ."

A second that somehow embraced an eternity and Click dropping from the top of the Empire State Building and soaring

Continuing PAGE

What happens when an every-day girl suddenly finds herself famous? Read this story of unexpected romance that is always waiting just around the corner for all of us

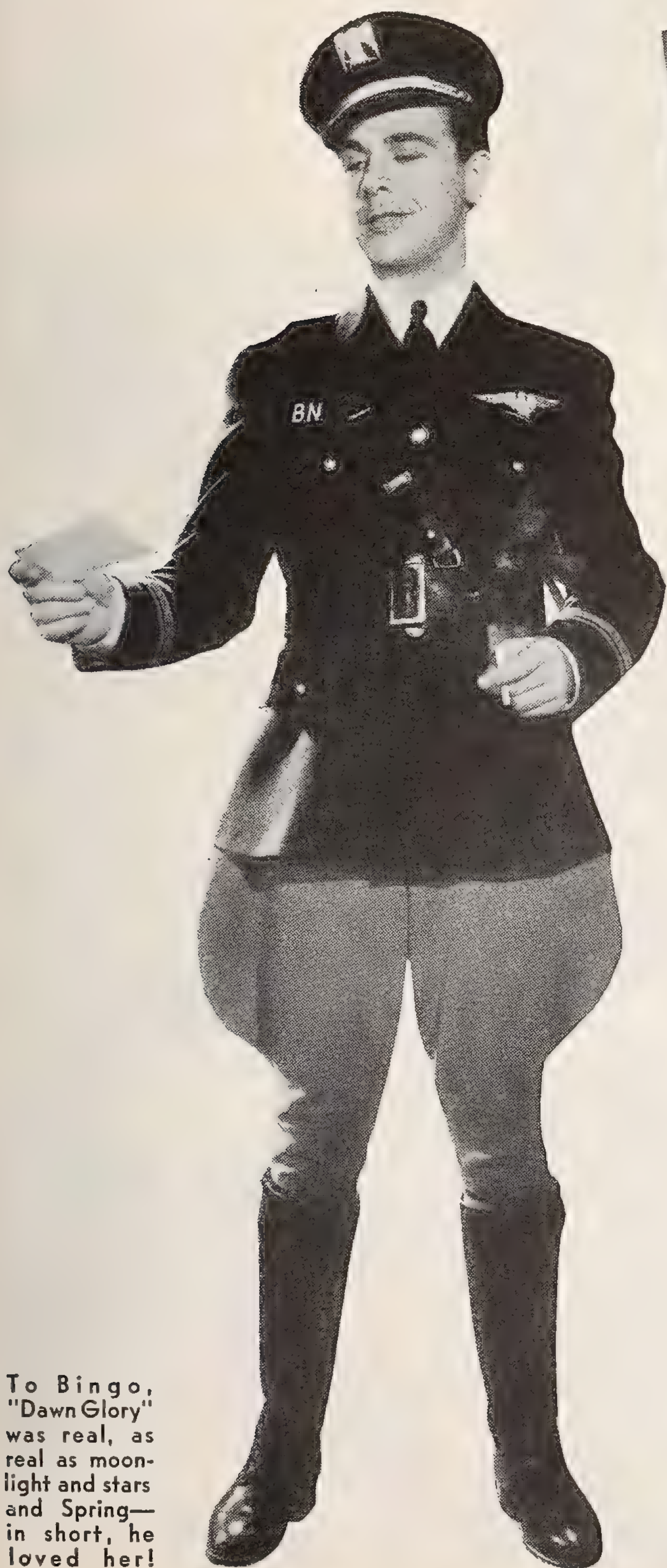


Just a girl in love! Loretta dreams of her hero, Bingo Nelson.

MISS GLORY!

Fictionized by
Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

From the Warner Brothers picture starring Marion Davies, with a cast including Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and other players. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. From the stage play by Philip Dunning and Joseph Schrank. Screenplay by Robert Lord and Delmar Daves.



To Bingo, "Dawn Glory" was real, as real as moonlight and stars and Spring—in short, he loved her!



Click coached Loretta and she repeated the words: "This is Dawn Glory speaking. I'm the happiest girl in the world today!"



Loretta went around in a dream, her thoughts in the clouds with Bingo. And then she read that he was safe; and that he gave "Dawn Glory" credit as his inspiration. The beautiful dream was over!

up again and Ed's mouth contorted in a sick grin and Gladys swallowing her gum in her excitement. And then the casual voice of the announcer again.

"... Goes to Miss Dawn Glory in care of her guardian, Mr. Daniel Wiley!"

The glamorous girl of the composite photograph had turned into Lady Luck. Dawn Glory, the girl who had never been born, had sent them all skyrocketing into a fortune!

But to Bingo, Dawn Glory was real, as real as moonlight and stars and Spring. The first time he looked at her pictured loveliness it was as if he had heard her voice and her laugh. By the time he reached the airport it was as if he had held her in his arms and known the flower smoothness of her cheek; as if he had felt her heart beat against his own.

"Who's the gal, Bingo?" asked one of the reporters covering the take-off of the plane that was flying the life-giving serum to the Alaskan Quadruplets.

"Dawn Glory. My sugar." Bingo took another ecstatic look at the photograph stuck on his windshield. "She'll be waiting for me when I come back. And listen, you guys, she reads the papers. Put in that I love her, will you?"

"Yeah!" One of the newspapermen laughed sardonically. "We'll end your obituary that way. You really think you're coming back from this flight? You're committing suicide!"

"If you had *her* to come back to would a blizzard stop you?" Bingo demanded as he threw a kiss towards the picture. "She's my good-luck charm. S'long, boys." He smiled impudently as he slammed the door. "Next stop, Alaska!"

Loretta had that quick glimpse of (Continued on page 87)



Fair Exchange!

Hollywood and England are trading talent! Here's the first exclusive story of the great new movie gold rush which is luring so many of our best actors to London

By
Leonard
Hall

The lovely Helen Vinson, one of the first Hollywood luminaries to leave for London, discusses her reasons for accepting British film offers in this authentic story.



Michael Balcon, of Gaumont-British, who journeyed to Hollywood to sign up some of our stars for films to be made in England. Left, Mr. Balcon with Mrs. Balcon.

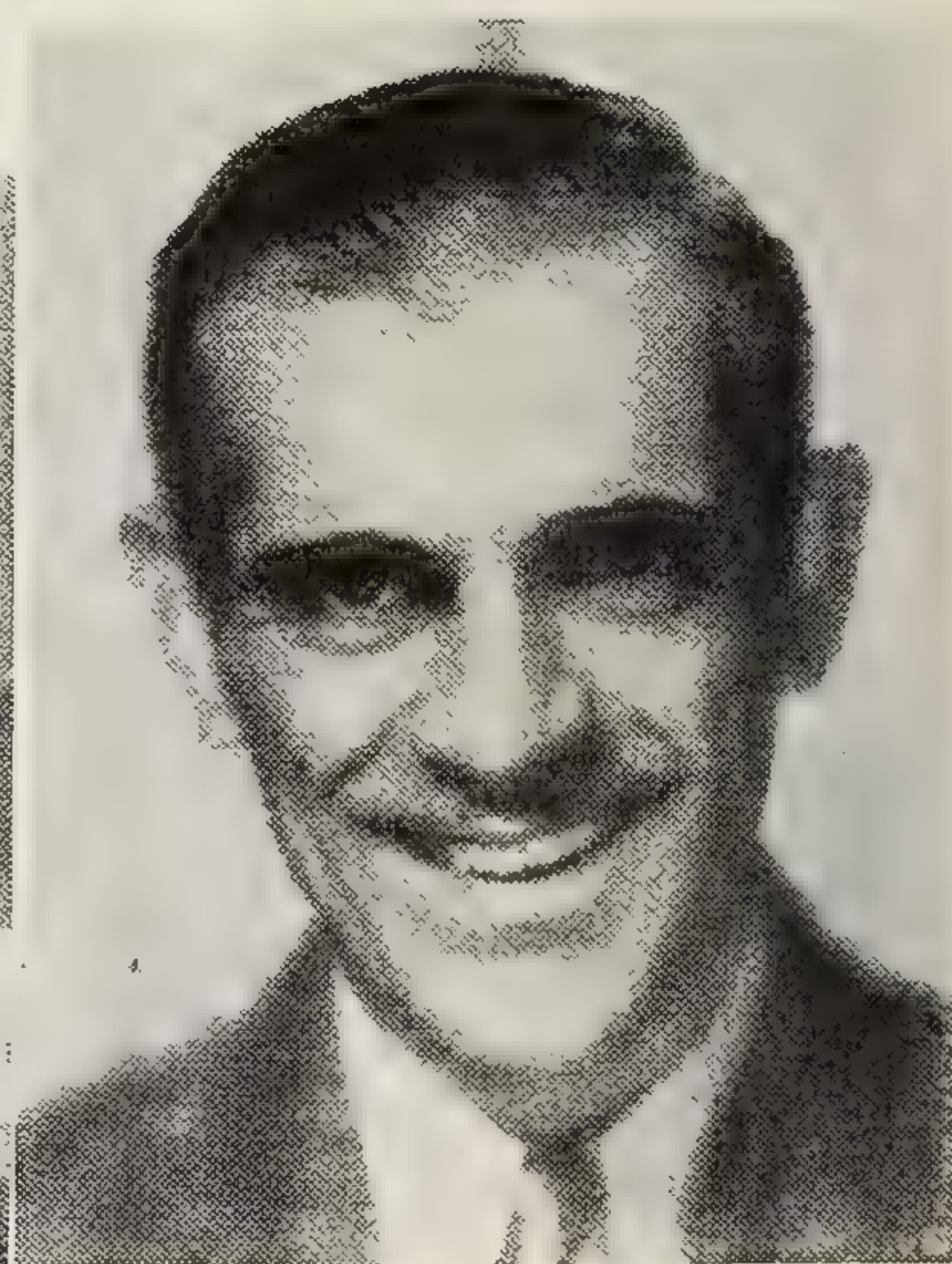
STRANGE goings-on in Hollywood these days, mates!

The eyes of American movie stars are turned East, not West, for the first time. Beverly Hillbillies are buying new luggage, tuning up their broad-A's, getting used to toasted scones, and practising that crook of the little finger which denotes real class over the tea-pot.

For a great mass movement of native movie actors on London is under way. The tide flows back again. Where once we used to receive a daily shipload of monocled mummies from Blighty, now we are transporting a huge herd of our best and fairest film folk to perfidious Albion, F.O.B. the Brown Derby.

This terrific trek, this horrendous hegira can be laid at the door of one Mr. Michael Balcon, Mickey to his pals and a walking ticket-office to our film actors. Mr. Balcon, an English film spy in the pay of Gaumont-British Pictures, has been thrusting through Hollywood like a naked sword, cutting off stars right and left.

The boy from Britain is a fast talker, and his foun-



Richard Dix, left, and Boris Karloff, two fine actors who are Britain-bound.

tain pen is always full of ink. Before they could scream feebly for help, he had signed up Boris "Boo!" Karloff, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Noah Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Richard Dix, with other precincts still to report; and one by one they are being ferried across the Atlantic to labor in the movie studios of Gaumont-British—situated in Shepherd's Bush, twenty minutes from London.

I dessay that within six months' time our American stars will be in London, and the lads and lassies from Britain will be in Hollywood—thus setting up that perfect artistic state of Hams Across the Sea. At any rate, this is what Balcon has done, and the reason for his fiendish body-snatching is not obscure. Gaumont-British, releasing sixteen films in the States this season, discovered that British movie names do not draw tuppence ha'penny at our box-offices. Inasmuch as they hope to peddle another sixteen to our peasantry next year, it behooves them to stud their movies with names and faces we know and like. Hence the dispatch of Michael Balcon to Hollywood—check-book, pen, and gift o' gab.

So tearful ta-tas are being said in Hollywood. Papa is leaving Mama, Mama is being torn from the tots by the ruthless hand of this Balcon. They face a long, cruel journey (first class), across the tossing Atlantic, and a long term of penal servitude in the film foundries of The Motherland.

True, this tragedy of shattered homes has its sunnier side. Some of our actors are going to get their sticky hands on a mass of these nice British Pounds Sterling, about which we hear such nice things. Inasmuch as for many years our British cousins have been coming over here and grudgingly accepting huge wads of our mere dollars, it is quite jolly to think of some benighted Yanks poking their paddies into the British jam-pot!

But what of our friends, these dear actors who are going on that long, dangerous trip into the Unknown, alone—save for mothers, maids, and valets?

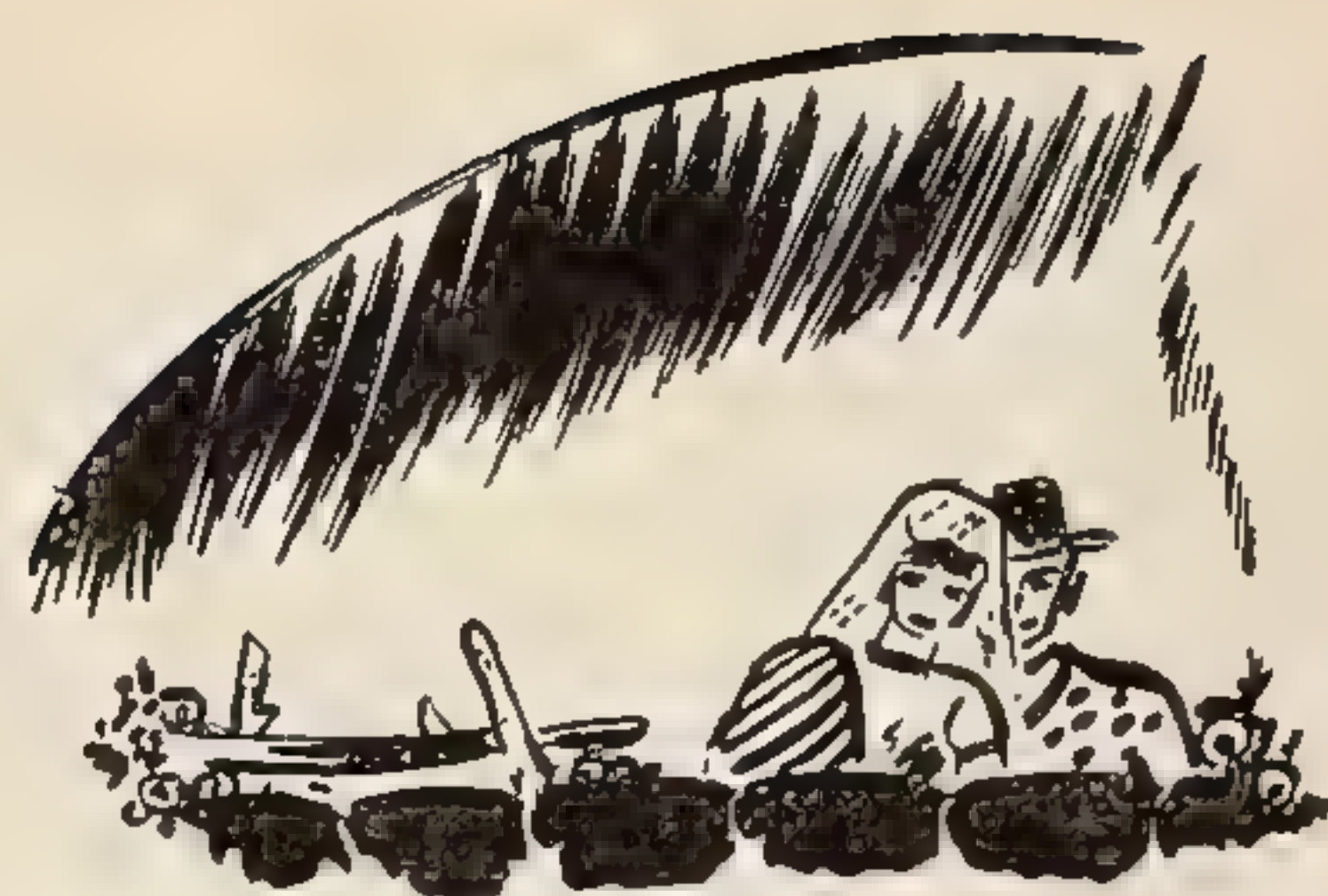
The other day, eluding the vigilant body-guards of Gaumont-British, I obtained, at great personal risk, an interview with one of the very (*Continued on page 66*)

Fay Wray made the long, hazardous trek from Hollywood to London. Brave girl—smart, too!

Madge Evans, one of the intrepid pioneers. Cheer up—Madge's English pictures will be shown over here.



Preview Flashes



FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY



He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!

Warner **BAXTER**
and
Ketti **GALLIAN**

in a fiery romance

**'UNDER THE
PAMPAS MOON'**

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

TITO GUIZAR

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling



"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."



HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank! • But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name



ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breathtaking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.



WHAT'S NEW IN HOLLYWOOD?

We're Showing You Here! First, The Gay New Garbo!

GRETA is a girl again! In her new picture, "Anna Karenina," she plays at croquet and coquetry and charms us as of old. Close-ups show her with Freddie Bartholomew, who plays her son; and with Fredric March, her leading man.

Grimes

Crawford and Company!


See Joan and Bob filming
a dancing love scene,
aided by director, camera-
men, extras. Then note
close-ups with the cast.



Tanner, M-G-M

**Generous Joan shares
her glory with Bob
Montgomery, Ed-
na Mae Oliver,
Franchot
Tone and
Charlie
Ruggles**





Presenting the New Hepburn!

Cyclonic Kate, the pride of Hartford and the terror of Hollywood, has a grand new leading man, Charles Boyer; and a brand new personality!

The inspiring new hero of screenland's most hectic heroine: left, Charles Boyer, the fine French actor who plays opposite Hepburn in "Break of Hearts," below.

Alex Kahle





When two such potent personalities and powerful troupers as Hepburn and Boyer combine their talents in a single picture, watch out! "Break of Hearts" presents a more human Hepburn and a more menacing Boyer.

Cake and candy for the members of the cast! Katharine was in high good humor while making this new picture, as the picture at right proves.

Comedy scenes such as you see below brighten the poignant drama of "Break of Hearts," in which Charles Boyer and Hepburn appear as honeymooners.





Scotty Welbourne

George Brent—"Stranded"

LOOKS as if he likes it! Well, it's only the name of his new picture, which co-stars Kay Francis, left, and gives George a cherished chance to break out of the drawing-room and into the open.





Fox Films

Warner Baxter in The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

"UNDER the Pampas Moon" provides Baxter with a colorful part as picturesque as his memorable "Cisco Kid." His leading woman is the piquant French actress, Ketti Gallian, shown at the right.





Dolores Del Rio DANCES!

Of all the Raft of "Valentino boys," it looks to us as if Don Carlos, shown here with Del Rio, is the most promising candidate for Latin glory.

Don Carlos, elevated from the chorus to the coveted job of Dolores' dancing partner, shown below with the star and director Busby Berkeley.





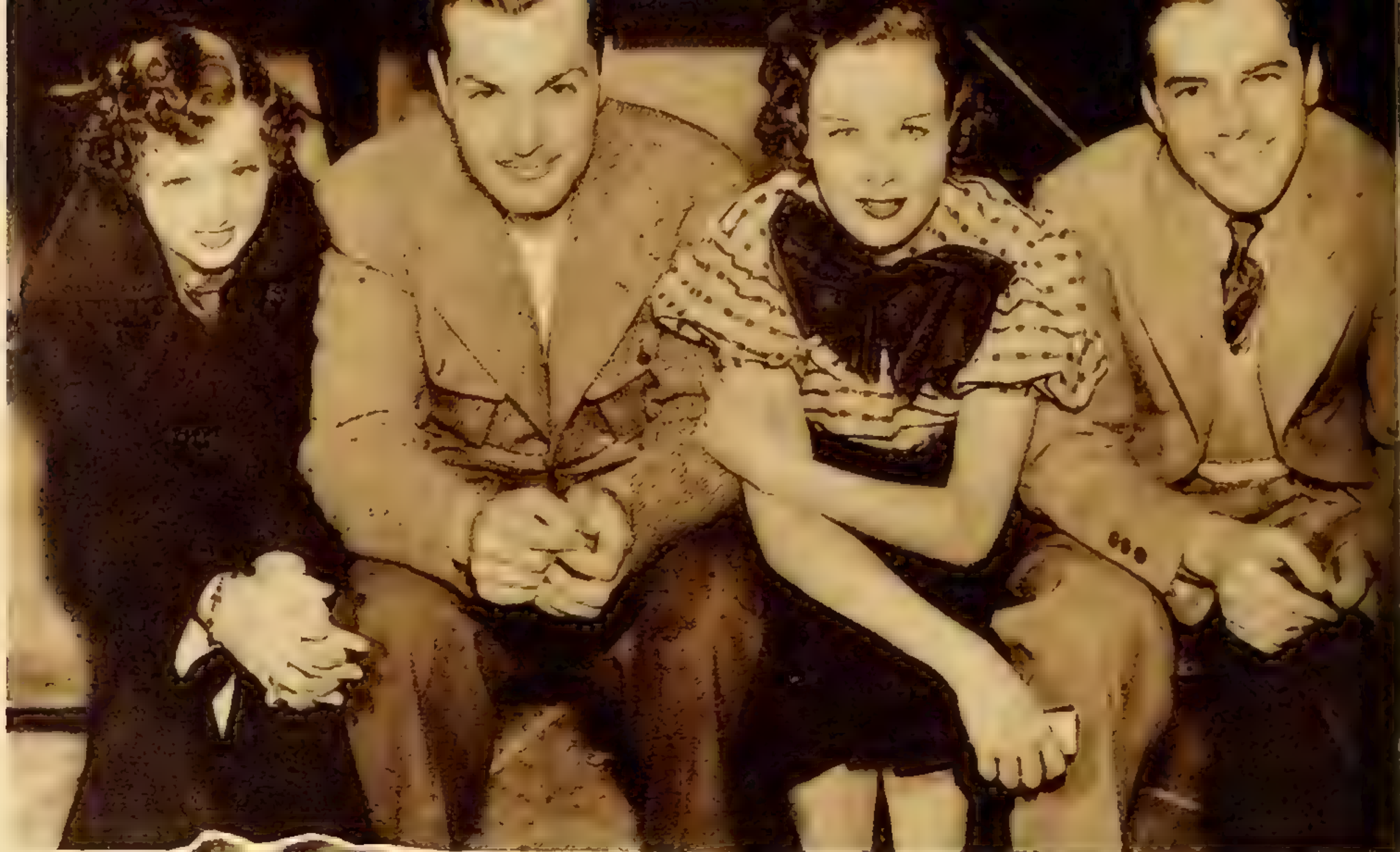
"In Caliente" she's at her loveliest, and—attention, girls!—Dolores discovers another "new Valentino"

All Photographs Made Exclusively on the "Caliente" Set for SCREENLAND by Bert Longworth, Warner Bros.

The Mexican beauty is the latest star to burst forth into song and dance. "In Caliente" is a colorful musical show with chorus numbers and all.

Below, Dolores in a scene with the singer, Phil Regan, the ex-Brooklyn policeman whose picture career is furthered in his new rôle.





"College Scandal"—but who believes in movie titles, anyway? Paramount's nice collegiate quartette, above: Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Johnny Downs.

Love Time in Picture Town!



Hollywood's cutest perennial co-ed: Arline Judge, the heroine of "College Scandal."

*Exclusive photographs
Eugene Robert Richee and
Hal A. McAlpin, Paramount*



Wendy will win him over! Next scene will show Johnny Downs cheered up.

Arline and Eddie Nugent demonstrate the value of the higher education.



Pity poor Paul Lukas! To earn his meager salary he must make love all day to Madge Evans. It's a hard life these movie actors lead! The scene below is from "The Age of Indiscretion."



Ah, me! What exquisite boredom is suffered by Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall, as they enact the love scene, above, for "The Flame Within." Strange—these scenes look so much like the real thing on the screen, too.

They Call This Work, in Hollywood!



Well, this is more like it! John Boles and Dixie Lee really seem to be enjoying their work in "Redheads on Parade." Mrs. Bing Crosby becomes a redhead just for this Fox picture. Mr. Boles flatly refused to dye for his art.

Nautical~

But Oh,
So Nice

Only Carole Lombard could wear this perfectly crazy hat, but isn't it fun? Count on Carole for the very latest—see, below, her white linen beach coat. A long coat for the beach is high summer style.

William Walling, Jr.



Smart and salty! Patricia Ellis, above, sounds the nautical note with the small sailor collar and rope-trimmed belt of her white and navy frock. See the chain trimming on the circular jabot.

Margaret Lindsay, right, achieves crisp chic in her white sports dress. High fashion notes: the brown wooden buttons right down the front; the patch pockets; the brown and white dotted scarf.

Scotty Welbourne



Jean Parker, left, simply shimmers in her smart new swim suit of black cellophane, with its demure round neck in front, and a low sun-tan back.

Study in chartreuse! Mary Carlisle, right, wears a new heavy rib suit in chartreuse with deep green trimming. The multi-strand straps and the braided belt are of fashion interest.

Down
to the Sea
in Cellophane!

Stephen McNulty

Sun Fun!

The bathing suits worn by Miss Jean Parker, Miss Mary Carlisle, and Johnny Weissmuller, M-G-M stars, are by B.V.D.

C. S. Bull

Look to Hollywood Belles
—and a Beau—for the
Latest Beach Fashions

Johnny Weissmuller selected this suit he is wearing here, of navy blue and white.



Scotty Welbourne

Cagney Cleans Up!

BOTH in his new characterization and at the box office! For in his latest film, "G-Men," the ex-Public Enemy becomes the Public Defender, and audiences who came to cringe remain to cheer. On the side of right, Jim still packs the meanest wallop in pictures!

He-Man of Song!

Nelson Eddy tells what happens when a concert artist goes in the movies

By Tom Kennedy

I'M NOT good copy! You know, very normal life and all that sort of thing; and that's not the stuff of which headlines are made. Why, I never even fell off a horse!"

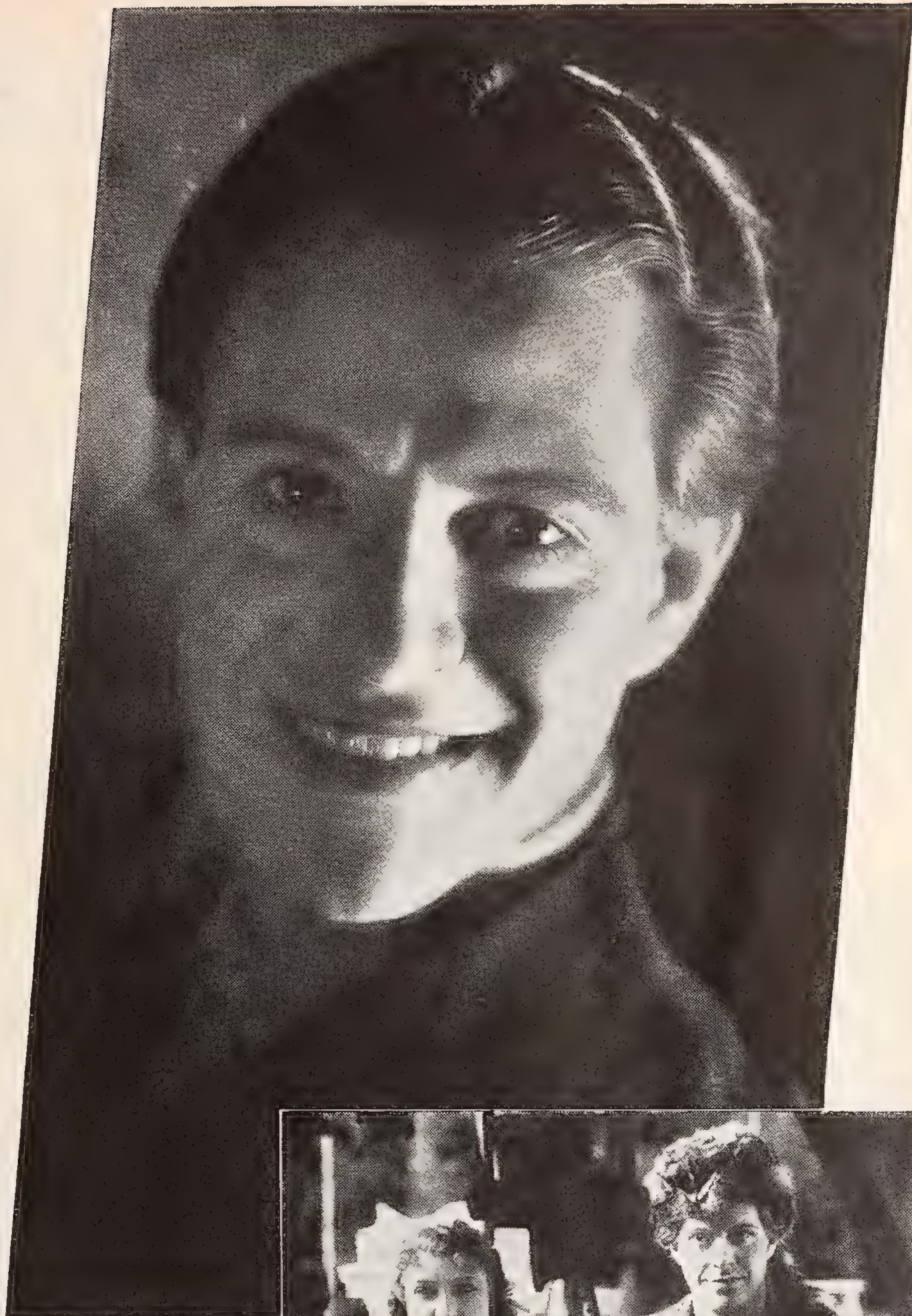
Nelson Eddy, a six-footer with a massive, finely formed head set squarely on a pair of husky shoulders, and a voice that's very deep-toned and richly authoritative, was telling us. This brand new star of the screen is one of the most powerfully built actors you ever met, and, tradition of the recital platforms being what a long line of heavily-girthed tenors and baritones have made it, certainly a chap you'd associate with conquests on the football gridiron rather than the concert stage.

Eddy's strapping physique is the first thing that strikes you about his appearance. The second is his very blond coloring—hair that is straw-colored and shot through with strands that are almost lacking in color; very fair complexion; eyes that are of blue and of a light cast but, in contrast to the mane of blond hair, and white skin, they seem rather dark.

Having plenty of what it takes to stand up under hard work is quite an asset for a chap who has been filling one of the busiest concert engagements ever attempted; railroading zig-zag fashion across the East, Middle West and South, since completing his first important picture engagement in "Naughty Marietta."

He didn't seem tired; just relaxing as he sprawled on a green divan and talked about screen acting, concert, opera and radio singing.

"I suddenly find myself being considered an actor," he was saying. "Well, I didn't know I was an actor. I have had lots of experience on the stage doing opera and light opera like Gilbert and Sullivan parts, but that calls for 'broad' treatment, exaggeration of expression and gesture. I was first signed for pictures because of my singing, and nobody in Hollywood looked upon me as a



"One-picture" star Nelson Eddy, above, in close-up as himself, and at right with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."



potential actor, which didn't surprise me in the least.

"As a matter of fact, until I made 'Naughty Marietta' very few out there looked upon me as anything, singer or actor. However, when I get back to Hollywood I'm starting from the present, and forgetting the sometimes heart-breaking neglect and lack of any recognition whatsoever. But I improved my time—I studied Russian and added an operatic rôle to my repertoire. Moreover, I guess 'Naughty Marietta' was worth waiting for."

The remarkable thing is that practically the only people who did give Eddy a tumble in Hollywood were those who had to express their respect in terms of cash. That is to say Eddy's champions for two years during which he was practically idle, save for singing a song or so—he did his first for "Dancing Lady"—were the M-G-M chiefs who originally signed him and took up his options as they came along.

(Continued on page 97)

W. C. FIELDS'



Fields in Growth and Bloom! Continuing the Actual Adventures of the Famous Comedian, Whose Real Life Has Been More Fascinating, and Amusing Than Any Fiction

By Ida Zeitlin

LISTENING to Bill Fields talk of his European adventures—just listening to Bill Fields talk, for that matter—is a treat to the ear and spirits. Language—fruity, luscious language, much of it too picturesque for reproduction—rolls effortlessly from his tongue. Hilarious asides pop unexpectedly from his solemn façade. Whether the story ends well or badly for him makes little difference. If anything, he tells the latter with a keener zest. Walking up and down in front of you, his blue eyes now mild, now kindling, he's likely to make you the villain of the piece, turning to glare or even to point an accusing finger at you as his voice mounts to a sonorous climax, then drops into low with some casual absurdity.

"I got acclaim in Europe," he says, "and I got kicked in the pants. I rode the crest and I rode the rails. All right, I didn't ride the rails, but it sounds pretty snappy, doesn't it—?" his tone was aggrieved, "and besides, it gives you the general idea. Tops today, bottoms tomorrow—" he gestured carefully, as one who explains a major problem to a child not altogether bright.

"For instance, I was playin' the Winter Garden in Berlin. I'd played this same Winter Garden before and made a smash hit. This time I didn't get a tumble. My act was as good or better. They just didn't like me. Maybe it was because I followed a horse act. Maybe they figured the horse could've done my tricks better.

"I went from there to Copenhagen—and that reminds me. You know, in the old days all we artists—the word's artist—" he warned me, looking over my shoulder, "be sure you get it down right—all we artists used to hire clagues—a bunch of kids, generally, to start the applause in case the audience went coy on us. Well, one day I went back to pay this claque

Step right up, folks! What'll you have? At that, hospitable Bill Fields would love to entertain all his fans in person, only his seven-acre Encino Ranch wouldn't begin to hold you all!

REAL LIFE STORY

off, and one of the varmints pipes up: 'Could I have an autographed photo instead of the money?' So I gave him a photo and a pat on the head for interest and told him he'd go far. Not long ago at a Hollywood party, a fellow gets up and starts doin' a trick of mine that I hadn't done in years. 'Where d'you learn that?' I asked him. 'In Copenhagen,' he grins, 'when you gave me a photo for clappin' so nice and loud.' It was Carl Brisson. I told him," said Fields complacently, "that's he'd go far.

"Well, anyway, there I was in Copenhagen. I had a date to go from there to Vienna. It was a whale of a distance, and I asked the agent if he could get the date changed. Not only could he get it changed—wait, I'm not tellin' this right. 'Listen,' he says, 'the Vienna manager caught your act in Berlin, and he didn't like it. Says he'd rather have the horse. Wants to know what you'll take to break your contract.'" Hands in his pockets, Fields paused and looked at me as though I'd stolen the last penny from his little tin cup. "Ever have an experience like that?" he demanded. "It's an internal earthquake, it's the end of the world, its hell. Here you think you're king of the roost and babies cry for you, and all

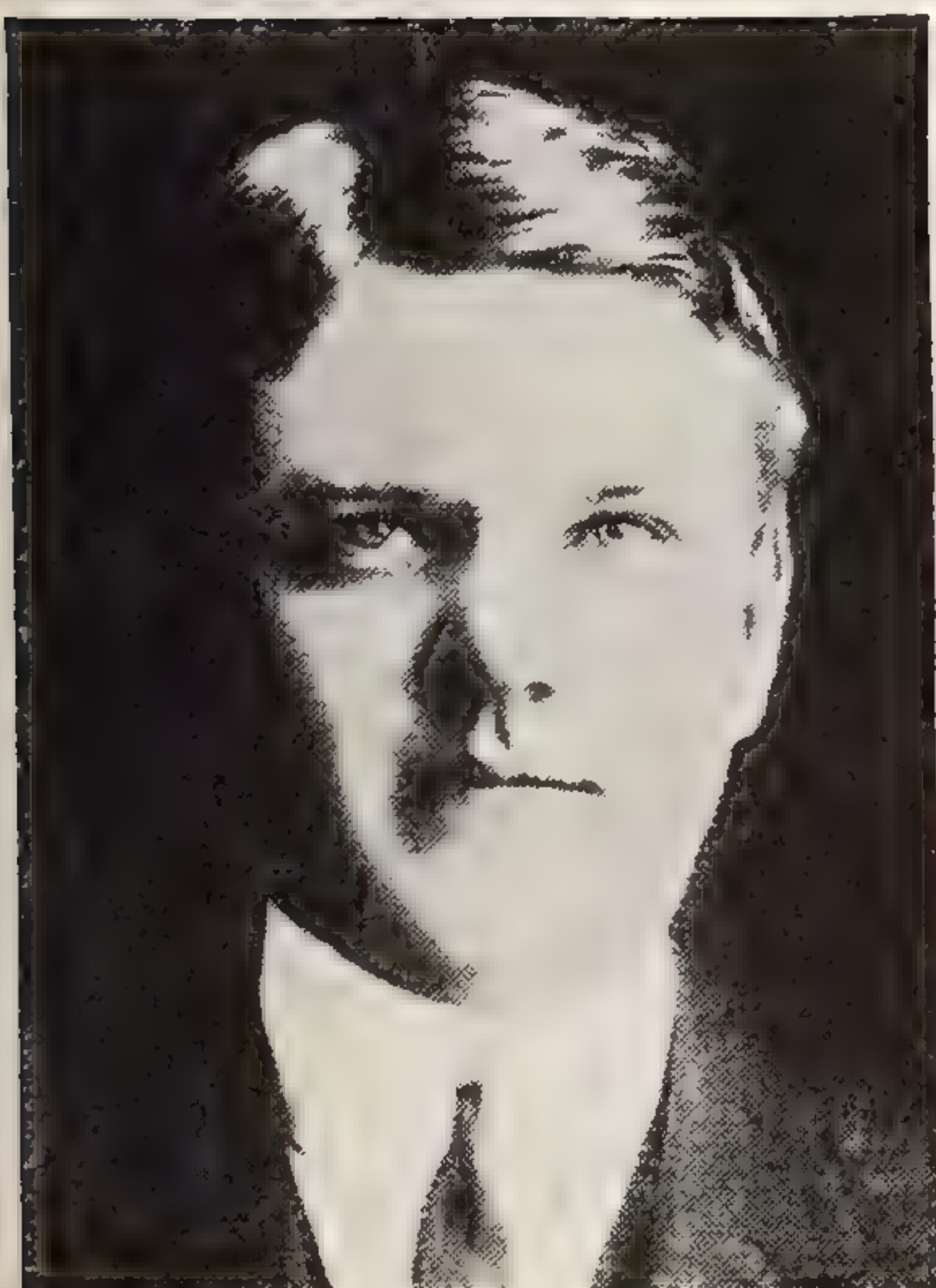
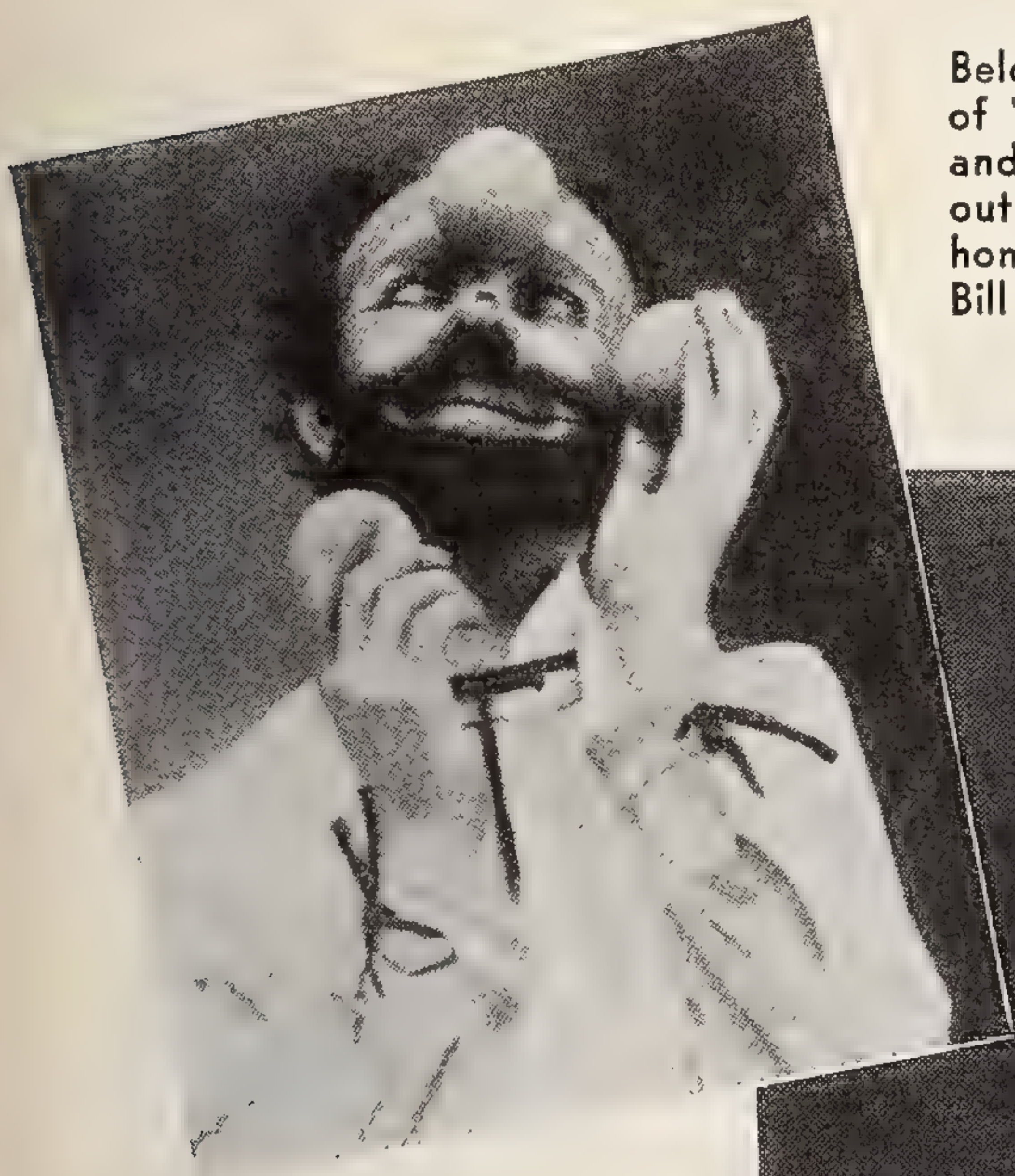
of a sudden you're a frost. I told 'em I'd take five hundred for the contract, and for two weeks I suffered as I never suffered before.

"But that's not all of it. In Copenhagen I made the biggest hit maybe I'd ever made in my life. Then I looked around for another date and couldn't get one. I wrote letters and I sent cables and for all the good it did me, I could've given my money to a Home for Wayward Crocodiles. I was through. I was dead. I was finished in the whole world. Why? She asks me why! I haven't figured that one out yet, sister.

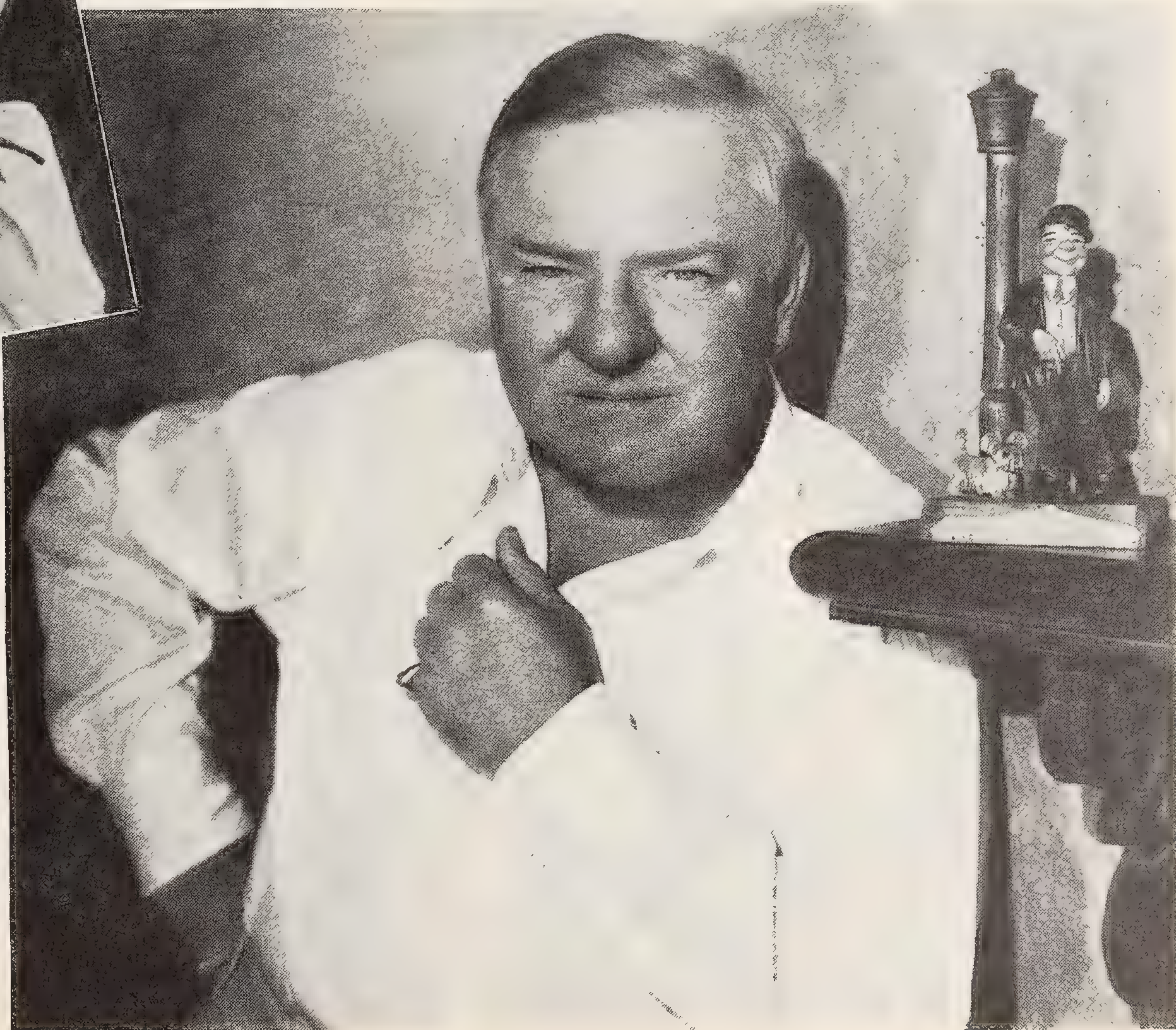
"So I went to London. I figured maybe if somebody saw me around, it'd give 'em an idea. And I figured right. One day on the street I bump into a manager. 'What're you doin'?' he says. 'Goin' to America,' I told him. 'Got a big contract. I didnt have a contract and I wasn't goin' anywhere but straight to pot with nerve strain. 'I could use you here,' says this guy. So I put on the high hat. 'I wrote you and I wired you from Copenhagen,' I said. 'Now I'm goin' to America.' 'Couldn't you cancel it?' 'Sure I could, but you know they don't pay chicken-feed over there. Raise the ante and give me a 20-week guarantee, and I'll cancel it.' 'I'll give you thirteen,' he says. 'Twenty,' I told him. So he gave me twenty and I packed 'em in. And that's the story of this whole cockeyed game in a nutshell.

"But for all my success in London, I couldn't get over bein' cancelled in Vienna. Nuts to Vienna, I kept tellin' myself, but it did me no good, knowin' Vienna'd said nuts to me first. One night the (Continued on page 82)

Below, the comic genius of "David Copperfield" and "Mississippi" shown out of character, at home. Believe it or not, Bill Fields is a home-boy at heart!



W. C. Fields when he was a "tramp juggler" in vaudeville. Directly above, without the make-up.





Les Misérables—United Artists



HERE is the most important motion picture to be seen on the screens today. Darryl Zanuck deserves all our applause for producing Victor Hugo's masterpiece in a magnificent manner. "Les Misérables" is not a picture to be caught as a time-killer; it is a full evening's entertainment, an honest, dignified, impressive effort to bring three generations of theatre-goers into the screen palaces, and to hold them there. Thanks to the painstaking direction and the spirited cast, it succeeds. The saga of *Jean Valjean* has been translated in terms of robust action, stirring pictures, splendid characterizations. The relentless pursuit of *Jean* by *Javert*, from the galleys through the sewers of Paris, to the very end, is conscientiously recorded. The "first phase" of *Jean's* life interested me most, because of all the actors, next to Frederic March as *Jean*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the *Bishop* was most impressive—a superb performance. Charles Laughton caricatures *Javert*, making him more eccentric than formidable. Rochelle Hudson is the rather colorless *Cosette*.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



The Scoundrel—Paramount



THE most controversial picture of the month! Marking Noel Coward's screen début, the latest inspiration of wonder-boys Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur is an important contribution to the cinema. (We call it the "cinema" when names like Mr. Coward are involved). "The Scoundrel" is different, I promise you; its flavor is distinctly cosmopolitan, with not a single smack of Hollywood; subtle; sophisticated—yet somehow refreshing, with a definite spiritual quality not hitherto associated with Messrs. Coward, Hecht, or MacArthur. (Could Helen Hayes have been hanging around, I wonder?). As a conscienceless publisher whose motto seems to be "Read 'em and ruin 'em—and run," Mr. Coward gives a stunning performance, unique for its remarkable blend of satire and haunting charm. He breaks hearts right and wrong, but nevertheless manages to capture your sympathy and keep you concerned as to his fate. And such a fate! The story is too good to keep but too tricky to tell. See it. Julie Haydon as a young poetess "published" by Coward is exquisite. She'll go far.



Star of Midnight—RKO-Radio



THIS is fun! Light, clever, and with that "Thin Man" appeal. Yes—William Powell, none other, again up to his fascinating philandering and smooth sleuthing; and this time with a charming new screen sweetheart, Ginger Rogers, latest of our movie beauties to turn interesting. In fact, this is quite definitely as much Miss Rogers' picture as it is Bill's; and I think from now on the Misses Loy and Harlow will have to look to their laurels if they want to keep Mr. Powell safe on the home lot. "Star of Midnight" presents our William as a shrewd and successful lawyer who becomes involved in a nice, juicy murder mystery because the columnist-corpse chooses the lawyer's apartment to be murdered in. Very thoughtful of him, and our ex-*Philo Vance* doesn't disappoint. He solves the mystery, but not before he has us all, including Miss Rogers, pretty jittery with suspense. The dialogue sparkles; the plot is never permitted to intrude too much. And Mr. Powell reminds us that he is, bar none, the most consistently charming man on the screen. Yet he never seems to be working at it—that's art!

MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE:

"LES MISERABLES"

MOST UNUSUAL: "THE SCOUNDREL"

MOST EXCITING: "G-MEN"

MOST IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCES:

Fredric March, Sir Cedric Hardwicke
in "Les Miserables"

MOST CHARMING PERFORMANCE:

Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel"

MOST DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE:

James Cagney in "G-Men"

DISCOVERY OF THE MONTH:

Julie Haydon in "The Scoundrel"



G-Men—Warners



JAMES CAGNEY'S best performance since "The Public Enemy" in the most thrilling melodrama since "Scarface." Strong words? Well, this is a strong picture! "G-Men" sets a terrific pace and maintains it from first reel to last. All the thrills of the most exciting gangster films ever made, but this time with the gangsters on the spot and the Department of Justice men the heroes. Cagney plays a struggling young lawyer who joins the Department mainly to avenge a pal's murder. He discovers how G-Men are trained and toughened; he stands up and takes it; and when he goes forth to get his gangster he makes good. Not, however, before we have witnessed some of the most chillingly thrilling scenes ever recorded; like a candid camera account of notorious high spots in America's crime history, the brutally realistic "G-Men" will appall you even as it holds you spellbound. Cagney is the convincing Cagney of old, forsaking his recent mannerisms and delivering a superb performance. Ann Dvorak is excellent, up to her "Scarface" form.



The Devil Is a Woman—Paramount



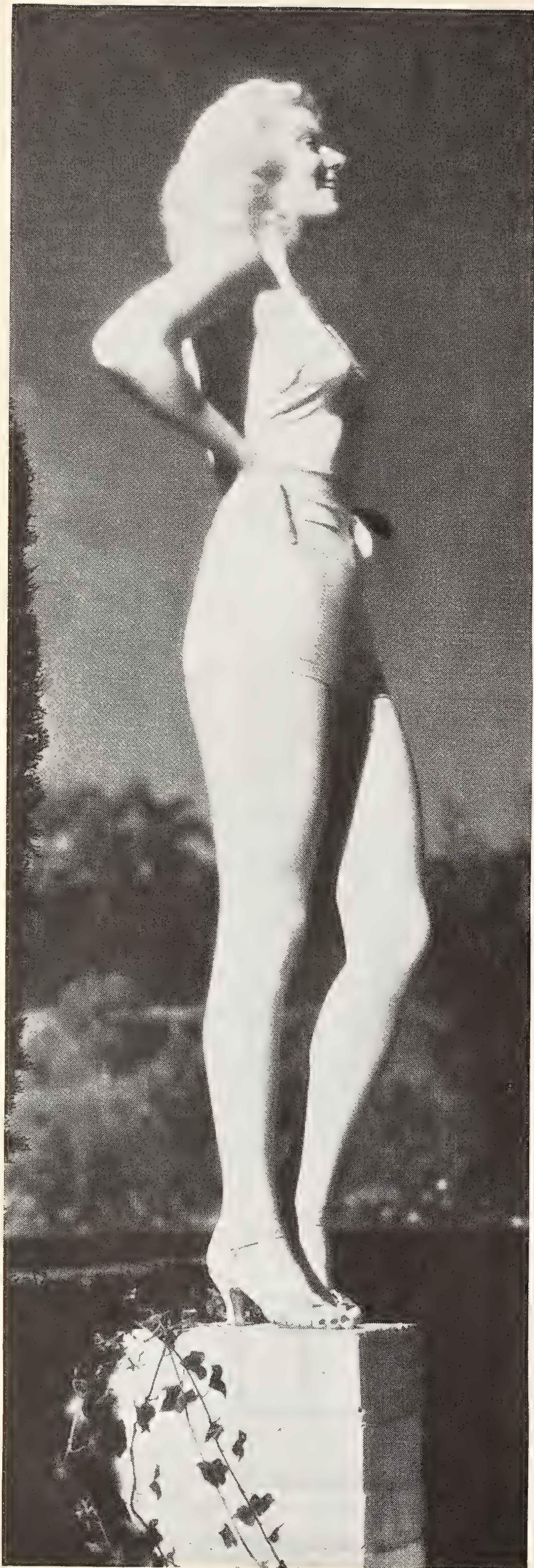
SWAN-SONG of the Dietrich-von Sternberg star-director team, this picture is a great argument-starter. I'll begin it by saying that for sheer studied beauty it has never been equalled, or even approached; that if the plot had been only half as potent as the photography, "The Devil is a Woman" would go up on the screen scoreboard as the triumph of Dietrich's career instead of, as will probably happen, going down in screen history as the most costly series of still-life portraits ever camera-painted. Then I'll duck. It may be that some of you will be so bored by the mere eye-appeal of this trite tale of the wanton woman whose charms bring men grovelling to her feet, you won't care whether Dietrich is at her most devastating or not; you won't be interested even in Caesar Romero, the new Latin glimpsed all too briefly as Lionel Atwill's rival for Marlene's lush favor. And I can't say I blame you too much. Nevertheless, it seems to me this is worth seeing if only to witness the latest work of Josef von Sternberg, Hollywood's greatest cameraman and the most enchanting close-ups of Marlene.



Reckless—M-G-M



"RECKLESS" has everything, they tell me. It certainly has—everything except Ken Maynard's horse and Baby LeRoy. But I wish they had given us more scenes of Jean Harlow and Bill Powell like the one in which Jean falls asleep in the hammock while Powell is proposing—more of this, and less of everything. The gorgeous Harlow and the debonair William will win you on their own appeal regardless of the story which makes Bill, a promoter who promotes everything but platinum blondes, take six reels and three musical numbers to awaken to the fact that there's only one girl in the world for him, and she *isn't* a brunette. Harlow is similarly blind, wading through marriage to a worthless scion of wealth, played by Franchot Tone, and trouble, trouble, and then *more* trouble before she, too, makes the Great Discovery. A yacht and a tot, a suicide and a Spanish revue interfere with the real fun of watching Powell at his most prankish and Jean at her most piquant. May Robson will amuse you as Jean's grandmammy, and a newcomer, Rosalind Russell, shows great charm and promise.



Clever Footwork!

Hollywood blazes with beauty! Then let Hollywood stars be your beauty guides!

By Josephine Felts

The other day a particularly beautiful girl, named Jean Harlow, walked across the lot of one of the big studios in Hollywood. She was so poised and graceful, with such a gorgeous figure that all eyes turned in her direction.

One of the directors on the lot followed her appraisingly with his eyes. "Clever footwork!" he said quietly.

For this man who has had a great deal to do with the selection of beautiful girls for the screen, knows this deep beauty secret: that the first step toward that free and graceful look that is always young and charming, toward all-round attractiveness of every kind, is to have feet so well shod and well-cared-for that they just never let you down.

Lovely feet today are just as much a part of a beauty ensemble as are "the hands they love to hold." What is more, they are getting their share of attention. It is an old truism, that feet that hurt put lines in your face. But it is even truer that feet that don't hurt, feet that are beautiful, strong and capable, are the very basis of beauty.

At two very special times, feet are in the spotlight: in the evening and in summer playtime. In the evening when you sally forth all dressed up in your most *frou frou* evening gown, you may be either trailing clouds of drapery, if you have gone in for the newest Hindu evening clothes, or you may be picturesque and rustling if taffeta's your fabric. But no matter what else you wear, you will be pretty sure to have the toeless evening sandal which shows to such good advantage the shining polish you wear on your toes. By the way, have you laid eyes on the new toeless *and* heelless sandal? I do hope the designers won't push us too far. We'll be barefoot next, and liking it!

In summer playtime brilliant toe-nails are going to be the rage. And are we going to have fun at it! Now you may not enthuse over brilliant finger-nails. The man in your life may object. Most men in one's life do object, so I've found to my sorrow, to brilliant polishes on their lady's hands. But when it comes to toe-nails, you may go right ahead and express yourself. You'll win only approval. Many a demure little miss is going to surprise everybody by developing a (Continued on page 72)

Jean Harlow: famed for clever headwork and footwork, silhouetted in statuesque loveliness just before a dip in her own swimming pool. Note Jean's lovely, well-groomed feet.

Good at Figures!



Keep fit the gay Mary Boland way! Smart at diet as at dialogue, as smooth in silhouette as in comedy performance, Miss Boland illustrates James Davies' rules for the successful Modern Woman



Mary Boland is one Hollywood star who never diets and has no routine of strenuous exercise. This is because she is always in the best of health and a pencil-slim figure would be no asset to her in the rôles she plays. Miss Boland holds herself beautifully and keeps in excellent condition. When she is not working, she eats whatever her appetite demands; but during the filming of a picture she confines herself to light luncheons and sensible dinners.

For the non-fattening diet menus for every day in the week, recommended by James Davies and endorsed by Miss Boland, turn to page 84. Don't forget, too, that Mr. Davies is here to help you solve your own weight and diet problems.

KEEP Young and Beautiful" is more than a title to a popular song. It's an excellent direction for all women.

Why should a woman slump into homeliness and old age? Youth and beauty can be hers for as long or as short a period as she decides. The catch in it is that she must take time and trouble to preserve what is hers.

I don't mean that any woman can remain a cute little ingénue forever, but she can grow into a pretty adult without becoming a coy and ridiculous person pretending to be a decade younger than she is. She can remain slim and clear-eyed, with muscles and smooth skin.

Perhaps you have just gone on your busy way, never bothering about your figure or a daily routine of exercise, because you "always stayed the same weight, no matter what you ate." Then one day, you happened to look in a shop window, or in a full-length mirror in a hotel, and wondered for an instant who that awful-looking woman was. And it was yourself! Too plump, too stoop-shouldered, double-chinned, thick-waisted. It was a shock, wasn't it?

If you are more than thirty—even, in some cases, not yet thirty—and haven't taken stock of yourself lately, please *do it now!* Look at yourself critically, weigh yourself, and consult a chart of correct weight. Then, if

you're not satisfied with the result promise yourself to do something about it.

We'll say that the scales show excess poundage. Don't try to follow a strenuous reducing diet and go in for violent physical exercises in a desperate endeavor to undo ten years in ten days. Go after the over-weight, but go after it scientifically, carefully. Try the non-fattening menus given with this article for a week, and arrange similar menus of your own for the other weeks in a month. Then make yourself follow a simple routine of exercise night and morning. Dieting alone can't be depended upon to reduce fat from spots where it is most annoying and most noticeable, as in the abdomen, hips, buttocks, upper arms and neck.

In following the diet given here, I'd suggest that you make your salad dressings with mineral oil. Also, if you are a woman who has always had tea or coffee with her meals, you may believe you can't possibly do without a hot drink of some kind, especially for breakfast. In that case, begin by cutting down on the number of cups and the strength of the coffee taken; gradually reduce both; then use one of the coffee substitutes until you can manage without it.

In one of the earlier articles, I mentioned in passing that stretching exercises modeled on those performed by the family cat are wonderful (*Continued on page 84*)

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Lesson in young loveliness with added attraction of Glamor—by Rochelle Hudson, sweetest and smoothest of the screen's baby sirens. Rochelle goes quaintly gay with white piqué bonnet and accessories. Her gloves, her handbag—even the flower on her lapel proclaim the high style of piqué.

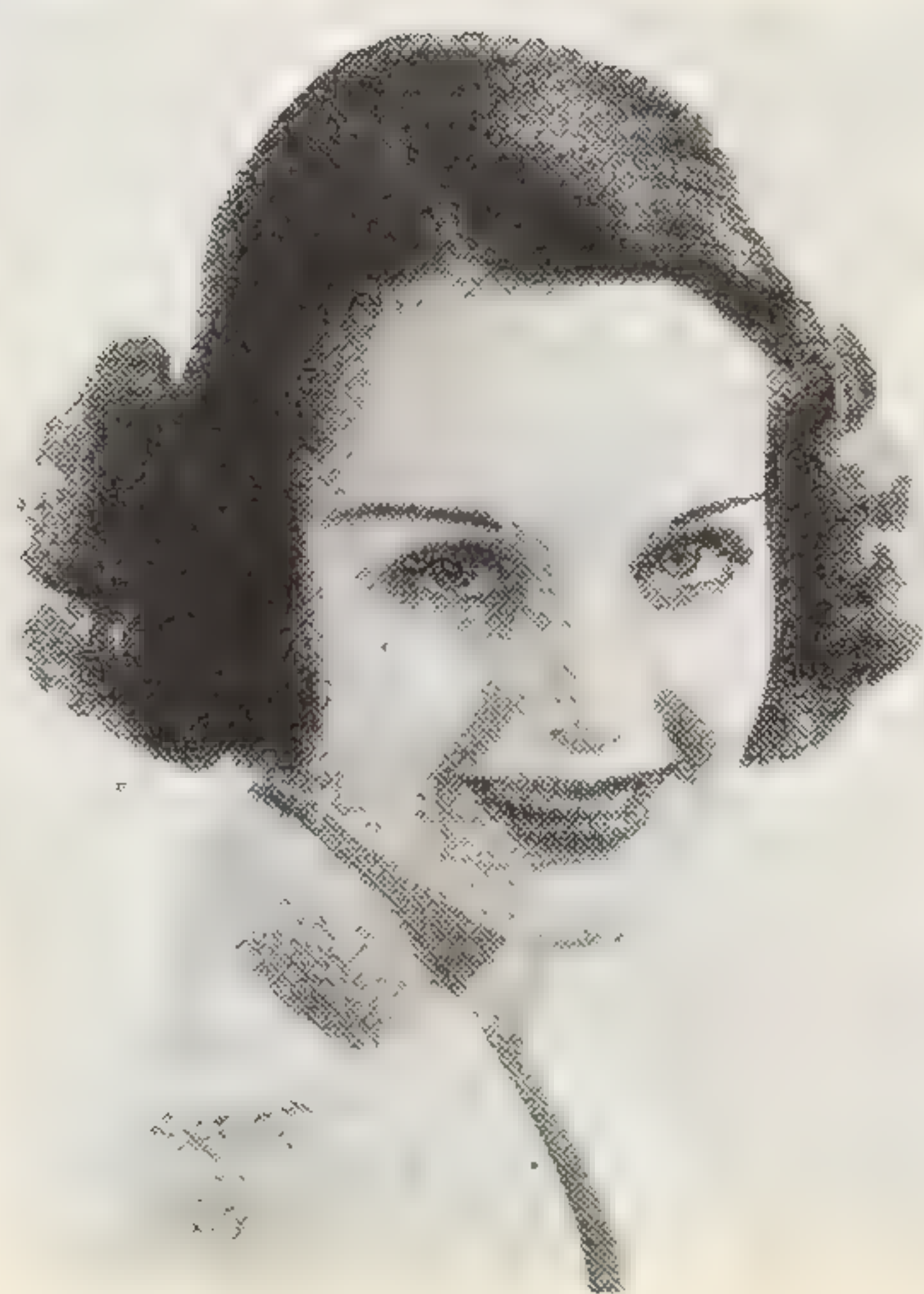


Bewitching bonnet for a modern Baby! Rene Hubert created this old-fashioned poke bonnet edged with lacey horsehair braid. Piquant, the velvet ribbon chin-strap!



The gayest gloves ever designed in Hollywood! Miss Hudson wears Rene Hubert's new gauntlets of multi-colored jersey in pastel shades, with jade green predominating.

The Rochelle Hudson you see in the Will Rogers films, right. She can be as demure as this—and as smart as she looks in our other portraits. No wonder she is called Hollywood's cleverest young actress!



Edited by

Rochelle Hudson

Here's to youth with a dash of sophistication, as personified by Hollywood's most exquisite ingénue, and enhanced by Rene Hubert creations

Only a Frenchman could have created the costume shown at the left! Only a girl as young and glamorous as Rochelle could wear it! The hat is fashioned from natural-colored Italian straw, with chin-band of hand-made straw lace. The gloves are black velvet with cuffs of the lace straw.

All Glamor photographs of Miss Hudson made especially for SCREENLAND by Otto Dyar, Fox Films.

Feather finery! Rene Hubert designed for Miss Hudson the tiny hat and matching muff which she is wearing at the left. The feathers are a natural shade, brightened by jade green coque feathers. Note the clip and bracelet.

Beauty in black-and-white! Rochelle's hat takes its theme from those worn by French nuns. The frock of perfectly plain black wool is enlivened with the white piqué jabot.

Rochelle, left, takes excellent care of her young-girl's skin, so that when she reaches the star stage she will never have to worry about her complexion. It will always have that fresh, dewy look.



Here's Hollywood!

Come on along on a news and gossip hunt
to the homes and haunts of Screen Town



Fred Astaire won't hold this pose very long, soon he'll be stepping into action for his new picture, "Top Hat."

KATHARINE HEPBURN has a habit of working in comfortable, flat-heeled sandals when her feet don't show. Or else she goes entirely shoeless. At any rate, her latest director fell into a habit of saying, at the end of a scene, "Okay, Kate. You may take your shoes off now!"

ON HER return from London, England, Fay Wray described a marked difference between American fans and English fans. In America, she said, fans rush the stars, demanding autographs and nipping buttons, handkerchiefs, and other objects for souvenirs.

"In England, I had a constant escort of boys on bicycles," Fay told friends. "They simply followed our taxi to the studio, theatre, restaurant, or wherever I was going. When we arrived, they merely stood about and smiled until we went inside, and then they went on their way."

JACK OAKIE and Clark Gable had themselves a lot of fun while they were on location in Washington for "Call of the Wild." In particularly mellow mood one evening, they decided to buy up all the perfume and toilet water in town.

Oakie finished up with about forty bottles of the stuff. He brought all of it back to Hollywood with him. Gradually, by reason of having several girl friends, Jack is unloading by giving them bottles of perfume. What he calls "smell liquid."

CAN IT BE LOVE? DEPT.

THAT little nudist gnashing his teeth over in the corner, is Dan Cupid, angry because the marriage of Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, long supposed to be a happy one, is reported "on the rocks." They were married more than six years ago, and have two lovely children. Dolores retired from the screen right after the wedding, and they seemed to be a refutation of the belief that marriage cannot succeed in Hollywood.

After several false starts, Rosita Moreno and Melville Shauer, studio executive, eloped to Arizona and were married. Mary Astor's husband got his divorce from her within a few days after their separation. He got custody of the child, and she did not enter a counter suit.

Anita Louise and Tom Brown, after a few weeks' separation, made up their minds that other lads and lassies may be all right, but not for them. So they've resumed where they left off; another lovers' quarrel that has ended happily. However, their argument did cause them to postpone their secretly contemplated marriage.

Among the "very-regulars," seen at all the places about town at least a few times, are Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond. It is love with Gene, apparently, but Janet maintains indifference; she likes him, just as she likes Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan's former husband who is now paying homage to the Gaynor.

Francis Lederer is sparking Mary Anita Loos frenziedly. Arthur Lake is dividing his sweet words between Betty Furness and society-gal Gloria Hatrick. Frances Drake is being seen places with Henry Wilcoxon. Cary Grant is often with that tall socialite with the big bankroll, Janet McLeod.

YOU'D never know Jackie Cooper. Husky for his age, he is growing to young manhood. Although he is only about thirteen, Jackie is wearing long trousers. Master—or is it now Mister?—Cooper sprang up like a mushroom, almost over-night. His parents plan to send him away to college, when his screen days as a boy star terminate.



What a combination for rhythm and melody! Irving Berlin, master of song-hits, tinkles a tune he wrote for "Top Hat" while Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire get the swing of it. Note how Ginger dons a topper with dash and eclat.

By Weston East



Here goes, the action starts as Fred goes into some fireworks with his feet and legs. We give you two "stop-action" shots of a new and lively Astaire dance.



THE cutest sight in the studios today is Carol Ann Beery, at work in a picture with her father, Wallace Beery. She is the busiest little body in the world. She has her own specially-made make-up kit, and Wally had made for her a tiny dressing-table, an exact miniature of his own, replete with mirrors and baby electric light globes.

MOVIE stars becoming mothers is such a common event nowadays that they rate little more than newspaper mention.

A movie star becoming a *sister* is something else again. In fact, Joan Marsh is about the only screen actress of importance who is to welcome a baby sister. Her father, cameraman Charles Rosher, married a girl about his daughter's age, and the stork is coming soon.

SUMMER has come to Hollywood. You can always tell. Back East, the first robin means spring; out West, when Greta Garbo moves to the beach, that is the inevitable sign. Garbo has given up her city house, and once again she is basking in the sunshine of the beach beside the Pacific. We'll let you know when autumn comes. That'll be when Garbo moves back to Hollywood!

WHY folks go nuts in Hollywood! Because of his performance in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," director Henry Hathaway selected Gary Cooper for the title rôle in "Peter Ibbetson."

"They're both sad parts," was Hathaway's serious explanation.

THOSE three girls who were determined to get Gene Raymond's autograph during his recent personal appearance tour, solved their problem cleverly. They bribed a waitress who was delivering Gene's luncheon to his theatre dressing-room. They took turns wearing the waitress' clothes, and each girl delivered a course. Also, each girl secured an autograph.

FUNNY about Buck Jones. He started in pictures as a double. He enacted dangerous riding stunts for nearly every famous Western star in the movies, and he never got so much as a scratch. But in the first picture of his new series, Buck looked over his shoulder at a gang of pursuing brigands—(character actors; not supervisors)—and walked right off a twenty-five-foot cliff. He sustained cuts, bruises, and a few sprains.

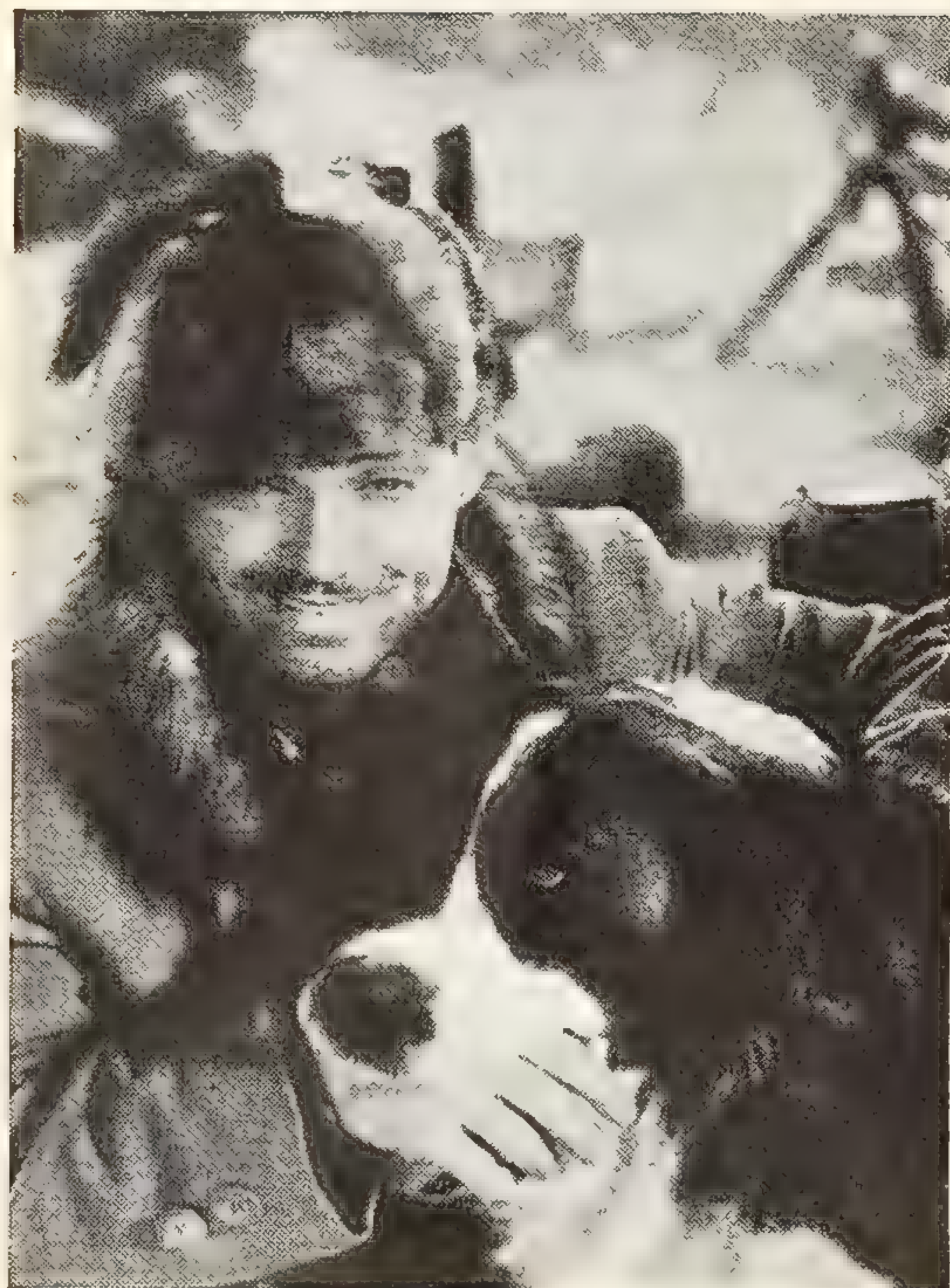
FOX executives raised a fuss because all of the still pictures of Shirley Temple in her new picture showed her with Joel McCrea; there were none with other members of the cast. The execs demanded a reason. In reply, Mr. Winfield Sheehan found on his desk this note: "*Temple does not chuze to pose with anyone but Mack Kray. Yours respected, (Signed) Shirley Temple.*" (Well, it makes a good story, anyway!)



Named for fame by their studio bosses! Left to right, Gertrude Michael, Gail Patrick, Wendy Barrie, Ann Sheridan, Katherine DeMille and Grace Bradley, young actresses whom Paramount votes its "best bets" for future stardom.



Dick Powell obliges Joan Blondell with a light as Adolphe Menjou looks on approvingly, 'tween scenes on the set.



Pals and fellow troupers. Left, Clark Gable with Buck, important figures in the film version of "The Call of the Wild."

ALL this talk about Hollywood people selling everything because the industry's moving to the East Coast must be hooley," cracked Jack Oakie. "Look at Garbo. She's smart. And she just bought a new set of tires for her 1928 Rolls."

A LOVELY newcomer to Hollywood is June Travis, née Grabiner, whose father is vice-president of the Chicago White Sox, and wealthy. There's a cute story about how she signed a contract. Seems she was swimming at Palm Springs, when a strange man said to her, "How'd you like to go in the movies?"

She laughed and waved him aside. "I've heard that story before, mister," she snapped.

But she hadn't; at least, she hadn't heard it quite the same way. The "strange man" happened to be Hal Wallis, a chief executive of Warner Brothers Studio.

PROVING that you can carry a good thing too far, Joan Crawford's studio had to request that she desist in her effort to acquire Hollywood's tannest sun-tan.

Joan's skin was turning so dark that cameramen were having trouble photographing her. Now she has gone on a "sun diet"—one hour of sun a day instead of two and three, as formerly.

(Continued on page 71)

IS MADGE EVANS about to marry? She has hired a boxing instructor, and takes three lessons weekly . . . Ben Bernie went on an amateur radio hour, imitated himself—and the listening audience voted him third prize! . . . James Gleason still has an uncashed three-dollar check; his pay for the first week he ever worked . . . Ann Harding has been given permanent custody of her child, Jane; ex-husband Harry Bannister has faded from the picture . . . That angry shout from Hollywood was Ann Sothorn; Paul Kelly's dog dug for a bone right in the center of her new garden . . . Since the removal of his tonsils, Jack Oakie's voice is two tones deeper.

WHEN May Robson was tendered a great part on the occasion of her seventieth birthday, by executives of M-G-M studios, she insisted that Cora Sue Collins be a guest of honor. Cora Sue was seven years old the same day Miss Robson was seventy.

May and little Miss Collins each had cakes—May, a large one with three score and ten candles; Cora Sue, a small one with lucky seven candles. In addition, the two "girls" exchanged presents.



Proving that the Farmer is wise! A scene from "The Farmer Takes a Wife," with Janet Gaynor and her new leading man, Henry Fonda, making his screen debut.

JIFFY KODAK V. P.—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures. Costs but \$5.



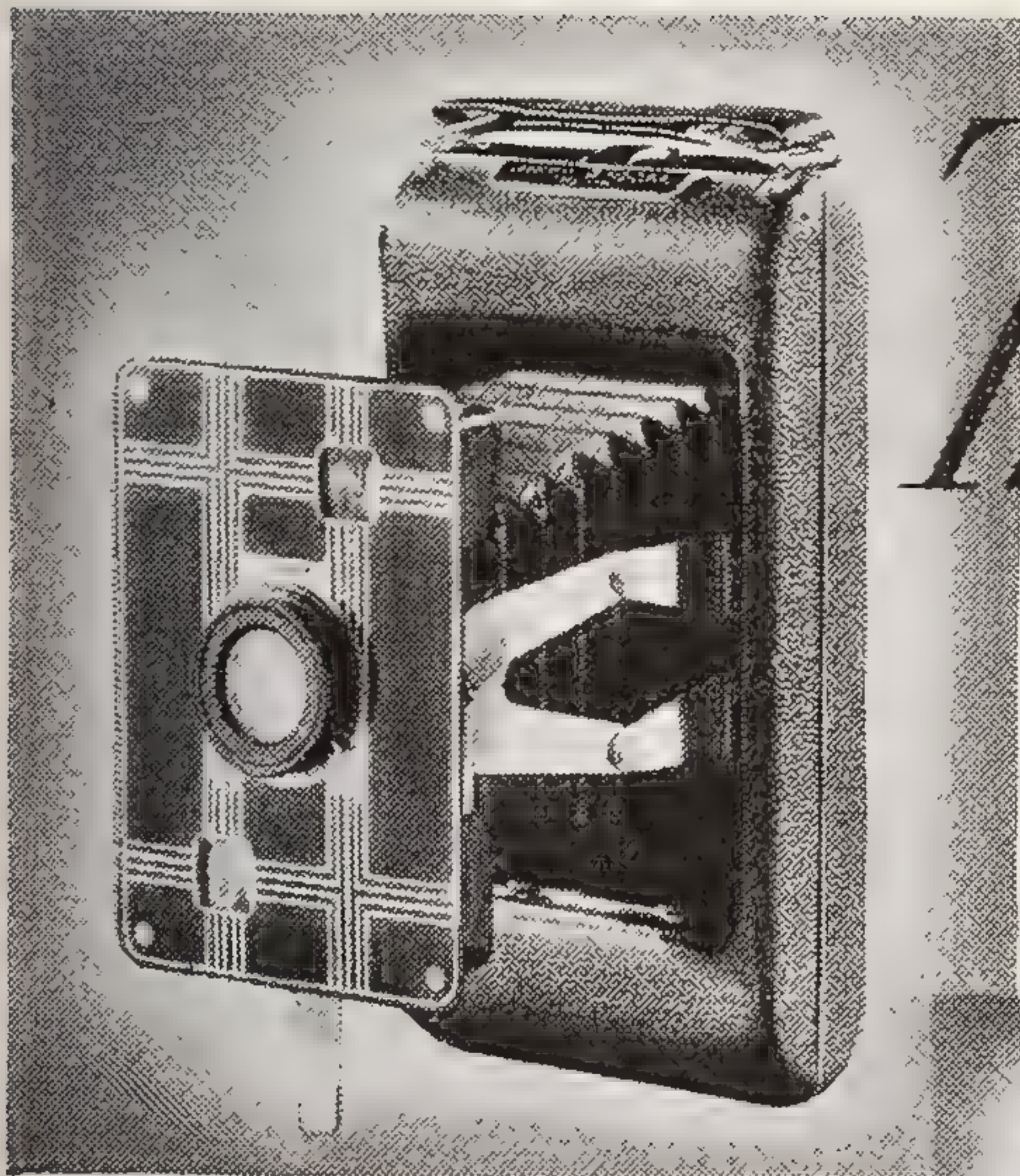
MODERN STYLING

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MOLDED CASE

These newer Kodak features show what your old camera lacks



JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$8. For $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$9.

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YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

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Ethel Merman

Leads Our Radio Parade

By Tom Kennedy

We're giving you a strictly personal slant on the grand girl who has glorified rhythm on screen, stage, and radio

ON THE eastern, or what has been laughingly—(this will kill you)—called the “wrong” end of New York’s Queensborough Bridge, lies a sprawling community whose chief distinction, in those bygone days when Rudolph Valentino ruled as king of the screen, was that some of the film’s most famous stars and directors created many of their celluloid epics right in the heart of Astoria, Long Island.

Of course the Paramount studio still stands there. And occasionally there are sporadic flares of glamor as when, for example, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur brought Noel Coward a-motoring over the bridge to act up in one of their unsupervised productions.

For the most part, however, the old plant lives only as a monument to a past glory, and one in no way comparable with that from which the loyal citizenry glean even greater pride as townfolk of the place where Ethel Merman was born and raised.

With America becoming, to its own joy, Merman-conscious, thanks to radio and a promised film, the Astoria citizens ain’t seen nothin’ yet if they think their town has received a lot of free publicity because Ethel Merman has made good.

Broadway has had Ethel Merman tagged as one of the theatre’s brightest numbers for some time. But that doesn’t mean what it did once upon a time, when the stage could put the spotlight of fame on its darlings and the final deed of national celebrity was forthwith signed, sealed, and delivered.

But all is not lost! There are still “angles” of show business which stem entirely from what used to be known as the Main Stem. And nothing more clearly

proves the point than the present eminence of Ethel Merman as a star still on the climb of its ascent in the galaxy of the glorified.

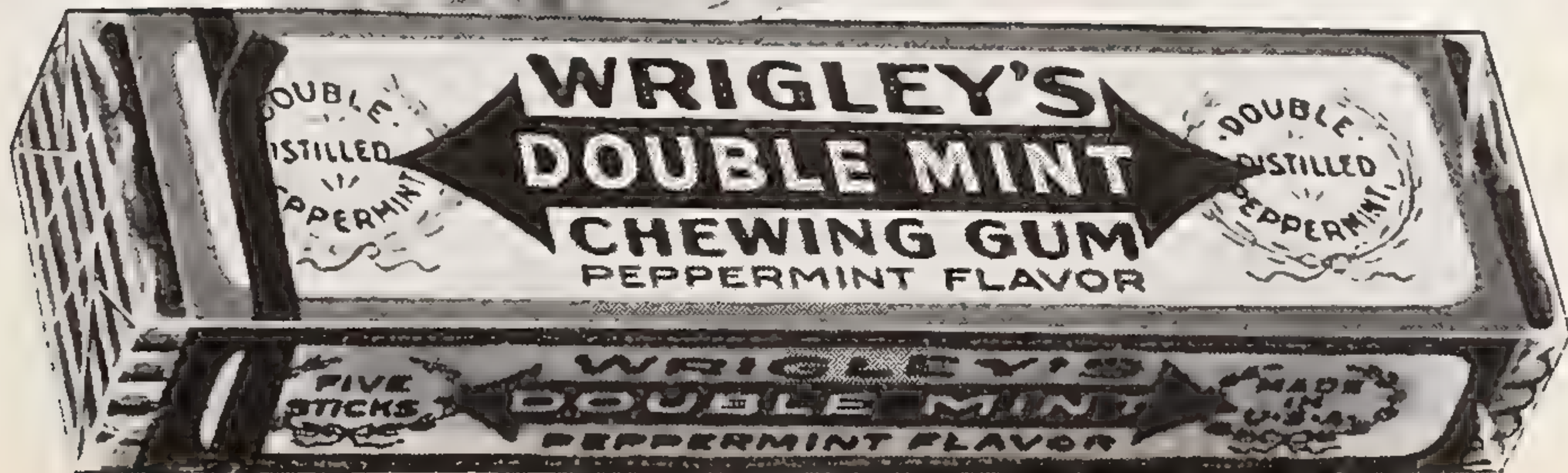
Miss Merman’s present status as a radio star heading a program that is spotted on the Sunday night hour made a peak of the week’s radio schedule by Eddie Cantor, and under contract to play with Cantor in his next Goldwyn film production, is wholly the outcome of her triumphs on Broadway.

Thus far the Ethel Merman star seems to have hovered almost entirely around the Times Square area, its orbit traveling a narrow course traced by certain definite institutions of show business.

Take the Alvin Theatre in 52nd Street, for example. That theatre now houses the musical smash hit of the current stage season, “Anything Goes,” in which Miss Merman co-stars with William Gaxton and Victor Moore. Back in 1930 the writer had occasion to stop in at the Alvin stage door. During the transaction of some brief and probably very inconsequential business, since it was negotiated entirely in a conversation which took place on the stairway leading to the dressing-rooms, the principals of the “Girl Crazy” company filed past on their way to don make-up for the night’s performance. Ginger Rogers turned left from that landing—her dressing-room was on the stage floor, one of those assigned to the stars. Ethel Merman continued climbing on up the stairs—her dressing-room was on the upper floor.

The other day, calling again at the Alvin—this time to see a star of the current show—we found Miss Merman occupying a star’s dressing-room, and more excited about it than you’d expect after (*Continued on page 72*)

to keep
lips young and lovely
enjoy Double Mint gum — every day!



Fair Exchange

Continued from page 33



Off to London and new triumphs! Above, Helen Vinson with her parents, who said *au revoir* and *bon voyage* as Helen sailed to do pictures abroad.

first victims of the new English snatch racket—a brilliant, lovely girl soon to be tossed aboard a ship and hustled into British bondage.

The name was Vinson—Helen Vinson; for, reader, it was indeed she. Yes—that tall, beautiful girl with the honey-colored hair and the fine, frank eyes. Cursed, up to now, with so many villainess rôles, when her heart is overflowing with the sunshine of her native Saouth!

It is only recently that our film companies, realizing her worth and warmth, have begun to cast her in leading rôles—"the" woman instead of the "other woman." And now, at the very hour of triumph, to be sold down the Thames, like a Cockney Uncle Thomas. It was too much, and I said so. She smiled—enigmatically.

I led the lovely Helen into a quiet corner of the Persian Room of New York's famed old Plaza Hotel. Naught shattered the utter stillness of the place save the ear-splitting cackles of a hundred ladies and the blare of a dance band playing "Zing!—went the strings of my heart!"

Lowering my voice to a roar (the waiter looked like an accursed English film spy of Greek birth), I ordered a flood of tea and a few old crumpets. Then, and only then, did I dare ask the beauteous Vinson about her British slavery.

"Really, it's not so bad," she said, without trying to fight back any tears. "It is, I think, quite nice. Gaumont-British pays my passage hither and thither. And the salary, I may say, is pleasant—very pleasant."

"But the British income tax!" I hissed. "I hear it is horrible!"

"Oh—that!" and she actually seemed to laugh merrily. How brave, I thought. "The company computes the British tax, which is 25 percent, and thoughtfully adds it to my salary check. I think I can bear the burden, you see!"

Oh yes! I saw, well enough! This sweet, innocent American child had been hoodwinked into looking forward to her trip abroad! I took another tack.

"What sort of picture are you being driven to make?" I asked.

"Now that," said the Vinson, "is the very nicest part of all! It is a story of Devils' Island [deuced novel, I thought!], and I am to play opposite that great actor, Conrad Veidt. A fine dramatic part, Mr. Balcon assures me. And guess—we are going on location to Algiers—Morocco! I've never been there! Won't it be wonderful?"

"It will, indeed," I said. I knew, of course, that the British were planning to sell her to some wealthy sheik, the lucky dog.

"And then there's the King's Jubilee," the innocent child prattled on. "I'll be in London right plump in the middle of that! All the excitement!"

I sat back in my seat and contemplated Miss Vinson, her cheeks rosy with the spurious thrill and the hot tea. How glad I am, I thought, that she is going to represent us at the Court of St. James. The prettiest gal I have seen in months, and the most affable.

And the band played "Lovely To Look At." How true—how true!

"You are not telling me, I hope, that you are actually going to accept money for this pleasure jaunt," I said. "It seems to me to embody all the jolly good fun of a Sunday-School picnic, without the ensuing stomach-ache."

She dropped her eyes. I picked them up, dusted them off, and handed them back to her with a low bow.

"Please don't think me sordid," she said. "Truly, I am not commercial. But I really am going to take the money so kindly offered me by Mr. Balcon. I cannot, I fear, live by Art alone."

"You've been working extra hard lately," I said.

"Six pictures in seven months," said Helen. "When I went to M-G-M to make my latest, 'Age of Indiscretion,' I rounded out my list of studios. I've now worked on every major lot in Hollywood."

And now, I thought, she goes to jolly old

Shepherd's Bush to play in "King of the Damned," with Mr. Veidt and that other Hollywood loan-out, Mr. Noah Beery, the famous bass-singer.

She's come far, this Beaumont, Texas, girl whose real name is Rulfs. But not as far as she is coming. Vinson is one of those foredoomed Thespians. She's never wanted to be anything except an actress, and as soon as she could fly away to Broadway she did, and went the usual heartless job-seeking rounds. I remember her well in her early stage days, and she had a lot on the ball even then. An unsuccessful show called "The Fatal Alibi" got her a Warner contract. A fellow named Laughton—Charles Laughton, I think—was in the same play.

Warners typed her as the icy "other woman"—this beauteous, warm-hearted youngster who should be "the" woman, or none. Once freed from the contractual bonds, however, her success as a free-lance has brought her more and finer rôles.

She was delightful in that loved and hated picture, "The Captain Hates the Sea." She froze again as the snippy spouse in "Broadway Bill," but then came the fine rôle in "The Wedding Night," probably the best thing she has yet done. Incidentally, this Gary Cooper is one of her favorite Hollywood people. He's genuine, regular, and plenty fun. He's her type, but don't fret, Mrs. C.

Helen was a fine-looking specimen of good-looking, well-treated girl, as she sat there beside me in the Persian Room, so-called, of course, because there is nothing Persian about it, not even the help.

"I hear they still have tin bawth-tubs on wheels in England," I said.

"Perhaps England isn't as primitive as we Americans think," she answered. "After all, they must have learned something about modern plumbing from our Hollywood films!"

"You may be right," I said. "I expect to be in England about June 1, myself. We'll know more then."

"You must come and see me at merry old Shepherd's Bush," said Vinson. "I'll probably be so glad to see an American face—even yours—that I'll throw my arms around you!"

"It's a definite date," I said, bucked no end. "I'll leave the wife in London to discuss millinery with Her Majesty, bless her bonnets!"

At last I deposited La Vinson at the rich Fifth Avenue hovel she now calls home—though she is looking at Connecticut farm property with an eye to becoming one of the county gentry, and ridin' with the Westport Hounds.

"Don't forget your dashed old Yankee friends!" I said.

"See you at Shepherd's Bush in June!" she answered.

A handsome vanguard for our Hollywood slave colony, I thought. Smart chap, no end, this Balcon.

So the March on London is under way! For every Merle Oberon or Binnie Barnes, we swap the British a Helen Vinson or Madge Evans. If they ship us a Cedric Hardwicke for movie villainy, we send them a Karloff guaranteed to scare the dear little British tots right out of Nannie's arms.

And Helen leads the parade. May I be there June 1 to claim that hearty Texas hug—but it would be just my foul luck if some nosey American tourist wandered on the set first, and beat me to it!

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Problems of an Actor's Private Life

Continued from page 17

figure, his recent ill-health had lightened his weight until now he was thin to the point of emaciation.

"The chief problem for an actor who is married and has children, is a home," he said. "Take my own case. My work calls for me to live in three places: England, Hollywood, and New York. For the past ten years, I have shuttled back and forth across the Atlantic so many times, I've lost count."

His expression grew quite serious as he got up from his chair to walk around the room. He always thinks better on his feet. His thoughts and ideas seem to flow more easily, he says.

"Now I have very strong views about children. To my mind, they fulfill a human need that no other substitute can provide. There is something so definite, so final about having children. They are a tie to life that exists for all time—not just a day or a month. It's putting the root of yourself into the earth, and knowing that you will go on forever. Do you see what I mean?" he demanded earnestly.

The most stupid listener could have seen that he wasn't talking for effect. The coldness of the printed word can no more convey the warmth and sincerity of his speech than a rose can bloom on an iceberg!

"For years, my own children have provided me with a definite interest that is more important than any other factor in my life. I have a boy sixteen who is in school in England. I am very keen about the fact that he wants to be a writer. He has turned out a lot of stuff—poetry, essays, and stories. Some of them quite good, too. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he did write eventually, and uncommonly well."

"Leslie, the girl, is ten. She's my favorite, and the most wonderful companion any one could possibly want. She'll probably go on the stage when she grows up—there are certain definite signs of a theatrical tendency already."

The grin on his face was the fond, foolish one of any proud father. "I spend all my time with her when I am at home," he continued. "She's a fine little athlete. Jumps, rides, swims, dives, plays a good game of tennis, and is now learning to play polo."

"You see, up until two years ago when I bought the place in Surrey, she had been living an awful life for a child. Boats, hotels, or apartments taken on a temporary basis. When I first came over here to play on the stage, we took a house down at Great Neck, Long Island, and put the children in school there. Then I had to go back to London to work, and of course, the whole family went with me. The boy's education didn't suffer so much, for he was old enough to send away to school; but the girl's bringing-up became my chief worry. From London to Hollywood is a long trek for a child; and so about two years ago I decided that I'd have to do something about the situation, and we looked around for a suitable place which we could make a permanent home for the children."

"I found an Elizabethan cottage about an hour's ride from London down in Surrey. There's thirty acres of ground around it, and I don't think I've ever had so much fun in all my life as I got out of fixing the place over. We put in modern bathrooms—it was an old farm-house before, and of course it had no modern conveniences—and knocked some of the small

rooms together to make larger ones, and we started new gardens, and cleared up the grounds, and built some new stables. We have a few horses, and Leslie and I use them every day, rain or shine."

As he talked, growing quite lyrical in the description of his home, the enthusiasm of his voice broke through British reserve, and a new Leslie Howard appeared. One lost complete sight of the great artist, the player who has been applauded on both sides of the Atlantic, and one saw instead the family man. The undercurrent of his words was triumph—triumph in the achievement of a long-felt ambition. That of acquiring a home! Through the colorful pattern of his words you could sense the great longing for a real home that had consumed him all his life. You could feel the vision of Leslie Howard as a young bank clerk, coming up to London from the country to make a living. The same vision floating before the eyes of the lonely soldier he was, fighting throughout the war; and after it was over, finding himself, like so many ex-service men without a job.

When he came out of the army, he was already a married man, having met his wife on his first leave of absence from the front. The problem of earning a living at that time was causing great anxiety to more than one war-time couple; and for a while, things were pretty bad for Leslie and his young bride.

He had always liked the theatre. He

knew one or two of the players, and somehow through these contacts he managed to get a job with an unimportant road company touring the provinces. He covered most of the English countryside in the next few years, playing usually small rôles in the old-time favorites like "Charlie's Aunt" and "Peg o' My Heart." (Can you imagine anything more delightfully incongruous than that super-exquisite "Scarlet Pimpernel" playing "Charlie's Aunt"?)

His success in London, when he finally managed to reach there, is theatrical history. But he feels that his finest triumphs have been achieved right here in New York.

"No other city has ever been as wonderful to me as this place," he said. "Right from the very beginning, when I came over here in 1921, the people here seemed to take me right to their hearts. I can never repay my indebtedness to this city; and yet—I have to give it up—to stop working here!"

It seemed incredible to me to hear an actor making such a statement when at that very moment his success was outstanding in the city he thus renounced.

"I mean it," he said firmly. "I've had to make up my mind to cut it out. A man can only do so much, and no more. I've nearly killed myself trying to live and work in three different centers."

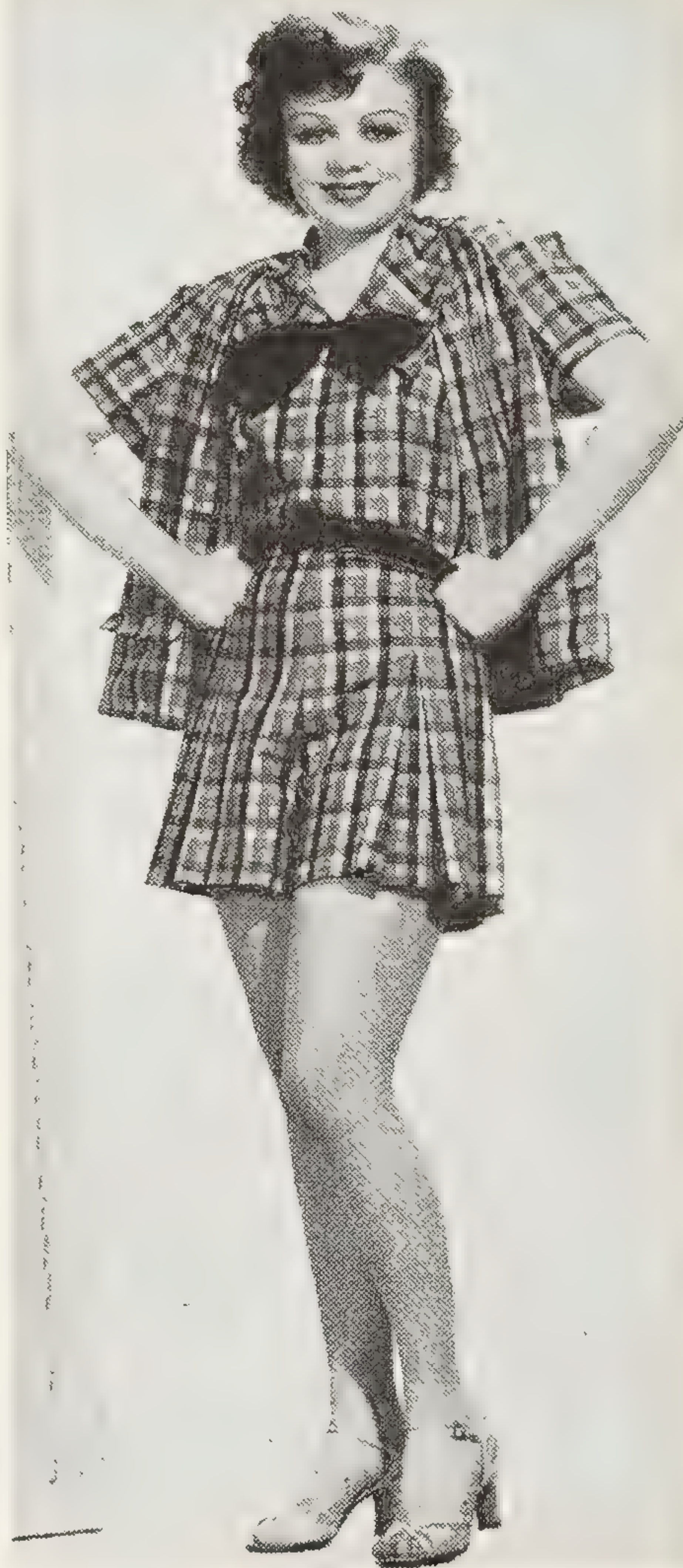
"It's not good enough! I've been playing steadily for eighteen years. There comes a time in any man's life—if he has any sense—when he wakes up to the fact that life is slipping away fast, and he begins to want other things than success. I want to learn something about the fine art of living. To enjoy my home. Sunshine. Sports. Relaxation with friends. I want to have a little fun. I've never really played—perhaps I've begun too late—I don't know just how to play now. Just how to have fun. But I do want to find time to do some of the interesting things in the world—not just hack, day in and day out—year after year!"

His voice lost the almost fiercely earnest tone behind the words he had just spoken, as he thought of a new angle.

"I admire the true dilettante," he said. "He knows how to get the most out of life. He probably knows the real essence of living. Take Korda, the director-producer, for example. He is the real exquisite, the super-civilized human being. The reason that the characterization of 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' turned out as well as it did, is solely because Korda is *Sir Percy* in actuality. 'I don't feel a bit like working today,' he would say right in the middle of shooting an important scene. 'It's such a divine day! All of you go home. I'm going to the country!' And the fact that it was costing about several thousand dollars made no difference. Work is far less important to him than catching the supreme enjoyment of a mood or a moment!"

I wish you could have seen the bit of acting accompanying the above reference to Korda. *Sir Percy* in the flesh stood before me; and the airy wave of his hand—the use of the battered old pipe in place of the lorgnette—the lazy, languid yawn behind the genteel fingers—all these were miniature masterpieces of acting.

"Do you know what John Barrymore said after he had played 'Hamlet' one hundred times?" continued Howard. "He said 'Nuts! I can make all the money I want if I go out to Hollywood, and at the same



Bonny for the beach, are the modern kilts of silk gingham worn here by Iris Adrian.

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suffer because women
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Wide World

Leslie Howard isn't playing teacher, here! He is being interviewed on the stage where he stars in "The Petrified Forest," by high-school students.

time live exactly the kind of life I've always wanted to live. This business of being the greatest actor on the stage is all very fine, but what does it get me? Work, work, and more work! That's all!—and that is exactly the reason that John gave up playing on the stage and went to the movies. Now he has a yacht! And that's how I feel about it," said Leslie sincerely.

"I have no personal ambition any more. That sort of thing is part of one's youth. But I'm past the stage where I'm willing to slave with all my strength just for the sake of the big thrill of an opening night. That's what it really amounts to! When that first night is over, and the excitement and tense anticipation of finding out just how good you are in the part have gone, the rest becomes slavery. You go on and

on, doing the same thing night after night, forever and ever if the play's a hit, until the monotony of its gets unbearable.

"I shall keep on working, of course," continued Mr. Howard, serenely impervious to the fact that he had uttered any unusual sentiment. "My contract calls for one picture a year to be made in Hollywood. I like that arrangement. Because I like Hollywood. Living there in the sunshine. I shall take about four months out of every year for my work on the coast. Then back to England where I shall make at least one, or perhaps two pictures a year for Korda. Also, I can do a stage play in London without having to give up my home life.

"New York distracts me to the point of desperation. I hate living in hotels. You

have to make such an extraordinary effort to have any fun in New York unless you have a home here. Otherwise, it's devastating! Night clubs, cafés, hotels—that's all one can do for amusement. It bores me to death! I want to live in a place where I can do other things besides sitting in a smoky, noisy room, drinking uncertain liquor. I want to be with my children—to have my own things around me; my books, my own personal belongings, a chair that I am particularly fond of, an etching that belongs to me, that I like to look at. A horse to jump on if I feel like riding. The fresh country air, the sun. I am a sun-worshiper by nature, and if I have to do without it for any length of time it makes me feel all withered and shrivelled up!

"You know," he said, a trifle sadly, "I've just waked up to another important fact which has made me change my ideas about working so hard. And that is, that the day for building up big fortunes is gone—finished—*poft!* I've gone on slaving away, year in and year out, with one idea in mind. When I've saved up enough of all this money that's pouring in I can stop, and enjoy life for the rest of my days, besides leaving a goodly bit for the kids' future. Now with the government taking away about two-thirds of everything I earn, I feel that it's perfectly silly to keep on as I did before. I have to pay two governments. Naturally, being an English citizen, and property owner over there, they have an income tax from everything I make. They also feel that they are entitled to a tax on what I earn in America. The United States quite rightly feels entitled to taxing my salary coming from American dollars. By the time the two countries are through with my annual income, I've very little left towards founding a fortune! So there you are!

"So I shall keep on working, of course," he added, "just as long as I can. And eventually grow into another George Arliss, or someone like that. But I shall also try to learn how to play a little. To get a little real fun out of life."

He smiled, the most impish, saturnine grin one could hope to see. The twinkle in his eyes was positively sardonic. "It's a pity that having a little fun is such a complicated business," he said; and I'm still trying to guess the answer!

H. G. Wells talks About the Movies

Continued from page 21

possibilities are unlimited. Opera has already been presented, through the motion picture, to thousands upon thousands of persons who never before heard even a simple aria. Authentic backgrounds for historical romances offer castor oil drowned in chocolate ice cream soda. Newsreels present a living history of the passing years.

"Which of your books would you most like to see filmed?" I queried.

"All of them," he responded, suddenly becoming energetic. "Now, you've had enough—"

"Tono-Bungay?" I interrupted hastily.

"All of them," he repeated, courteously turning me around by the shoulder and putting me out of his cabin. "Now, you've gotten something—and you remember every word I said."

I turned to say goodbye. Wells lifted his fingers to his lips to blow me a friendly kiss.

While I was in Mr. Wells' cabin, a young boy knocked at the door and asked

for the author's autograph. "Please, Mr. Wells."

"You don't need it," said H. G. very sensibly.

"Ah, please, Mr. Wells, I've been waiting three hours," pleaded the boy.

"Well, you're a very patient young man," was the author's comment, as he began to look through the pile of packages on his table. On his bed, which was already turned down, lay his neatly folded yellow pajamas. In their direction, Wells cast an eager glance.

"Please, Mr. Wells," begged the boy again.

"Ah?" exclaimed H. G. in surprise. "The patient young man! What do you want my autograph for?" he demanded as he took the boy's pen and slowly scrawled his name across a white page. "Collecting autographs!" he snorted. "Useless occupation. Why don't you adopt some more sensible avocation? There. One for your friend too? Oh, very well." And he signed a second sheet, while the youngster exultantly thanked him.

During the entire four weeks of Wells' visit to America, I had attempted to obtain an interview with him. When it became apparent that he was returning to Europe without granting any special interviews, I looked up his cabin number on the Bremen, went down to the ship on the appointed night, and waited for the author in his cabin.

"What do you want?" he asked when he saw me.

"I want to do a story on you," I told him, in matter-of-fact tones, standing my ground very well I thought.

"I have nothing to say," commented Wells.

"What do you think of American motion pictures?" I persisted, feeling very Lee Tracy-reporterish.

Wells looked at me and smiled.

"If I answer your questions," he demanded, "will you go right out to the pier and go straight home? Will you?"

I promised. On that promise, I was able to obtain this exclusive interview with him.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 62

IT IS whispered around town by the Big Bird that he's about to pay a visit to the home of Gary Cooper, said visit to occur next autumn. Cooper is the only member of that popular foursome that spends so much time together, (Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen, and Andy Devine are the other three), who isn't a father. It seems that Doc Stork is about to remedy the situation.

And is Guy Kibbee the happy chappy! It was an eight-pound baby boy, the second for the Kibbee household. The first was a girl, Shirley Anne, now aged four.

PAT O'BRIEN is amused and slightly annoyed by a number of letters that have come to him from irate professors of English, all of whom object to his dropping of "g's," and mistakes in grammar on the screen. He doesn't know why he should be singled out for reprimand for a common error, but the fact remains that he has been. He knows better; he is a graduate of Marquette University, where he majored in English and Composition. His screen rôles make him talk that way, he says.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY took his nearly-three-year-old daughter on a movie set for the first time. The tot gazed long and hard at Joan Crawford, not quite able to understand the heavy make-up. At last she grasped Bob's hand and whispered, "Why's 'at lady wearin' the false funny-face?"

When she saw Bob dab powder on his nose, (make-up, of course), she was openly quite ashamed of him.

EVERYTHING wasn't exactly peaches and cream between Gene Raymond and Ann Sothorn during the filming of their picture together, despite the fact that not long ago they were engaged in a luke-warm romance.

A columnist printed that Raymond sent Ann a dozen orchids. He demanded a retraction, saying he never sent her orchids, and he never intended to send any. Well, that wasn't exactly flattering, and Miss Sothorn no like.

ELISSA LANDI has never had much trouble getting her books printed, but she'll have even less in the future. Elissa has installed a complete printing press in the basement of her house. It is primarily a hobby, but Elissa also intends to print her own volumes of verse, and she may publish and circulate a small newspaper, its purpose to be purely for fun for Miss Landi's circle of friends.

AUDIENCES at the Shanghai Theatre, in the Chinese city of that name, actually booed "Frankenstein" off the screen—and for the funniest reason. It seems it is a Chinese superstition that dragons and monsters must not be harmed—and the people of Shanghai resented the screen efforts to do away with the monster in the picture.

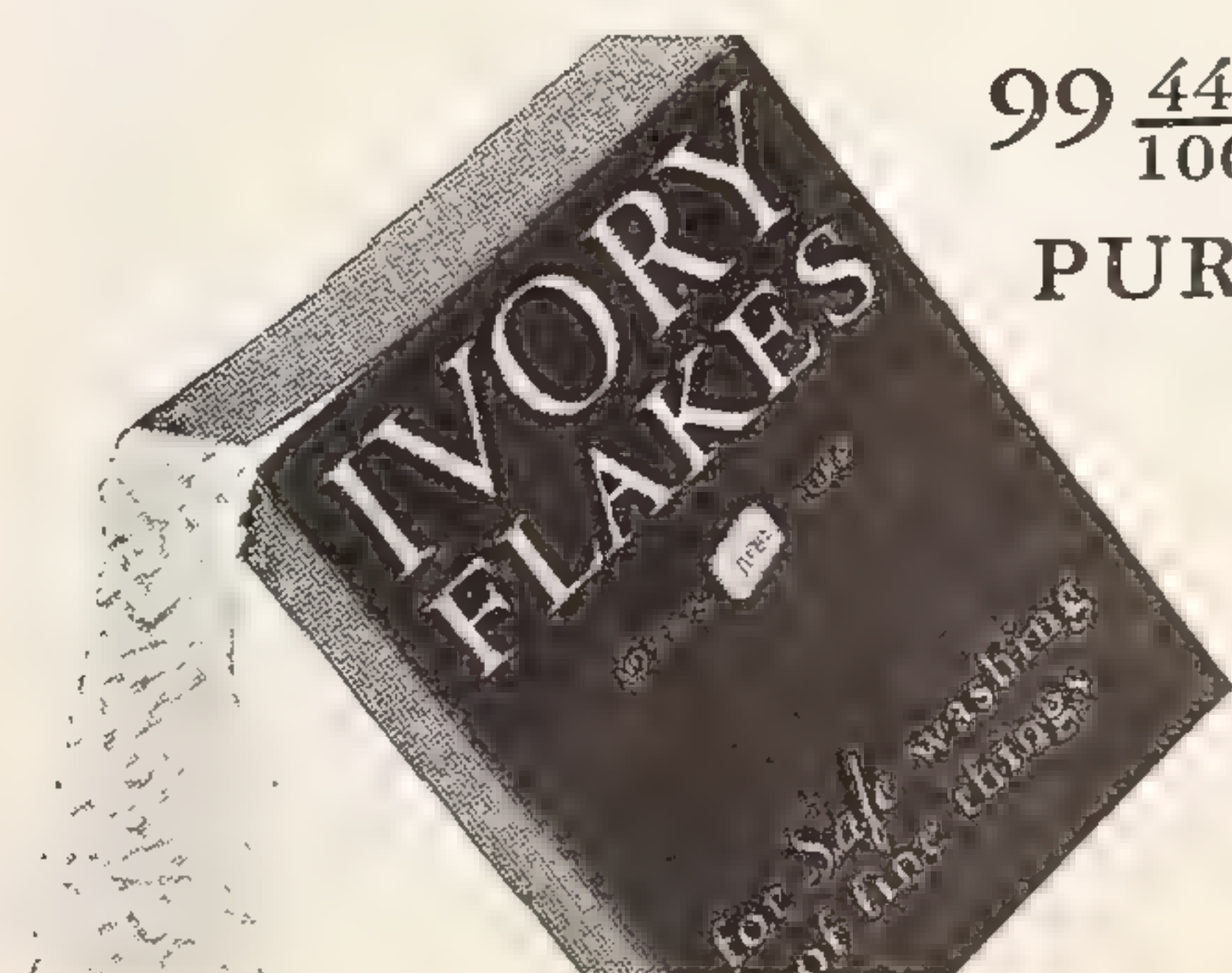


*Makers of gay smart dresses advise,
"Wash them with IVORY FLAKES"*

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints—the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say—"We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is *pure*—that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you—and good luck

for your pocket-book! You get $\frac{1}{5}$ more flakes for your money when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!



$99\frac{44}{100}\%$
PURE

Clever Footwork

Continued from page 56



Beauty in beach styles! Jean Harlow fashions her new beach cape, a scarf effect with long streamers, of blue silk worn over a white satin swim suit.

gaily colored personality at the tips of her toes!

So if your feet are about to step out in the open, look them over carefully to see how well they are going to pass inspection. Have a good pedicure at once. Watch closely while it is being given you to learn the routine to follow.

Cut your nails frequently and regularly. Remember that on toes, the nails should not be shaped as they are on fingers. It is a distinct mistake to cut down into the sides with the idea of ovalizing them. The correct cut is almost straight across. This lets them grow properly.

At least once a week dip the flat end of an orange-stick into a cuticle or other softening oil and pass it around the cuticle. Sounds funny, I know. But it is worth doing. And push back the skin from the toenail as you would in giving yourself a manicure.

Massage a softening cream two or three times a week into your feet. Should you feel a callous coming, take particular care to soften it with cream and then tape it up so that it will not develop trouble later.

If you are the thrifty kind of a girl, or one of those who cannot abide too many jars and bottles in her dressing-room, take

to heart the fact that one of the splendid hand creams or lotions you use each day of your life to keep your hands smooth, will do well by you if massaged into your feet. Or if you like and are willing to take the pains, olive oil, warmed, is grand. You had better put on a pair of those special booties Hollywood is keen about after using the oil. These are tied on after the oil has been worked in. Dancers love them.

Dancers, of course, take the best care of their feet. They have to. But a few leaves from their book will be helpful to those of us who only walk. One particularly successful dancer who spends hours a day practicing routines, soaks her feet in tepid salt water at the end of each day. Her legs are then briskly rubbed with ice covered with cloth to break the chill.

Never put ice directly on the skin of any part of your body. Always wrap it in a towel. It is easier to use this way, gives you full benefit of the ice but does not feel uncomfortable.

Why use ice? Because it slims your legs and keeps them slim. It makes the good which exercise does, stay by you. It tightens and firms the leg muscles and keeps them from enlarging with use.

As for polish for your toe-nails, apply it much as usual. With this exception: put the polish right down to the end of the nail, covering it entirely. Do not let any of the white show. Remove the polish once a week at least, just as you would if it were on your finger-nails. This prevents discoloration.

In choosing the color, there are several points to guide you. One way is to match your finger-nail polish. This has the advantage of the ensemble idea, and keeps only one bottle of polish in use at a time. It may cramp your style a little if you want to let yourself go and splurge as to the color of your toes, yet remain conservative as to fingers. If you are doing your toe-nails especially for the beach or out of doors, and are going in for tan in a big way, select one of the tawny polishes, those with the yellow or gold tones in their reds. There are several new ones made with just this in mind, with shiny gold surfaces. It is fun to experiment with them, anyway, and to listen to the gasps of admiration from your friends.

Ethel Merman Leads Our Radio Parade

Continued from page 64

the tremendous success she has scored in the show, including the tribute of being credited with giving one of the finest first-night performances of this or any other season. But the truth is that in the finest sense of its connotations, Ethel Merman is just a small-town girl—tremendously interested in the theatre, and tremendously respectful of stars who were stars when, only a relatively short time ago, she was just a minor member of the professional fraternity.

Excitability, however, is not a Merman characteristic. But, on the other hand, meeting her, as is the case with all people with the gift of being absolutely natural in the expression of cordiality, is an exciting experience.

There's a bounce and buoyancy, a robust liveliness about this girl with the pronounc-

edly almond-shaped dark eyes and a girlish trait of throwing back her head with a sort of eager anticipation and attention as she listens to your conversation. Miss Merman is of medium height, about five feet six inches, has brownish-black hair, is slight, but more the athletic than the sinuous type, and radiates enthusiasm and the alertness you associate with vigorous good health.

"I felt I might be uncomfortable, a sort of outsider, you know, coming in here as co-star with Billy Gaxton and Victor Moore, who had formed the famous team of *Wintergreen* and *Throttlebottom* in 'Of Thee I Sing' and 'Let 'Em Eat Cake,'" she said. "But they have made me feel that the same association is going right on, with me added to it—and more than welcome!"

The Ethel Merman who got her first im-

portant stage break singing a song that might have been written for her—but wasn't, because George Gershwin didn't have her particularly in mind when he wrote "I Got Rhythm" for "Girl Crazy"—is now an actress as well as a singer, or at least a singer who puts all the vitality of histrionic interpretation into the rendition of a song.

That song still clings to her sentimentally as well as professionally. "I must put it first in my affections for all the songs I've ever done, because it gave me my first real break," she says. As a descriptive tag it is equally pertinent, for you feel that the title "I Got Rhythm" exactly describes the Ethel Merman style of putting over a song.

She has traveled a long way from the days when she first was noticed on Broad-

way as a night-club singer, and even the singer of "I Got Rhythm," and that classic from "Take A Chance," "Eadie Was a Lady," which Ethel Merman made famous. For now she is an actress, whereas only a few seasons back she was an exceptionally good "torch singer," specializing in those long, hot moans.

Ethel Merman's first professional efforts were displayed in a restaurant only a few blocks north of the Alvin theatre—a debut which led to more important engagements in night clubs, like the one in which she appeared with Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the song, comedy and dance trio which dissolved when "Schnozzle" Durante was picked for stardom in pictures.

Under the circumstances it is little wonder that Ethel Merman was a homesick gal all the time she was in Hollywood, doing the two features so far to her credit—"We're Not Dressing," from which great hunks of film in which she appeared were left on the cutting-room floor when the picture was released; and "Kid Millions," in which she played with Eddie Cantor, largely because the cuttings from "We're Not Dressing" were given the once-over by Sam Goldwyn, who decided upon this evidence, that Merman "had something."

"But maybe," she admitted, "I would like Hollywood if I had had the chance really to see it. All I did there was work. Immediately the work was completed I had to jump a train to get back here for a stage engagement."

But speaking of living anywhere but in New York causes Miss Merman to insert other "buts," such as "All my friends are here, and I like the theatre so much."

She proves her enthusiasm for the town by remaining strictly within its confines all the time she is there. She lives with her mother and father in an apartment overlooking Central Park. Sundays she has a bus man's holiday for herself playing benefit shows—though that activity must suffer some curtailment now that Miss Merman is doing a Sunday radio show. She is so much of the town which offers such little opportunity for diversion other than theatres and clubs, that she wouldn't know what to do with a hobby even if she had one.

Miss Merman's radio engagement is for the summer, perhaps for the duration of Cantor's absence from the microphone to make his picture. She will go to the coast to appear in the picture, and along with her will go Al Goodman, whose orchestra accompanies her, and probably Ted Husing also. Vinton Freedley, producer of "Anything Goes" is preparing a show in which Cantor will star on Broadway next season—according to report a show which will be bankrolled by Sam Goldwyn. Quite likely Ethel Merman will be in that production with Cantor also.

Like all stars who get up there in the news, legend is beginning to form around Ethel Merman, and currently there is a disposition to harp on the "little girl from Astoria, who rebelled at slaving over a typewriter in Long Island City," stuff. Another quaint fiction bandied about quite a bit is that she never took a singing lesson—which, in truth, she never did—"because she was too poor to pay the tuition for voice culture." As a matter of fact the Zimmerman family, while not what you'd call plutocrats, had an exchequer equal to financing singing lessons had the daughter of the house, Ethel, had the desire to take singing lessons.

"I never took lessons in singing," she says, "because I never wanted to take them. I enjoyed singing the way I felt like singing. It seems to me I am doing all right without the lessons."

And to that the only answer seems to be: "Lady, your logic is perfect!"



Extra what?..EXTRA GOOD FOR YOUR THROAT

News flash! "The nation's throats were reported today to feel definitely cooler and refreshed as smokers in every State are swinging more and more to mildly mentholated KOOLS. Sales are at highest point in history. Smokers report instant refreshment

from the very first puff and a worthwhile dividend in the B & W coupon in each pack good for a handsome assortment of nationally advertised merchandise." (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

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Madame X investigates:



the truth about laxatives —as told to Madame X, the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what **THEY** think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE"...*"I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax."* Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"...*"It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective."* Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

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Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine spelled E-X-L-A-X.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Mr.—Missus

Continued from page 27

when the players race their chips from room to room, upstairs and down again, tumbling over each other and in general having a hilarious evening and behaving like a crowd of ten-year-olds. Sometimes they stop and stare at each other, and then they roar with laughter. After all, it is comic to see world's famous screen stars trying to flip tiddledly-wink chips into a bathtub!

They play *General Crazy* too. It's the silliest game imaginable, and therefore a peck of fun. *General Crazy* is similar to a children's game called *Follow the Leader*. A leader is chosen, and everybody must emulate all that he does. If the leader goes into the kitchen and shakes salt into his hair, the others must follow suit. That is not so difficult for the men, but for the girls who are not bobbed, salt in their long hair is not so comfortable.

One time Lew went into the kitchen and blew three pinches of black pepper into the air. Eleven were playing that night, and before five had aped the leader, the air was so full of pepper that sneezes were thicker than mustaches at an "Imitate Charlie Chaplin" contest. On another occasion, Andy Devine was the leader, and I blush to tell you where the rash Mr. Devine washed his hands!

These parties break up early. They are marked by little or no drinking. A cocktail or so is about the limit for any one person. Everybody is on hand for a good time, and nobody ruins the fun.

THURSDAY: Maids' night out! That happens in the best regulated households. On this night, Ginger and Lew like to go to a popular eating spot, such as the Brown Derby or the Trocadero. They may attend a motion picture afterward, especially if they can catch a preview. If there is no preview, they often visit some obscure restaurant where it is not necessary to "dress up." Then, they may indulge a second evening of bowling for the week or they may go to a pitch-and-putt golf course near their home, or they may visit the ping-pong courts, where rows of tables are nightly surrounded by groups of perspiring ping-pongists, or ping-pongers, or ping-pongees, or whatever the players are called.

Lew and Ginger are two of the best ping-pong players in Hollywood. I will stake my money on him against any man among the actors, and Ginger will carry my wagers any time she takes on a challenger among the actresses. There have been publicity stories about this or that star being champion of all Hollywood ping-pong players. I not only say that Ginger and Lew are far and away the best, but my purse is in my hand, and I am alert for dissenting voices.

FRIDAY NIGHT: Fight night, if they're in the mood. Or during the summer months, Hollywood Bowl night, for which they're always in the mood. They reserve a season box for the Bowl symphonies. Their box has four seats, and they generally take two guests. Gary and Sandra Shaw Cooper like music, so this foursome is not uncommon on Bowl nights.

SATURDAY, and the week-end: They like to go away on week-end trips. Sometimes they take a few friends and go to Pine Knot, a tiny town near Big Bear Lake in the Sierras. There they rent cabins, and there they play for a day or two, forgetful of Hollywood and the film studios. They particularly like week-ends in the mountains when there is snow.

Their longest trip together was spent at Furnace Creek Inn in Death Valley,

California. They remained there four days. Each evening they would return to the Inn, loaded down with samples of rock and soil. These samples they carried back to Hollywood, and for days Lew pored over them and consulted mineralogical books. He has recently developed a deep interest in how and when various types of rock were formed.

Their Furnace Creek Inn vacation was ended by the way, when the studio called Lew back to Hollywood for re-takes. They hurried back together, but it was the old, old story of Hollywood—on their return, they found Lew wouldn't be needed for days.

Often, when they get an afternoon off from work, they motor to Lew's ranch in the foothills of San Fernando Valley, about an hour's drive from Hollywood. Lew owns 510 acres, located in a natural bowl that may be entered only through a narrow inlet that measures about two hundred feet across.

Lew employs a caretaker on the ranch, and this man raises cows and chickens, and cultivates a few acres of land. There is one small house on the property now, but Ginger and Lew plan to erect an unpretentious week-end cottage soon.

Recently they visited the ranch in company with Mrs. Rogers and a family friend. They took along two chickens, a sack of potatoes, a skillet, and a grill. At the ranch, they set up their grill and proceeded to cook up a hot picnic lunch of chicken and baked potatoes, just like all picnickers would do.

Ginger is an excellent cook, and she likes to prepare dinners and lunches. Of course, the maid falls heir to the job

WINNERS OF RUBY KEELER CONTEST

First Prize, \$150.00 in cash: Irene Mann, 7512 Kingston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Second Prize, Fur Coat: Miss Wallie Wrede, 2633 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Third Prize, Orry-Kelly Gown: Miss Mary Shaffer, 2245 Coventry Road, Columbus, O.

Fourth Prize, \$50.00 in cash: Miss Hilda Wicken, 2329 Tenth Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Fifth Prize, 20 pairs of Silk Stockings: Miss Elizabeth F. Cooper, 1620 Hamlin Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Sixth Prize, 15 pairs of Silk Stockings: Miss Doris Pingree, 775 Trapelo Road, Waltham, Mass.

Seventh Prize, 10 pairs of Silk Stockings: Miss Ruby Potter, 38 Groveland Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

Additional Ten Prizes of \$5.00 Each: Charlotte Beckelman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ruth L. Menge, New Haven, Conn.; Patricia Kirkland, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. C. W. Glover, Lake Bluff, Ill.; Kathryn Huggins, Marietta, Ga.; Mary M. Boss, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Harry L. Young, Holyoke, Mass.; A. Nelson Prather, Los Angeles, Calif.; E. Marsyla, International Falls, Minn.; Anne Campbell, Miami, Fla.



Dick Powell dons a mustache! Looks real, but it's a "prop" for his "Broadway Gondolier" rôle.

of cleaning up. One of Gee's favorite dishes, and a real favorite with their house guests, she makes as follows:

*One cake of Philadelphia cream cheese.
One small grated onion, juice and all.
Salt, pepper, and a dash of paprika.*

Thin with straight cream or mayonnaise to a consistency that will keep it on a potato chip that has been dipped into the mixture. Serve with potato chips.

Lew has two current fads, home-made motion pictures and music. He is a student of music. Remember, he played in an orchestra before he entered motion pictures? He has composed several numbers, but is too uncertain of his own talent to test them publicly. However, he is about to "give in"; he has composed a complete symphony called "Autumnal Equinox," which may possibly be presented at Hollywood Bowl this coming season.

Ginger joins him in the home-made movies fad. They have gone into home production seriously, and now have three two-reel or longer pictures to their credit. They use a 16 mm. camera, and project the finished pictures on a real screen set up in their living room.

Their most recently completed "epic" is "Little Red Riding Hood," two reels well worth seeing. All their pictures to date have been without sound, but now Ginger and Lew are dickering with a chap who may provide sound equipment.

The exteriors for their latest picture were made at Big Bear lake. Interiors were made in their own backyard. There, the swimming-pool was drained and dried, and transformed into a stage. Lew uses real studio lights, (small ones), and has a regular camera crew and lighting staff among his friends. The casts are all-star, and have included Ginger and Lew, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Lindsay, Arthur and Florence Lake, Andy Devine, and other "names."

Ginger and Lew rarely go out alone; that is, one without the other. Ginger attended a picture show with her mother one night, because Lew was working with a machinist on a dolly for their motion picture camera. It was Ginger's first time out without Lew since their marriage, and she could hardly wait to get home to him.

Invariably, if Lew works late, Ginger goes to Fox studio to have dinner with him. If Ginger is the late-worker, Lew dines with her at R-K-O. When they both work late—well, you never saw two glummer, more long-faced diners!

And there you have a cross section view of the daily life of one of Hollywood's gayest, most fun-loving, young married couples, Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres.



STEICHEN

SUMMER'S HERE! LOOK OUT FOR

"Lipstick-parching"

IT STEALS ROMANCE FROM YOUR LIPS

Baking sun and drying winds make it hard enough to keep one's lure in summer.

It's no time to risk Lipstick Parching, too! The delicate, fine skin of your lips needs special care, now. Even more than facial skin, because your lips are so much more sensitive.

Yet some lipsticks take that sensitive skin and dry and parch it. They turn kissable softness to crepe paper harshness!

How Coty Avoids Parching

Coty has really ended Lipstick Parching... by producing a new kind of lipstick.

Yes, it's indelible... and the colors are thrilling and ardent, *but it never dries or parches!* Even rough lips grow luscious and smooth under its caressing touch.

The secret? Coty's "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special ingredient that softens and smooths.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty Lipstick smooths your lips to loveliness, make this simple experiment. Put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look. Could you do the same with any other lipstick?

You can now get Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick—for just 50¢—in five indelible colors at drug and department stores.

NEW—Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge in natural, harmonizing colors, 50¢.

Dance to Ray Noble's music, Wed., 10:30 P.M., New York time. NBC Red Network.

Coty

"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

"Blazer Bodice"
Streamline grace in a
Two-piece suit—solid color
trunks and blazer striped
upper—\$5.95

"Bib Front"
"Gulf Stream" stitch with
fashioned uplift and contrasting
straps adjusting to new high-
neck "bib" front—\$6.95

"Accordion Rib"
B.V.D.'s new accordion stitch
in smart full-fashioned
Maillot model with adjustable
neckline—\$10.50

"Sea Satin"
A shimmering satin-like
Lustex fabric that shapes and
holds the figure perfectly—
\$9.95—Also in skirted model

"Builder Upper"
the self-service uplift brassiere
makes you the sculptor of your
own silhouette—\$8.95

Caste—
on the Modern Beach
by B.V.D.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D." • Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. • From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B. V. D. • The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

Why We Love Shirley

Continued from page 15

way was the way we shot the scene!

"She loves to run away between scenes and play, the little rascal! She loves to climb things. Sometimes we had the mischief of a time finding her. One day the director got a duck horn from the prop department and told Shirley that whenever he blew it she was to return to the set immediately. That was going to be their private signal, and she didn't have to return until he *did* blow the horn. Several people had teased her by making her come back on the set before we actually needed her. It was a great system—until someone misplaced that horn! We sent scouts all over that sound stage trying to find Shirley, calling her to come back; but she'd been told it wasn't official until the horn blew! We tried whistles, bells, *everything* that would make a noise—but no Shirley. I think she'd been hiding yet if we hadn't found that duck horn—at last!

Lyle Talbot—the "heavy" of "Our Little Girl":

"I'm here to tell you there's nobody like her to work with in Hollywood—man, woman, or *child*! And frankly, I had to be sold. I've worked with Child Wonders before and in spite of all the encouraging things I'd heard about Shirley, I was distinctly in the frame of mind to be shown. *I was!*

"The first day I worked on the picture I was late on the set and to cap everything I didn't know my lines very well. As usual, Shirley had hers down pat, and I began to be ashamed that I was keeping the little girl so long before the camera as I continued to muffle my cues. Finally, when the director walked away, I turned to Shirley and said: 'I'm sorry about all this—but if you'd run through the scene with me just once more I think I'll remember my lines.'

"She looked up at me, her little face as serious as an owl's: 'I'll be glad to, Mr. Talbot,' she said, 'I don't know *my* lines very well, either!'

"Such overwhelming tact from a six-year-old was more than I could bear. I just grabbed her and hugged her and she hugged right back!

"I play the 'heavy' who is trying to steal

Shirley's mother (Rosemary Ames), from her father (Joel McCrea), in the picture; and finally we came to the big scene where little Shirley stamps her foot and screams at me: '*I hate you, Mr. Brent, I hate you, hate you!*'

"It was wonderful the way she threw herself into it. There was something heart-breaking in the emotion she displayed—half rage, half childish dismay. She made the scene so real with her little eyes flashing, her baby's voice breaking with rage, that the entire troupe was impressed, and very quiet, when the scene was finished.

"I remember I went over and sat down and began to study lines for the next scene—when suddenly little Shirley was standing beside me. She put her little hand in mine. 'Listen,' she said, with the tears still streaming down her face, 'I hope you don't think I really hate you, Mr. Talbot. I like you. Those are just lines I have to speak!'

"I was crazy to laugh but she was so little and serious—and so worried that my feelings were hurt. 'Sure, Shirley,' I told her, 'I understand—we're just actors playing our parts.' But she kept holding onto my hand just to prove to the company we were really friends.

"How can you help adoring a child like that?"

Joel McCrea—Hero-Father of "Our Little Girl":

"I hate for this to get back to Jimmy Dunn, who believes he has the inside track to Shirley's heart—but Shirley has proposed to me and I have accepted! All's fair in love and war, especially where Shirley's concerned; and so when she told me she was going to marry me when she grew up, what could I do but consent? It's too bad about Jimmy and Frances Dee McCrea—but they'll just have to work it out somehow.

"Love her? I'm just crazy about that little kid. But I tried hard not to tip my hand. I couldn't afford to put my heart down for Shirley to tramp on—so I treated her rough. I call her 'Butch'—and she loves it!

"The first time I called her that, she said: 'Joel, why do you call me *Butch*???' I told her, 'Because you're such a

wild and desperate-looking character.

"'Like the desperate characters in 'Little Miss Marker'?' she wanted to know, flashing those adorable dimples on me. I agreed that was the general idea. 'But I don't *look* like those desperate characters,' she insisted. 'I don't *look* like those, Joel!'

"'Oh, yes, you do,' I stuck to my guns. 'You don't know how desperate you really look. Mirrors don't always tell the truth! Every time she'd pass a mirror after that I'd catch her tossing a quick glance to see if she could surprise herself with a desperate expression!

"I wouldn't want this to get to Winchell—but Shirley and I frequently sneaked out for tea together between scenes. Well, tea for me and a big glass of milk for my girl friend. I'm different from Jimmy Dunn that way. He loaded Shirley with gifts—even a little wrist watch and that sort of thing. But I never bought her anything but a glass of milk—and then I told her she ought to be ashamed to not pay her own way in this day and age of feminine independence. One day she asked me: 'Are you poor, Joel? Haven't you got much money?'

"'No,' I told her, 'I'm strapped. It's got me down to my last cent blowing you to milk!' And, believe it or not, the next time we tea'd she brought her little purse along with enough money to pay for her milk and my tea! I ask you!

"Just before the picture was completed a boon befell Shirley—and me—and our future married life together when the school children and good citizens of Tillamook, Oregon, presented Butch with a calf—*Tilly Temple*, to be exact. Because it is a little difficult to make a household pet of a young cow, Tilly has been turned over to the milk people who will raise her until she is old enough to support Shirley and me in the nice, rich milk we are accustomed to. As Butch has pointed out, it will make our future so economical—not having a lot of milk to pay for!

"Do you wonder I'm waiting for my little sweetheart to grow up?"

Gary Cooper—with Shirley in "Now And Forever":

"Like most actors I'm not exactly crazy about making a picture with a child—that is, I wasn't until I met and worked with Shirley. But she's no more like the average precocious trick child-actress than gilt is like gold. It's almost unbelievable that she could have remained so unspoiled, because it isn't only child actresses who manage to get spoiled in this day and age, you know—some of the neighbor's children can be as precocious as any little artificially mannered child who ever stepped before a camera.

"I think a large share of the credit for Shirley's sweetness should go to her sensible father and charming mother and to the normal home-life the child leads when she is not 'play acting' in the studios. That's the way Shirley seems to look on her work—like playing a game.

"I don't know which one of us had the more fun playing between scenes of 'Now And Forever'—Shirley or I. There was a malicious rumor around that I never did let little Shirley 'color' any of the pictures in the paint-book set I bought her. It isn't true. Shirley would be the first to tell you I let her color two of them! And if I *did* do the rest it was only because I was showing her how it was done. That's my story, and maybe I'm stuck with it.



Reunion at Elissa Landi's home. The star, left; her parents, Count and Countess Zanardi-Landi; her brother, Anthony, and his wife.

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"Anyway, she liked it best when I'd sketch little things for her like birds and cats. One day I drew a funny picture with big ears and gaping mouth and wrote under it: *This is Shirley Temple*. As an art critic she's perfect. Shirley looked at it very carefully. Then she said: 'Can you draw Mickey Mouses that kind of *look like* him, Mr. Cooper?'"

"Shirley is not permitted to work more than six hours a day—but six hours are plenty. Tell her anything once and she never forgets it. Her mother reads a line to Shirley for the first time, and the little girl memorizes it. A dance director at the Fox studio tells the story of teaching Shirley a dance routine which was later discarded. So he taught her another one—but in the meantime they decided to go back to the original dance, which was more in keeping with the rôle. The director had entirely forgotten it—but little Shirley remembered every step and did it perfectly!"

James Dunn—"Stand Up and Cheer," "Baby Take a Bow," and "Bright Eyes":

"I suppose it sounds funny to say a little kid like Shirley marked a mile-post in my life, but it's the truth.

"I had begun to slip and slip pretty badly, it seemed to me, after starting at the top with 'Bad Girl.' But I thought I must be nearing the end of the professional trail of juveniles when they started casting me opposite Shirley. Supporting a kid star was just a little worse than I thought I deserved! All my friends told me I was foolish to let the studio put me in 'Baby Take a Bow'—that no one would notice I was even on the screen. So you see I started work with the baby under a severe mental handicap. Of course, we had been together before in 'Stand Up and Cheer' but that was a big musical with glory enough for all. On the other hand 'Baby Take a Bow' was definitely a starring picture for Shirley—and I was merely in support of her!"

"I'll never forget the first day of the picture. I suppose I must have looked pretty glum; and Shirley, who had become a real pal during the making of 'Stand Up and Cheer,' must have sensed something was wrong. Anyway, she came over and threw her arms around my neck and hugged me tight and said: 'Oh, Jimmy, aren't you so happy we're working together again—haven't you missed me like I've missed you?'"

"Let me tell you that right then and there all that grumpiness of mine vanished into thin air, and it never has or never will come back if I have to play stooge to Shirley all the rest of her starring career! I tell you I love that little kid and all those stories about how she's been an influence in my life—switching me off the playboy stuff—are plenty true.

"Another funny thing about it, I think Shirley has been lucky for me—I mean in my work. Maybe it's just a coincidence, but everything's been breaking right for me during the last several months, including the fact that the studio's been able to buy some fine stories in which they're going to cast me. My appearance in Shirley Temple's pictures have jacked up my fan mail, and, oh, I don't know—just knowing the kid has made me happier some way. I'm not awfully good at expressing it. I hope it doesn't sound silly.

"I love Shirley in every one of her moods: when she's a little tired and wants to curl up in your lap; when her little dimples dance when you give her a present; when she's just a slightly dirty-faced little girl playing around with her stand-in between scenes and we have to wait while

she gets cleaned up before we can go on. But I think I love her best when she's *cornered*. Yes, like every normal kid in the world Shirley gets herself in jams—and it's a wow to see her get out of them!"

"I think the story about Shirley and the baby specialist is just about the best. There had been a great to-do at the studio for days in anticipation of the visit of this noted child specialist who had made a trip to the Coast for the express purpose of seeing Shirley and finding out what made her tick. Everyone was in a slight uproar bending backward in plans to prove to the noted medico that Shirley was just a normal little girl leading a normal life.

"The day the doctor arrived was a big one. Of course, we stopped work for a couple of hours while he was escorted by



Ladders can't jinx Herbert Marshall, above, making up to play a scene with Ann Harding.

Shirley, Mrs. Temple and several studio officials through Shirley's bungalow, play-room, etc. Shirley was a little surprised at the idea of entertaining a 'grown-up'—what child wouldn't have been? But I think she was thoroughly impressed with the idea of making a good showing before the gentleman.

"As it drew near lunch-time someone began to tell the good doctor about Shirley's diet, explaining: 'We are very careful with the child's food. She eats vegetables mostly; a little meat—and no rich sweets at all!'"

"The doctor was just about to say, 'Of course'—when his eyes lighted on an enormous glass jar of hard candies on a shelf. Shirley saw immediately where he was looking and not realizing there was a big difference between 'rich sweets' and simple candies she thought they were caught red-handed.

"'Oh, *that* candy, doctor,' she said, blowing out her little cheeks just like she does on the screen when she is excited, 'that isn't for everyday use. We just keep that here in case of *picnics*!'"

"Well, it slayed the Doc and everyone else, and after that he and Shirley got along famously.

"Before he left he told them he considered Shirley the most amazing child he'd ever encountered, and called her a little genius. Well, I suppose she is; but the important part to me and everyone else who comes in contact with her is that she's just a darn sweet, lovable little girl—and that's a bigger compliment, if you ask me!"

Glamor Girl

Continued from page 23

she had unconsciously acquired from Betty.

"Come over here," Stewart ordered curtly, placing her directly beneath an arc-light. "Look at me—no—not over there—straight at me." Stella blinked under the soft blonde hair that fell over her forehead.

"Looks well under the lights," remarked Driscoll in the background.

Stewart whistled thoughtfully. "The type's not bad," he said over his shoulder to Morrison. "Not much fire, though—"

"Give us a chance," growled the other. "All she needs is a little kindling—"

"Just a kindling fool," Stewart scoffed, but his voice was friendly.

Retreating a couple of steps, Morrison placed his hands under his eyes in the expert's gesture, and for the dozenth time surveyed the girl. Then, struck by some sudden thought, he lumbered over to the adjoining stage and stuck his head through the door of a prison cell, at which the workmen were still tinkering. "Robin," he called. "Come out here a minute, will you?"

Stella didn't know much. But one thing she did know—she knew who Robin was. She knew Robin, indeed, as intimately as we know people whom we see every day of our lives. She—and all her little movie-going sisters with her—knew how Robin looked when he came down a stair-case, how he shook hands, how he walked, strode, ran, how he entered a car, drew his gloves on, removed his overcoat—how he danced, made love, smiled, kissed—yes, better than anything else he did, this sixteen-year-old could have told you how he kissed—how he closed his eyes, how his face took on a somber, suffering look. Indeed, if she could have analyzed her emotions, understood her child's heart, young Stella Harrison would have realized that she'd fallen a little in love with this seductive projection of a photographed man on a screen.

So when it happened that this glorious Robin actually emerged from the prison cell on the stage, emerged as a living creature of flesh and blood—dressed though he was in the shabby garments of a fugitive, made up though he was to look hollow-eyed and gaunt—when he actually approached Stella from out of the shadows, his eyes fixed on her and on her alone, she awoke for the second time that day. And this time she awoke more completely than ever before—with a terror so thrillingly sweet at the pit of her stomach that her quivering legs could scarcely hold her. Resting her weight on her delicate left hip, she raised her eyes as though drawn by some hypnotic power and looked at Robin.

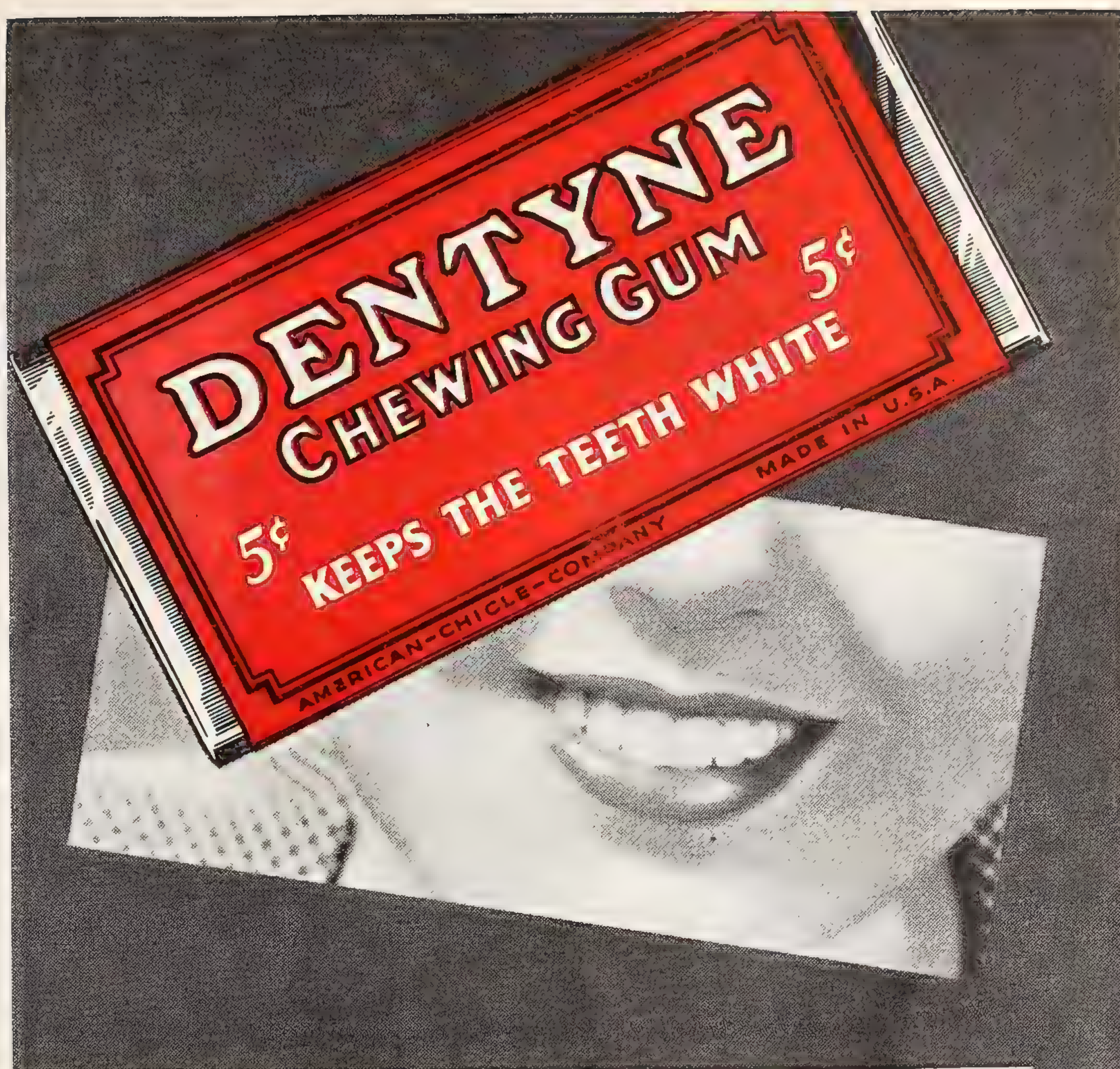
Morrison could no longer control his exultation. "Well?" he burst out. "Go find something, Bill—what?"

Stewart, intent on the girl for the last thirty seconds, drinking in her childishness, her shabbiness, her innocence, her young *gaucherie*, seemed not to hear. At length he looked up.

"Yes—?" he said half questioningly. "Yes—maybe—it's a chance. You can have a test made tomorrow, Morrison."

It was 4:30. Stella's wild chase began.

Do you know what a screen test means? Do you realize the significance of this opportunity—this amazing, this unique, this fabulous opportunity that was being handed Stella Harrison of Alhambra? No film career—however sensational, however spectacular, but has started in the same way—with a screen test; with that first dazzled blinking under the arc-lights; with those first awkward gestures in front of a camera. If the test turned out well, Stella would



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be given a small part the next day—a bigger part two months hence—in three years from now she would be a star.

In the wardrobe department, at any rate, they knew what a screen test meant. Muhlmann knew. Betty knew. Pat Armstrong knew. Even Stella, half asleep though she'd been for most of her life—even Stella knew—Stella who had been so thoroughly awakened by the sight of the living Robin Marlow that she took an almost active part in the agitated council that was now going forward in the wardrobe room.

The discussion was led, the decisions made and the final program drawn up by General Betty. Before noon of the following day—the hour for which the screen test had been scheduled—Stella must be supplied with a proper wardrobe. "Fixed up," said Muhlmann. "Outfitted," said Betty. "Dressed," said Stella.

The essential items of this wardrobe were listed as follows. First, since legs were all-important, a pair of really good silk stockings. These presented no problem, for there were Betty's chiffon hose, worn only once, reposing comfortably in the bureau drawer at home. Second, a new bandeau and step-ins, because—you could never tell—they might want to take some shots in lingerie. These would have to be bought. Betty knew of a man in the wholesale business who might be willing to sell them the things at cost price. She'd never dealt with him herself, but Juanita Romero had told her about him. Then, an evening gown—a real evening gown, cut low, backless if possible, because backless gowns, Muhlmann informed them wisely, lend that certain touch. To buy such a gown was naturally out of the question, but Muhlmann had heard of a woman—"now where does she live?—Lillian Way?—or maybe her name is Lillian, and she lives some other place—och, I don't know, but anyway, I'll find out. And the gowns she rents—something gorgeous—she buys from the stars—day clothes and evening clothes—nothing smarter—because this Madame Lucille—that's it, Madame Lucille—this Madame Lucille knows all the biggest stars—and they have the clothes on their backs once maybe and then they sell—because God forbid somebody should see them twice in the same dress—but for less than ten dollars you won't get nothing," concluded Muhlmann.

Then, an evening wrap—an evening wrap of brocade with a real fox collar. Neither Betty nor Stella nor any of their councillors could conceive of a screen test that didn't feature an evening wrap of brocade with a real fox collar. They were all agreed that Stella's future was more likely to be made or marred by this evening wrap than by any other single item of her problematic wardrobe. Ten precious minutes had been lost in fruitless thought when Pat Armstrong, good egg that she was, jumped up shrieking that she had an idea. "That girl Marie Something-or-other—I worked with her once over at Superba Films—well, she's got a sister who's a mannequin and I think she dances in a floor show, too—and she wears the most marvelous clothes—if she hasn't got an evening wrap with a real fox collar, I'll eat my hat—and maybe if we tell her what it's for and promise to be awfully careful, she'll let us take it for a couple of hours. It won't hurt to ask, anyway, and it wouldn't cost a cent. Only where can I get hold of Marie?—Central Casting, maybe—what was her last name—!"

That left the shoes. Shoes Stella must have, and shoes would have to be bought. She couldn't wear Betty's—they'd be too big for her. Her legs were thin, anyway, and they'd have to do what they could to make her feet look small. Shoes, they agreed, had to fit perfectly; and shoes—



James Cagney visits with Dolores Del Rio on the "Caliente" set.

good shoes—were very expensive indeed.

By that time it was five o'clock. Stella, sitting silent but alert in the midst of the council, was seized by a sudden, uncontrollable spasm of trembling. A chill ran through her body, while her hands and face burned, and it was all she could do to keep her teeth from clicking against each other. Betty shot her a glance. "Feeling sick, kid?" she asked, but Stella only shook her head.

"Och, the child's nervous!" cried Muhlmann. "Leave her alone. I would be nervous too—" her laughter boomed, "if they would put me tomorrow in a scene with Mr. Robin Marlow!"

On the Alhambra street-car the girls sat silent, each buried in her own thoughts. At Alvarado Street Betty got out, having informed her sister that she would meet her at 7:30 with the money for the evening gown. Left behind, small, panicky, and forlorn, Stella sat huddled in her seat, figuring and figuring while the nervous tremors continued to shake her young body.

Shoes that looked like anything at all would cost ten dollars. Ten dollars seemed a terrible price for shoes, but orders were orders. Five dollars more, say, for the lingerie. That made fifteen dollars which Stella would have to wrest somehow from her short-sighted mother. There was no time to be lost, either, or the shops would be closed. Pat Armstrong, meantime, had departed in search of the unknown Marie, and Muhlmann had promised to go straight from the studios to a woman she knew on Wilton Place who had the address of the Salon Lucille.

At 6:30 the outlook was black. Mrs. Harrison was making a terrific scene in the notion shop, and refusing point-blank to hand out any money. Stella burst into a storm of weeping—the wild convulsive sobbing of a child with big bright tears running down her cheeks and over her chin and into her neck. Unable to endure the sight or sound any longer, her angry and bewildered mother rummaged in her worn bag, flung a crumpled bill at the girl and set her mouth hard over the resentful torrent of words that still trembled on her tongue. Betty meantime was seated on the top step of a stair-case, waiting for the return of the struggling young dentist from whom she proposed to borrow ten dollars. Pat Armstrong had located Marie and found her willing to do what she could, but her sister had driven down to Palm Beach with her boy friend, and heaven alone knew what time she'd be back. Muhlmann had unearthed the address of Madame Lucille and phoned it to the butcher, from whom Stella, tear stained and quivering, picked it up on her way to the shoe store.

The three girls had arranged to meet at

Fifth and Hill at 7:30, and all three arrived, harried-looking but prompt. (Pat Armstrong's devotion to the cause, by the way, was bound up with the fact that Betty had once come to her aid in an affair that she never referred to except as "that jam I got myself into." Betty alone had stood by her in "that jam," and Pat's code would have sent her cheerfully through fire and water to repay her debt.)

Their faces looked pinched and wan in the glaring light reflected by street lamps and advertising displays, by restaurant signs and theatre marquees. A steady stream of people jostled and elbowed them.

"Got the money?" was Stella's first question.

"Only five," replied Betty briefly. "We'll have to manage with that."

Stella shot her a glance and refrained from asking for details. "I have the shoes," she said, indicating a box under her arm. "But no money for underwear." Betty's full, crimson-painted lips set a trifle more grimly, and Stella hurried on. "The shoes are nice though—patent leather with buckles and heels *that* high."

"Why didn't you put them on?" inquired Betty severely.

"To keep them new."

"New? You've got to get your feet used to them, or you'll be walking like a giraffe at the studio tomorrow."

"She can change 'em in here." Pat steered her into the street-car terminal. Betty opened the box, nodded approvingly at her sister's purchase and wrapped up the old shoes while Stella donned the new. They were a little tight, but decidedly smart-looking.

They walked to the Salon Lucille to save the bus-fare. It was almost 8:30 before they found the dark, rather shabby little street and the two-family house with 356 in dingy brass figures on the door-step.

The upper floor was dark,*but a dim light shone through the curtained windows of the lower.

Betty rang the bell. After what seemed an endless wait, the peep-door was opened and a woman's white face peered out. Did Madame Lucille live there? No, Madame Lucille didn't. Madame Lucille had lived there, but they'd got good and sick of having all the extras in Hollywood traipsing back and forth, and they'd given her the gate. Where had she moved to? The lady didn't know. What was more, she didn't care, and to prove her point, slammed the door in Betty's face.

"That settles it," thought Stella dully. She was faint with hunger and felt as though someone was sticking needles through her feet. But she'd reckoned without her sister.

"Nuts to Lucille!" decided Betty. "We'll go home and fix up my nile-green to fit you, and that'll give us five bucks for lingerie."

But first, the evening wrap. Pat gave Betty the mannequin's name and phone number—Irene Gillespie, Granite 4609—and all three crowded into the phone booth, while Betty dialled. No, Miss Gillespie hadn't come in yet. No, I couldn't say. She'll probably go straight to the Bowl. The Bowl? The Biltmore Bowl, came the rather testy explanation, where she works. What time was she due there? Not till eleven. Thank you very much.

"Well," sighed Betty, "that means we'll have to go home and come back again." Because of the uncertainty of their mother's mood, Pat's offer to go home with them was declined with thanks. If I don't get something to eat pretty soon, thought Stella, I'll faint. If I have to work on that nile-green dress tonight, it'll be the end of me.

But the kitchen table at home was laid

with bread and cheese and ham, and a pot of coffee stood ready on the stove. Mrs. Harrison, in bed, pretended to be asleep. She didn't understand the children, and the children didn't understand her. The less talk between them, the better.

Having snatched some food, the girls tiptoed into their bedroom and brought out the nile-green. The nile-green was Betty's pride and joy, and there was gallantry and heroism in the act as she draped the dress about Stella's thin body and slashed ruthlessly into the material with a huge sharp scissors from the notion shop. And if her sacrifice was faintly tinged with calculation, if she thought: Suppose the test turns out well, suppose Stella gets to be a star, I'll be something, too—it was none the less admirable, for all that.

There was a mirror in the bedroom which had belonged to their grandmother—a small, three-ply mirror on an elaborately carved little stand with two diminutive drawers for comb and brush. Stella, weary to the point of exhaustion, felt something like nausea as she saw herself slipping by in the triple glass—first, her face with its smooth blonde hair, then her shoulders, then a bit of her back, the lean flat line of her stomach, and the puff over each hip which seemed to her to add the final touch of elegance.

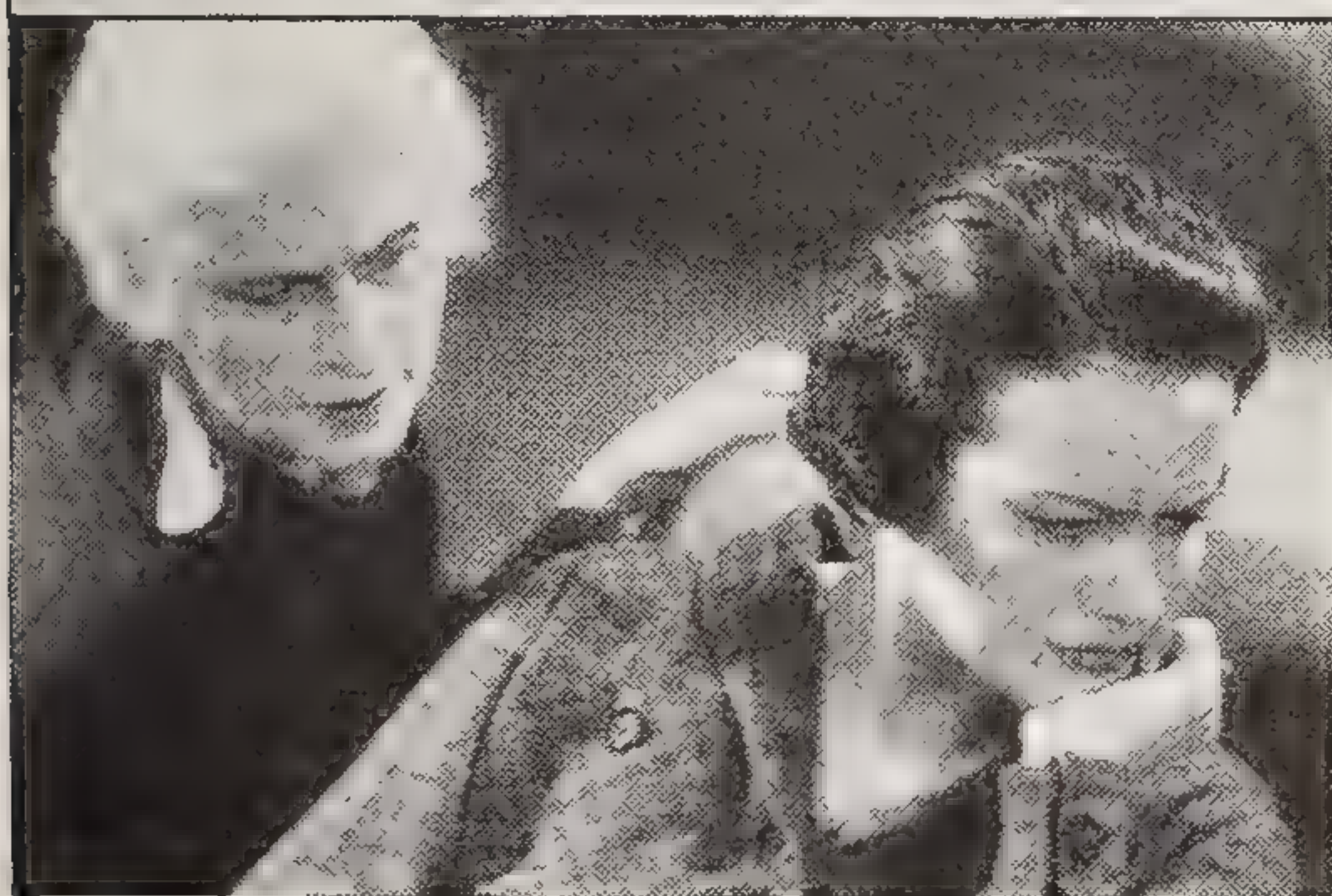
"Your arms are too skinny," grumbled Betty, lifting the dress from her sister's childish body and sewing away for dear life. Because she took large stitches, (for her deft hands were accustomed to altering clothes quickly), she finished soon after eleven. Stella sat and yawned, her mouth extended to the limit of its capacity, while tears of fatigue ran from the corners of her eyes.

But their hardest task still lay ahead of them. . . .

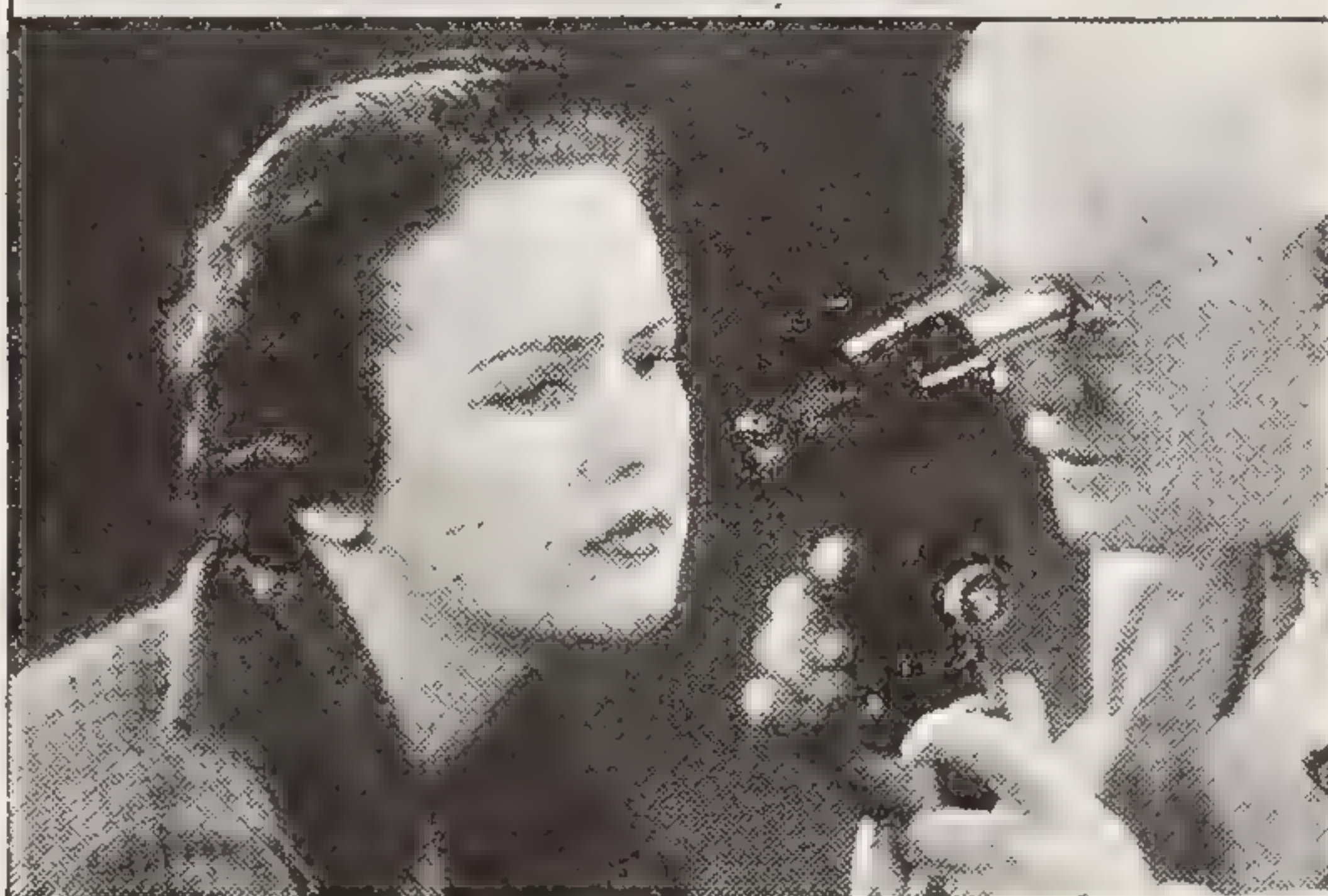
(To Be Continued)

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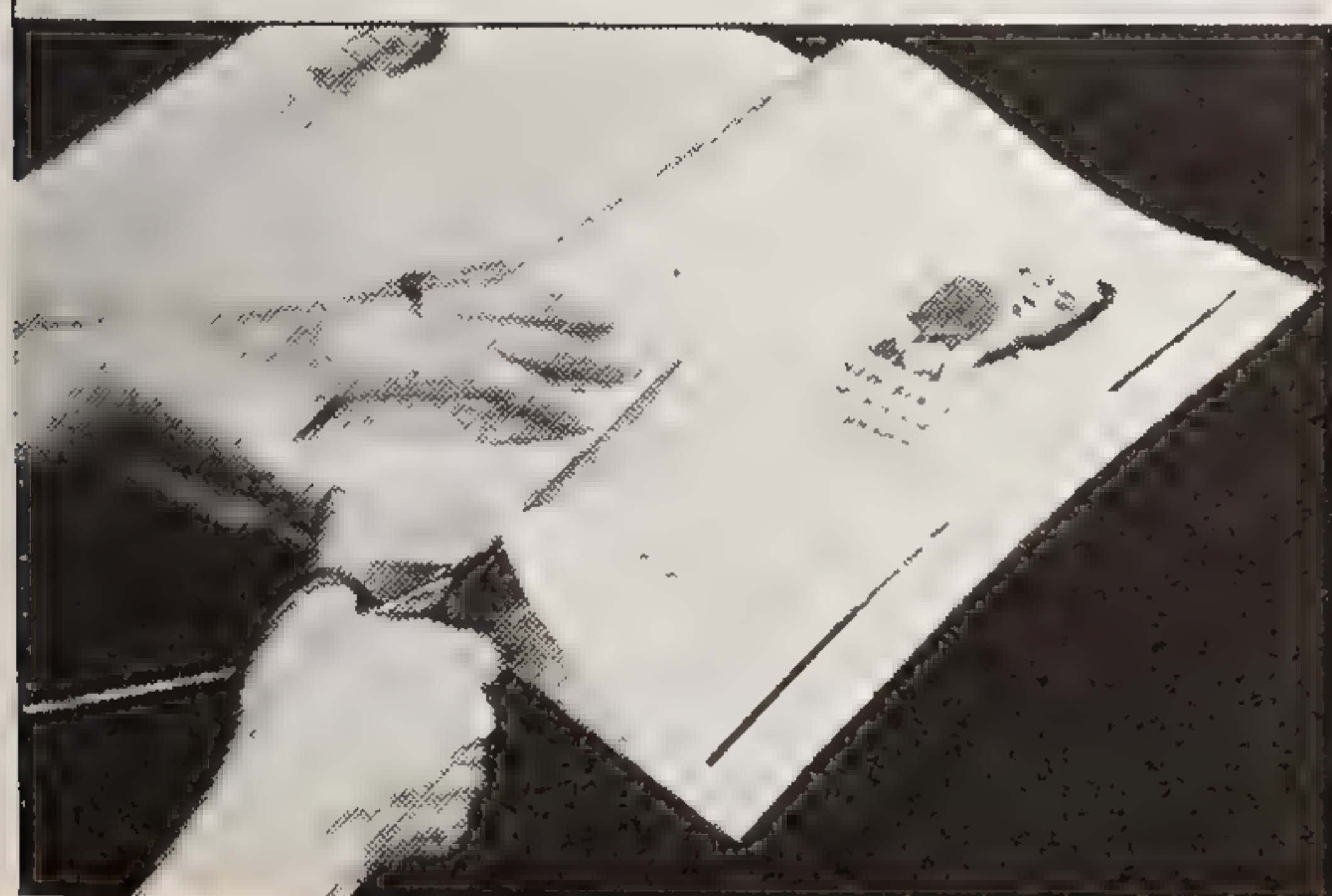
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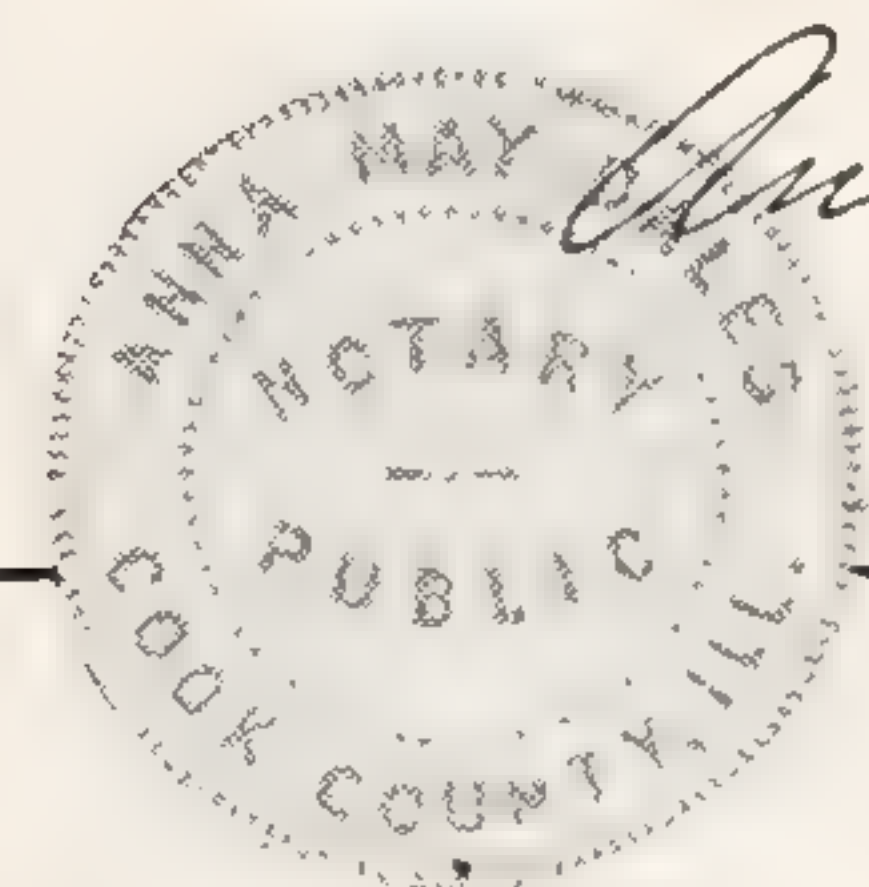
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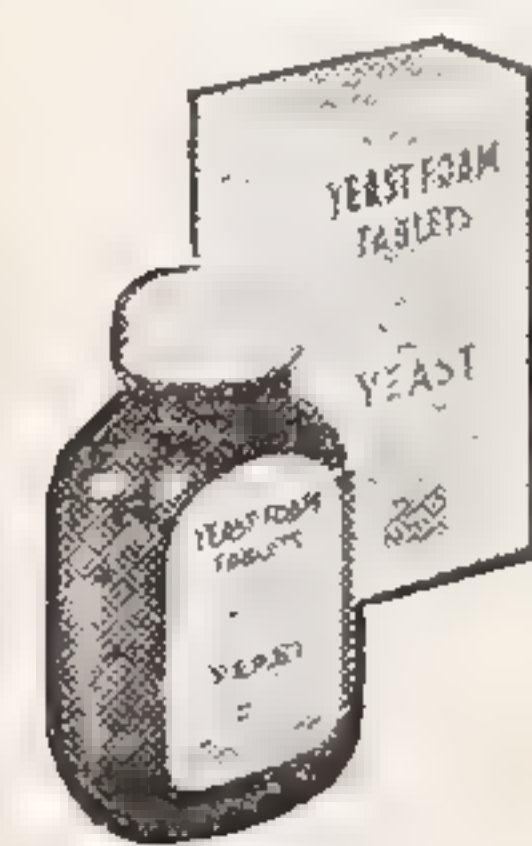
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Don't Fear Passing Years

Continued from page 16

not sitting around moaning that the first wrinkle will ruin my life. How do I know, perhaps life will be just beginning when the wrinkles come!" and Claudette's deep-throated laugh, with its contagious lilt, filled the room.

"Few countries worship youth as does America," she continued, warming to her subject. "In France, for instance, a woman isn't considered even interesting until she is thirty. Peaches-and-cream-complexions aren't the ultimate of beauty over there. A woman's charm mellows with experience. She learns to know life, to become tolerant and understanding; and only then is she capable of enjoying the deeper pleasures.

"Youth and beauty are so precious to most women, especially actresses, that they are reluctant to be honest with themselves. They listen to false praises, look into the mirror and kid themselves that they look as young and pretty as ever, and go on demanding romantic rôles. That is utter nonsense! No woman can play the lovely heroine very long."

Because life wasn't any too easy for her as a child, Claudette says she early learned to look ahead and to plan. Now that she has won success and fame, that early training still holds good. She looks ahead, and never becomes so absorbed in the applause of the moment as to lose her perspective of the future.

Luckily for her, she started right out playing leading rôles on the stage and never was the ingénue. Since coming to the screen she has wisely insisted upon *not* being typed. With her versatility she has portrayed dutiful and careless wives and upstanding daughters. She was the wicked *Poppaea* in "The Sign of the Cross;" the wilful runaway heiress in "It Happened One Night;" the intriguing *Cleopatra*; a worldly woman singer in "The Gilded Lily;" and a successful business woman in "Imitation of Life." "My idea," said Claudette thoughtfully, is to meet the future with eyes wide open, and then there is nothing to fear. Right now, I am steering into comedy whenever I can. I love it; and, too, a woman can continue on both stage and screen a long, long time in comedy. Look at Mrs. Fiske. She made the change from drama to comedy most successfully and remained a favorite to the very last. There's May Robson. She came to the screen in old lady parts but through her remarkable comedy gift she now plays a variety of characterizations in which humor is the keynote, and she can go on indefinitely.

"There is no use for an actress to blind herself to the fact that romantic rôles are



Warren William selects from the extensive hat-rack in his dressing-room, just the right topper to go with his tweed jacket and white flannels.

soon taboo. Then come heavy mother parts that serve merely as background for the drama and bring little satisfaction.

"I've known from the very first that my time on the screen would be limited. Then what? That's what I wanted to know. So, I took stock of myself and am making plans. I know exactly what I shall do. I'll *direct*!"

"Oh, dear no, not pictures. But stage plays. Few women have been successful directing pictures and then only after years of preparation in the scenario and cutting departments. Anyway, too much money is involved in a film. No studio would ever trust an actress to direct one. We aren't supposed to have brains!" and again, the Colbert throaty laugh.

"The stage offers great opportunities. I know I could direct a play, and how I would love it! Imagine a dozen characters to work with instead of one; imagine the huge canvas on which to create the action, the emotions of a great story. It would bring a bigger thrill, a deeper satisfaction than acting any one rôle, no matter how well that rôle were played.

"Then, I would like to take undeveloped talent and guide it to full power; that would be a joyous experience. Even now, whenever there are young players on the set, I fairly ache to take them in hand and help them to say their lines, to show them how to express thought through a gesture. I've learned through such hard work that I would like others to share the benefit of my efforts.

"Enthusiasm is the dynamo of all human action," Claudette went on, after a moment's pause. "Lacking this vital touch a woman's life is uninteresting and very drab. But in these days of opportunity there is a place for everyone's talents. Absorbed in some ambition, some definite aim, no woman has time to worry over small annoyances or allow suggestions of age, with its trail of unwelcome thoughts, to take possession of her.

"I keep fit by taking excellent care of myself. I never neglect my regular sleep; and as I am always trying to gain in weight I have no fear of the 'middle age spread.' I play tennis and golf and intend remaining young and active for many, many years."

Claudette says she has a pet theory that keeping busy means keeping happy, and keeping happy means keeping young. She insists she could never be idle and she could never be happy away from the theatrical profession; but there are other phases to the theatre besides acting. For instance, she spent three years in an art school before ever thinking of going on the stage. She frequently assists in designing her costumes, and she also has a distinct flair for decorating. These creative branches belong to the theatre, and she is fully equipped to handle them and win new honors.

"Time could never be cruel to me," said Claudette, "because it will never hang idly on my hands. There are so many things in which I am intensely interested. For one thing, I love to travel as much, well—almost as much, as to act. Perhaps later I can prowl around in out-of-the-way places that have always stirred my imagination. Then, as I said, I can always paint, design, read, and study music. So why, I ask you, should I fear the passing of the years?"

W. C. Fields' Real Life Story

Continued from page 53

agent comes to my dressing-room. 'Who d'you think's out front?' he says. 'The manager of that Vienna theatre. Wants to give you a contract.' 'A contract!' I yell. 'Why, the—' (all right, never mind—put in a few dots and dashes.) 'Why, I wouldn't play for that dirty so-and-so,' I told him, 'for all the money in the world. He almost stopped my heart, the dots and dashes.' 'Don't be a chump,' says the agent. 'What's the difference as long as you get your money? Talk to

him, anyway.' So the manager walks in. 'Fields,' he says, 'I was a fool to judge your act by the Winter Garden in Berlin.' 'So what?' I ask him. 'So what do I have to pay for the mistake?' he says. 'Two months' guarantee,' I told him, 'and an increase over the last contract.' He'd already paid me five hundred bucks, but I got my price—and for two months in Vienna," Fields concluded placidly, "I was the most awful flop a man ever hired."

He had other noteworthy experiences

outside the theatre—experiences not altogether amusing, though his narrative style tends to make them sound so. He was once visiting the Welsh coal-mines and fell into conversation with a young man who said he was the company doctor. "Look pretty young to be a doctor," Fields observed. "Well, I'm not really a doctor yet," the other confessed. "But I can set a broken bone."

A few days later Fields came down with the flu, and asked the hotel to send him a

physician. In walked the company doctor. From his bed of pain, the comedian gave him a long look. "Have a drink," he said. The doctor had a drink. "Well," remarked the patient, "I'm not really a doctor yet either, so I'll cure myself if it's all the same to you. So long."

On another occasion he was sitting in a Berlin beer-garden with a group of friends, when two Prussian officers, uniformed, monocled "and sniffing the air like a couple of camels, sat themselves down at the next table. They didn't like the way I laughed or something," Fields explains it, "and started tellin' the world what they thought of Americans. I stood it as long as I could, then I let 'em have it. Hit 'em? Sure—" he seemed to be enjoying some jest of his own—"you can call it that if you like. Next thing I knew I was out under the lindens. And next day I left Berlin in a hurry. Figured I could tackle a broken contract better than the German army in peace time. The theatre sued me all right. So I hired a firm called Limburger to defend me. But they smelled up the case so—" he said, fixing me with a bland eye, "that I lost it."

Until the outbreak of war he was continually on the go—Europe, America, Australia, South Africa, the Orient—hardly a corner of the globe that didn't at one time or another see and applaud the most dexterous juggler of his day. In 1914 he set sail from Australia for India. On the first night out the ship suddenly went black. Officers passed from deck to deck, calming panicky passengers. Something had gone wrong, they said, with the lighting system. Nothing to worry about. Next day the lighting system worked like a charm, but that night it had gone screwy again. On the third day land was sighted.

"What's it all about?" Fields inquired of an officer. "Last time I went to Ceylon it took ten days. Have they moved it nearer?" "Off our course," smiled the officer and refused to say another word. But they soon discovered that they were back in Australia, having been exposed for forty-eight hours to the danger of death by explosion. For it was no defective lighting system that had darkened their ship, but news that the German cruiser *Emden*, camouflaged and efficient, had been scouring the seas in their general neighborhood.

In Australia Fields found a cable from Charles Dillingham, offering him a 20-week contract for Dillingham's new show, "Watch Your Step." It was opening in Syracuse, New York—and to get there in time Fields had to travel uninterruptedly for thirty-nine days and nights. He made it by a hair, and felt that his efforts had been well repaid, for never had his act been more uproariously greeted. By the time he'd finished reading the papers next morning, he was feeling pretty sorry for Dillingham and pretty well pleased with himself. For the critics agreed that, while the show was a washout, Bill Fields' billiard table act stood out from the general mess like a sore thumb. Trying to look modest, he appeared at the theatre. Dillingham approached "to congratulate me," says Fields, "—so I thought. But I thought wrong. 'Bill,' he says, 'I don't see any place in this show for your billiard table. And without your billiard table you're no use to me.' I gave him one look and saw he meant it. 'Hey, wait a minute, Charlie,' I said, 'I traveled 39 days and nights to fill this spot. I'm goin' to get my twenty weeks' guarantee.'"

"'Sure you are, Bill,' he says. 'Go back

to New York, if you like, and draw your salary. Or stay right with the show and we'll have a high time together.'"

"Well, I came as near blubberin' then as I ever did. There never was a whiter guy than Charlie Dillingham. He had to do what he thought was right by the show. It wasn't his fault. But it wasn't mine either. Yet there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. There never is. So now you know why I'm nervous—or crazy and nuts, as some of my good friends call it—why I never feel safe in this blankety-blank business I juggled myself into."

He was struck by another such bolt from the blue when Ziegfeld closed his production of "The Comic Supplement," though it was drawing crowds. By that time Fields was no longer a juggler pure and simple. He'd written and was appearing in five scenes featuring that particular brand of humor which has since made him famous in another field. But Ziggy didn't like comedy, Ziggy was boss and, though the critics raved, Ziggy closed the show.

Meantime, however, business at the "Follies" was dropping and a few days later Ziggy phoned. "Gene thinks your stuff's good," he said—(Gene Buck was his talent scout). "I don't. The public doesn't want comedy. They want girls. But take less money and I'll put you into the Follies."

"No," thundered Fields.

Business continued to drop, Gene continued to nag Ziegfeld, and Fields and his five acts were injected into the ailing "Follies." And despite the fact that the public didn't want comedy, receipts mounted from eighteen thousand to forty-two thousand a week, and for fifty weeks never dropped below the latter figure.

But was Ziegfeld convinced? Well, he

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Black | |

kept Fields in the "Follies" for nine successive seasons, and would have liked to keep him there longer. But all those nine seasons were enlivened by a species of guerilla warfare between comedian and producer.

"You've got to have girls," was Ziegfeld's eternal cry; and by threat, cajolery, and subterfuge, he tried to induce Fields to put glamor into his act. Finally he delivered an ultimatum. "One girl," he commanded, "or your act goes off."

"All right," agreed Fields wearily, "one girl."

He was in the midst of his scene that night when, for no reason at all, a girl appeared from the wings, leading a wolfhound. Girl and dog sailed across the stage while Fields and the audience watched. As they disappeared, Fields heaved a sigh of a man roused from deep enchantment. "What a beautiful giraffe!" he breathed reverently. The audience howled, and Fields professed himself willing to incorporate the girl permanently into his act. But the great glorifier had cooled to the whole idea.

When Fields first showed him his golf act—the same golf act that had you rolling in the aisles when you saw it in "You're Telling Me"—Ziggy didn't like it. "Why don't you do a fishing act?" he suggested. "Listen—" the idea was taking gorgeous shape in his mind. "Picture a huge palatial yacht—with beautiful girls parading the decks. And then—then you come on and do this fishing act," he ended a trifle lamely.

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Ziggy,"

said Fields. "I think my golf act's pretty funny. But if you're so stuck on this fishing idea, I'll do it first and then go into the golf. How's that?"

Ziegfeld agreed. Every day Fields rehearsed his golf act. "How about the fishing?" Ziggy would inquire. "I'm workin' on it," Fields would reply.

The days passed. "Are you going to show me that fishing act?" Ziegfeld demanded.

"Sure," said Fields, "and believe me, it's goin' to be good."

Opening night approached, with no sign of the fishing act. Ziegfeld approached too with purpose in his eye. But Fields forestalled him. "Listen," he said, "I promised you a fishin' act—I'm givin' you a fishin' act. Only don't worry about it—leave it all to me." In the distraction of supervising his premiere, Ziegfeld had no other choice.

The stage remained empty for a moment after the curtains parted on Fields' first entrance. Then he appeared, a fishing-rod over his shoulder. He placed the rod lovingly in a corner and proceeded with his golf act. Which proved such a riot that though the word "fish" remained taboo for some time thereafter, the golf act was never molested.

At the end of nine years, however, Fields found himself wearying of the "Follies," of roving the country, of living in a trunk. So when D. W. Griffith asked him to play *Eustace McGargle* in "Sally of the Sawdust," his current movie production, Fields grabbed the chance.

(Next Month—Fields in the Movies)

Good at Figures

Continued from page 57

Non-Fattening Diet

(Recommended by James Davies)

MONDAY

Breakfast: ½ glass orange juice, diluted with water, buttered toast, poached egg.
Lunch: 1 fresh peach, stuffed with cottage cheese, 2 slices fresh pineapple (on bed of lettuce, watercress and chicory), French dressing, rye crisp or whole wheat wafers, lime sherbet.
Dinner: 1 cup clear soup, 1 broiled lamb chop, spinach, carrots and peas, Jello.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: 1 glass grapefruit juice, bran muffins.
Lunch: Sliced tomatoes, hearts of lettuce with Roquefort dressing, nut bread sandwiches, iced tea.
Dinner: Fresh cut fruit, mixed, broiled halibut steak with lemon juice, iced summer squash, braised onions, prune whip.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Fresh figs, rye toast.
Lunch: Chicken liver omelet, Swedish wafers, iced tea.
Dinner: Roast lamb with mint sauce, string beans, endive salad with French dressing, vanilla ice cream with crushed strawberries.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Sliced bananas with skimmed milk, rye crisp.
Lunch: Waldorf salad, iced chocolate, whole wheat melba toast.
Dinner: Tomato juice cocktail, cold lamb, hot artichoke with drawn butter, baked apple.

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Fresh pineapple juice, 1 poached egg on slice whole wheat toast.
Lunch: Steamed vegetable plate, apricot mousse, iced tea.
Dinner: Iced clam broth, salmon steak with lemon sauce, baked potato on half shell, stewed tomatoes with green peppers and chopped onions, peach short cake (without cream).

SATURDAY

Breakfast: Stewed prunes, rye toast.
Lunch: Vegetable salad with French dressing, rye crisp, sliced apples and cheese, glass buttermilk.
Dinner: Potassium broth, filet mignon (rare), creamed celery, green peas, orange sherbet.

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Glass pomegranate juice, soft boiled egg, 2 rashers bacon, corn muffins.
Lunch: Jellied madrilene, filet of flounder, cold artichoke with lemon juice, compote stewed fruit.
Dinner: Hors-d'oeuvres, cold fried chicken, chef's salad, mashed sweet potatoes baked in orange shells, ice cream.

for rebuilding any body. Watch your cat and try to imitate his movements. He humps his back into a bow, then he almost touches the floor with his stomach; he stretches one paw out after the other; he relaxes, he pulls himself taut; he never hurries, but he's very thorough. Before he has finished he has stretched and relaxed

every muscle his body possesses. Try it! Here are some other stretching exercises:

Lie on the bed or on the floor. Stretch the arms above the head as far as you can reach, at the same time pointing the toes down as far as they will go; hold it; then relax. Raise arms over head slowly, re-

laxed. Then lie on right side and repeat; on left side and repeat; face down and repeat.

Lie flat on back with legs over the edge of the bed, arms clasped back of the head, feet together. Stretch legs outward as far as possible, then downward, then upward, outward again. Relax between.

Lie on right side and make pendulum of upper leg, forward and back in wide circle. Relax. Repeat on other side.

Deep breathing should be an essential part of any diet-and-exercise routine. Breathing exercises practiced before and after meals are excellent to reduce waist and abdomen. Stand erect, hands on hips, and inhale from the very depths of you; hold the breath a second or two, and gradually exhale with an even whistling sound. Repeat a dozen times.

Again, stand erect, clasp hands over abdomen; contract the muscles of the abdomen and bend at the hips to the right six times and then to the left six times, keeping the muscles well contracted throughout the bending; rest by taking three or four deep breaths between the exercise. Then lie on the back, and slowly raise both legs to perpendicular position, lower them slowly to the floor. Repeat four times.

Of course, as I'm always saying, youthful appearance can be preserved by maintaining good posture and a springy step. An incorrect posture ages anyone.

A simple routine for keeping muscles in trim is this one: Stand erect at a window; raise arms as high as possible over head, rising on the toes and inhaling as you do so, hold the position for the count of three, then lower heels and arms and exhale quickly. Repeat.

This will stir up circulation: Stand erect, arms at sides, feet together. Spring quickly to a stride position with knees slightly bent, throwing arms up over head, touching hands together. Jump back to starting position and repeat rapidly five times in succession.

With feet slightly apart, arms outstretched at sides, bend and touch the left toe with the right hand, reaching up as far as you can with the left hand; come to erect position and repeat with left hand touching right toe, and right hand raised high. This exercise is excellent for the liver.

A hot and cold shower may follow your exercise period; then give the body a brisk rub down with a Turkish towel.

But don't think you can *begin* to exercise enthusiastically if you haven't exercised for years. Overdoing it is as bad as underdoing it. Muscles that are unused to exercise shouldn't be forced until they have had a chance to limber up gradually. So start in a small way.

Some women who suddenly notice there seems to be more of them than there used to be, decide to go in for sports. They see a tennis court opening in the neighborhood and because they were pretty good at tennis when they went to school back in '21 or '19, they think they will join the tennis club.

Maybe it's all right. But my advice is to see your doctor before you go in for anything so strenuous and have him examine your heart. If he says "Go ahead"—OK.

We don't read with our minds, it seems to me. Every day or so someone brings me in a clipping saying that Mr. So-and-so, who is 63 years old, runs three miles a day for his health; or Mrs. This-and-that has just celebrated her 79th birthday by swimming to Catalina or somewhere. The person who brings in the clipping thinks that because the old gentleman or the old lady still survives, that is the way to stay young.

★
★
★

Three
Warner Bros. Stars
Reveal
Hollywood's
New
MAKE-UP
Discover How to Enhance Your Beauty
as Famous Screen Stars Do



ANN DVORAK
in Warner Bros. "G Men"

★ To lend enchantment to the warm color tones of brunette beauty, Ann Dvorak chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.



JEAN MUIR in Warner Bros. "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

★ To accent appealing charm of delicate colorings, Jean Muir chooses Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.



MARY ASTOR
in Warner Bros. "Dinky"

★ To harmonize naturally with the distinctive colorings of the auburn type, Mary Astor chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

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Used Exclusively

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Wouldn't you like to share this secret with Hollywood's stars? You can!... for whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead; there is a particular color harmony for you that will do wonders in emphasizing the colorful beauty, the fascinating charm of your own type.

The very first time you make up you will see an amazing difference. You will marvel at the satin-smooth loveliness the face powder imparts to your skin... at the entrancing lifelike color the rouge brings to your cheeks... at the alluring color accent the lipstick gives to your lips. Your complete make-up will be a perfect harmony of color... and you will find that it will remain perfect for hours and hours.

New beauty can be yours today... for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES: Color <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
	AGE _____	

Everyone looks at your *EYES* first



NOTE, when next you meet someone, how you unconsciously fix your attention upon his eyes. And note too, how he, at the same instant is searching for something of interest in *your* eyes! He'll find a world of interest there . . . if your eyes have been transformed into luxuriantly fringed pools of loveliness. Just a simple brush stroke of Maybelline, and this lovely effect is obtained.

Maybelline instantly darkens lashes, and magically transforms them from drab scantiness to a dark, long-appearing, dense fringe. Interesting? More than that; it's bewitching in the fullest sense of the word. Try it yourself. See what wonders it does for *you*. But be sure you use *genuine* Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless mascara, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities. Black, Brown and the new Blue . . . 75c . . . at all drug and department stores.

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Maybelline

MASCARA



It isn't. These two people may be two in a thousand. The rest of us can't hope to swim channels and run miles unless we are sure our mechanism will stand it.

Too much sleep is sometimes responsible for the putting on of flesh. A healthy woman from 21 to 45 years of age needs no more than eight hours of sleep. So don't go in for naps unless you are undergoing some strain.

Most Hollywood stars have swimming pools. Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and Elissa Landi are devotees of the early morning swim. They'll never be overweight.

Swimming is an excellent way to reduce, as it is to build up the body. If you can't go in for the real thing, try the swimming exercise routine. Lie face down across a piano bench or ottoman. Place palms of hands together elbows bent. Shoot hands out in swimming movement, bring them to sides and back in circular movement, at the same time bend the knees, feet together, and kick feet out, as you would do if you were in the water. If you find it difficult to do the feet and arm movement together, try them separately.

Those who worry over wide hips may vary the usual hip-rolling exercise with this one: Lie on the back, keeping heels on floor, rise to a sitting position, with arms crossed on chest. If it's hard to rise, begin by flinging arms out to give you an impetus. When you can do the exercise easily, increase the pull by clasping the hands at the back of the neck before coming to a sitting position. The sitting position should always be erect.

Hands are an index to any woman's age. You've heard that one before. But it's really simple to keep the hands young. Stimulate the circulation, don't let them get dry and rough. Use a hand-brush for your hands. If you find the skin dry, use an oil-base soap and oil-base cream at night. Massage your hands, using a cream,



Mary Boland, whose health rules James Davies reveals, with her co-star, Charles Ruggles.

rub them together, stretch them and shake them, relax them and feel the youth return.

Youthful movement depends a good deal on the suppleness of the knees. Keep your knee muscles responsive.

Stand with both feet turned slightly outward, one foot a bit advanced. Rise on balls of feet, then slowly flex knees deeply, rise again, lower heels. Repeat half a dozen times.

Stand erect, hands on hips. Take a long step forward with right foot. Bend both knees so left knee touches floor. Rise quickly and step forward on the left foot, flexing knees as before. This time the right knee touches the floor. Take a dozen long steps in this fashion.

James Davies Answers Your Questions

AT YOUR SERVICE

James Davies stands ready to help you with expert advice regarding exercises, diets and sane, healthful ways to gain or reduce weight. If you wish his advice on figure development, write him. Of course, it is not possible for him to answer your letter by mail, but all representative questions will be answered in this magazine, so please don't send envelopes for return reply with your letter. Address James Davies at SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

D. McR., Dubuque, Iowa, and L. C., Galena, Ill.: The only exercise I know of that will increase height is swinging from a gymnasium bar. This stretches the spine. Almost any gym has an exercise bar, and your local Y. W. C. A. can tell you where to get one if you wish to install it at home.

All of you who queried about diet and exercise: It is wise to combine diet with exercise, unless your doctor forbids exercise, or unless you are under-weight, when you will need a building-up diet to combine with your exercises.

Joan J., Jackson, Miss., and Roslyn S., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Yes, your hips are far too wide. You can afford to lose quite a bit there. Try hip-reducing exercises in this and next month's issue. Here is a good one: Sit cross-legged on floor, grasp

toes with hands firmly; swing feet back over head, still holding toes, and rock back and forth; then touch feet to floor over head. Try it until you can do it!

Dorothy C., Goldsboro, N. C.: You are under-weight. Do your daily routine less strenuously and go in for body-building foods. Drink ovaltine at night before going to bed.

Mrs. L. C. W. of Atlanta: and all who write about reducing fatty thighs: The quickest way to rid yourselves of these fatty bulges is to put yourselves into the hands of a good masseur. If you can't afford this, try the cupping massage to soften the quadricep muscle. Here is a good exercise for this trouble: Lie on your back on the floor. Raise both legs at right angles with body, feet together. Open legs in V shape; close and open 10 to 15 times.

Mack, Miami, Florida: For that muddy complexion, drink at least 8 glasses of water a day, eat plenty of fresh vegetables, salads, and fruit. As you are under-weight, drink milk and have broiled steaks often. Follow exercises in this issue.

Mable K., Omaha, Neb.: Do NOT discard your glasses; there may be more becoming frames on the market, though I see nothing wrong with the ones you're wearing. Exercises for eyes work when the muscles are affected, but not for near-sightedness. Men don't object to girls who wear glasses; that's a silly idea! Don't let the idea of glasses hold you back.

Page Miss Glory

Continued from page 31

him as she rushed on the field. It had seemed impossible at first to get there in time, but here she was and there was his plane skimming over the ground and beginning to soar. There was the breathless, unspoken wish. If only she could be with him winging her way through the sky, so close to the stars and the moon she could almost reach out and touch them with her hand! It would be beautiful even to die with a man like Bingo.

All the next day she went around in a dream, her thoughts in the clouds with Bingo. And then the breathless announcement from the radio: "Flash! Bingo Nelson made it! The Quadruplets are saved. Stand by, everybody, while we transfer you to the flying field at Nome where Bingo Nelson has just landed."

There was a sudden rush of tears to Loretta's eyes. Bingo was safe, his voice coming to her as though he were in the room beside her.

"Hello, everybody! I never could have done it without Dawn Glory's picture before me all the way. If she is listening in now, I'm asking her to be my wife!"

The quick, almost unbearable joy was gone. It had been such a beautiful dream she had carried in her heart, but it was over now; and she sighed as she gathered an armful of fresh towels from the linen-room and went into Click's suite.

Bingo's words breathed life into Dawn Glory, made flesh and blood of a photograph that had never existed. Almost as soon as he had signed off, reporters were besieging Click, demanding an interview with the girl who had captured the heart of the nation's latest idol.

"Miss Glory is in bed, completely worn out." Click was thinking fast and talking almost as fast as he was thinking. "A case of over-exposure. I can't discuss her private life with you but maybe tomorrow I'll have another statement."

He slammed the door on the protests of the press and motioned weakly towards the bottle of Scotch on the table. But before Ed could pour him a drink the telephone rang.

"It's the National Radio Network!" He covered the mouth piece and turned to Ed. "They want to broadcast Dawn's answer to Bingo to the nation and they'll hook-in our telephone connection to the broadcast! This is too big to slip by!" He looked frantically around the room and then his eyes snapped as he saw Loretta coming out of the bedroom.

"Hey, come here, you!" he shouted, "and say what I tell you to say over the phone."

"Click, no! She'll gum it all up!" Ed warned desperately, but Click had already grabbed Loretta and brought her to the phone.

"Dawn Glory's here, beside me," he turned to the telephone again. "She's ready to speak. Say when!"

There was a moment of waiting as the connection was tuned in to the broadcast. Then the warning from the announcer, "Ready with Miss Glory? You're on the air."

"Say, 'this is Dawn Glory speaking. I'm the happiest girl in the whole world today.'" Click coached her and then as she repeated the words in a dazed, poll-parrot way he went on, "Tell my hero Bingo Nelson I'm waiting for him with open arms."

With his name on her lips her voice changed, became suddenly alive again and warm. When she repeated after Click, "And here's a kiss for him and the whole United States," it was a girl in love speaking, a girl whose ecstatic voice brought a

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It is the magic of Jantzen-Stitch that gives you an amazing degree of natural-line figure control in a Jantzen. Because of this advanced and exclusive knitting process your Jantzen fits perfectly, permanently. Permitting complete freedom, it firmly but gently holds the body in the natural position of youth. It molds the body in lines of grace and beauty. *Figure control is literally knitted-in!*

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Sally Eilers, Star of the Universal picture, "Women Are Like That," wears the new Jantzen Halter Neck.

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B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS

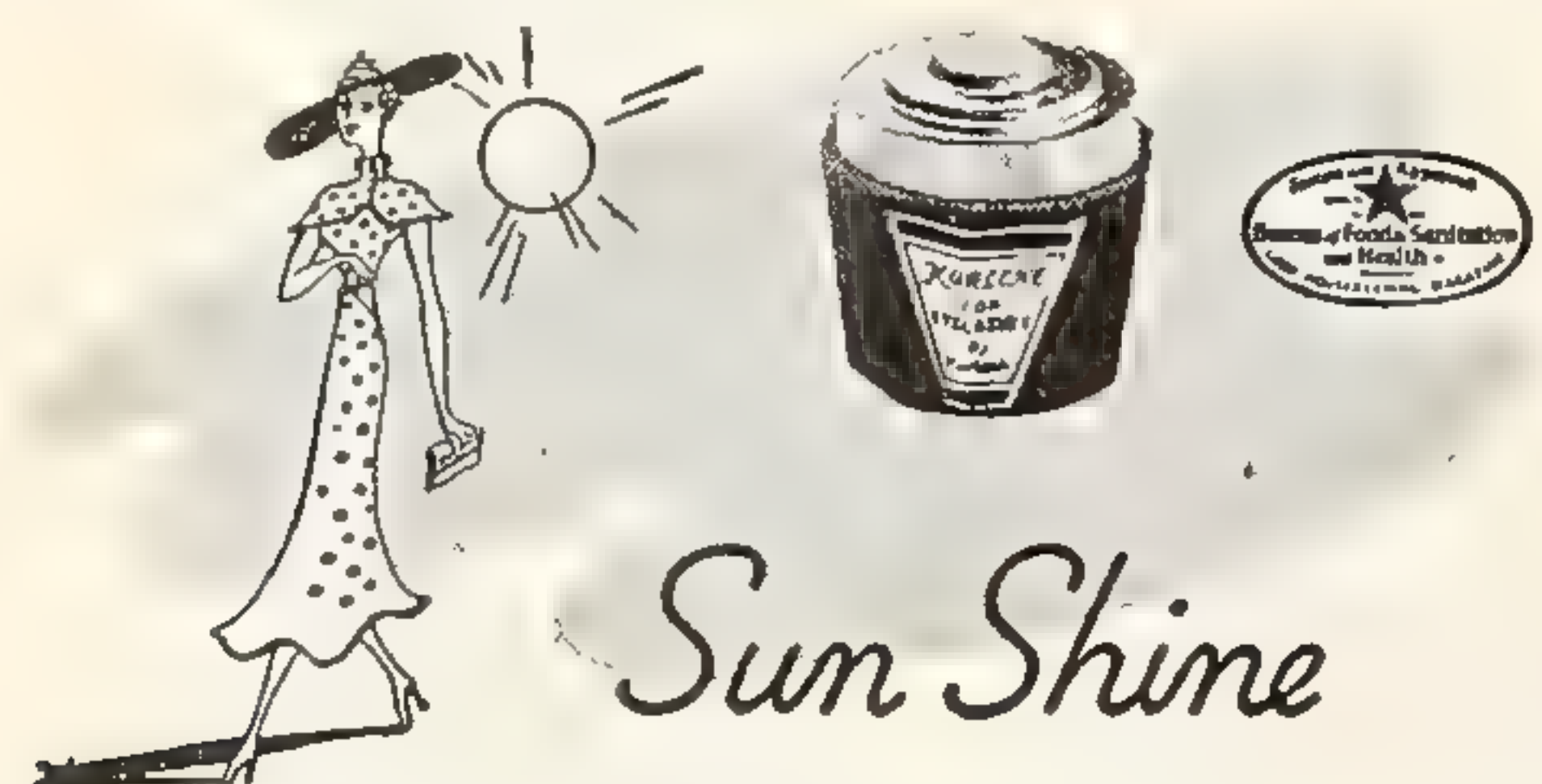
by
Jane
Heath

EYE THE SUN!

LUCKY the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid . . . of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it isn't so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friend Sol can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick!) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is more flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-silhouetted in lovely shadows. KURLASH \$1—and you're a sun-proof beauty right away!



And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only \$1!



Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLENE into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them . . . while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! \$1 in nearby stores!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department C-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 3.

smile of sympathy to everyone listening in. A girl whose voice sent Bingo Nelson in far-away Alaska into a tailspin of delight.

"That was kind of fun," Loretta turned limply away from the phone. "You know for a minute I kinda felt like I *was* Miss Glory. You know, the kiss part!"

Almost every girl in New York was beginning to feel she was Dawn Glory. Beauty shops all over the city were featuring Dawn Glory bobs and Dawn Glory finger waves and Dawn Glory plucked eyebrows until girls from Tenth Avenue to Park began to look as if they had all been poured out of the same mould. Even Loretta paid half a week's salary to look as much as possible like the girl who had captured her hero's heart.

The Dawn Glory popularity deluged the suite where Click and Ed and Gladys were struggling against this gigantic Galatea they had created. Every mail brought prospects of an aluring contract of some sort or other for the imaginary beauty, Dawn Glory. Nemo Yeast offered two thousand dollars for a weekly beauty talk on their broadcast and their rival company, Royal Yeast, doubled the amount. Messenger boys staggered in under boxes of candy and fruit and flowers; dress manufacturers sent samples of the new Dawn Glory styles.

A gold-mine lay before their dazed eyes and they were unable to get even a solitary nugget out of it. And Slattery, the star reporter of the Express, was beginning to get ugly under Click's persistent refusal to allow him to interview Miss Glory. He had something on Click, too, a little incident out of the past that Click preferred to forget.

There was only one thing to do. Make a clean breast of the Dawn Glory hoax and throw himself on Slattery's mercy. Even if the story broke and they would have to return the prize money it would be better than having a rather unsavory chapter of his colorful past career revealed at this late date.

"No such person as Dawn Glory?" Slattery laughed when Click finally blurted out the truth. "Who do you think I am? Little Boy Blue?"

"He's telling the truth," Gladys insisted. "Click invented her."

"And I'm her Daddy," Ed put in glumly. Somehow with all of them explaining at once how the idea had been born and how Ed had made the composite photograph,

Slattery was beginning to believe the fantastic story in spite of himself.

But Click congratulated himself on the success of his story too quickly. Just as Slattery was opening the door to go, Bingo rushed past him into the room.

"Where is she?" He shouted. "Where's Dawn?"

Slattery's eyes hardened and he stepped back into the room.

"Look here, Bingo," Click protested. "You can't break in on me like this. I'm busy."

But Bingo hadn't defied blizzards and death in his race back from Nome to be put off as easily as this.

"Lay off me." He eyed Click belligerently. "Since when can't a guy give his girl her engagement ring? Look," he pulled it from his pocket with a fatuous grin. "I just got it! It's all engraved and everything."

"Come on, Bingo," Ed took his arm. "Can't you see Click's busy?"

"Wait a minute." Slattery put in sharply. "This Dawn Glory is your sweetie—eh, Mr. Nelson?"

"My sweetie?" Bingo shouted. "I'm going to marry her!"

"Thanks," Slattery's mouth clamped over the word. His eyes were blazing as he turned to Click again. "Chiseler! I'm giving you exactly half an hour to produce the girl—or else!"

Click saw it would be impossible to convince Slattery now, and he was seeing a fortune slipping through his fingers when the two left.

"We'll have to beat it," he said wearily. "The game's up."

Gladys started fearfully as the buzzer rang but it was only a messenger with another box from a dress manufacturer.

"Look!" she laughed bitterly as she opened the box. "Another Dawn Glory dress! Hey," she called as Loretta opened the door gingerly and came in with an armful of fresh linen, "take this in the bedroom with you."

Loretta sighed rapturously as she closed the door behind her. She had never seen anything so lovely before and she couldn't resist the temptation to hold it in front of her and see how she would look in it. It brought out the blue in her eyes and made them look like the cornflowers in the meadows back home. Only her cheeks and lips looked pale against the deep blue of the



Conference on "Page Miss Glory." Here you see Director Mervyn LeRoy, extreme right, "running through" a scene for the new Marion Davies picture, with Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, and Miss Davies listening in.



Noah Beery is another Hollywood star signed for British films. Above, with his son, Noah, Jr.

dress, which accented her trim figure.

She took her vanity case from her apron pocket and stenciled a deep geranium over her lips and dabbed her cheeks with rouge. And then, trembling at her own temerity, she slipped out of her uniform and into the glamorous dress.

Funny, with her eyes shining like that and her hair curled in the new Dawn Glory bob and her eyebrows plucked to the Dawn Glory pencil line, she looked like Dawn Glory herself. She smiled, and somehow the resemblance became even more striking.

Gladys started as she opened the bedroom door. For a moment she thought she had gone crazy, really crazy, and little wonder, too, with Slattery followed by almost every other newspaper man in the city breaking into the suite and demanding his pound of flesh in the person of Miss Glory. Then she saw it was only Loretta.

Click himself had never thought of a scheme more quickly than Gladys did now. If the girl could fool her, she could fool anybody. And if a Dawn Glory could be produced for a gasping world there was no end to the fortune they could all make.

"Listen," she whispered frantically. "You're Dawn Glory, understand? You can act like her, can't you? Act as if you're the most beautiful girl in the world? Now when I tell you, come out."

She opened the door and laughed as she heard Click trying to brazen his way out of the situation.

"Well, if Garbo can get away without being interviewed, why can't Dawn Glory?" Click was saying. "She's a bigger name than Garbo right now."

"That's all right, Click," Gladys could hardly speak in her excitement. "Maybe the time has come to draw aside the veil of mystery. It might be better, after all, to let them see Dawn Glory. Now, boys, go easy on our little girl, please. She frightens easily."

She stepped aside—and Loretta walked slowly out of the bedroom, with her hand on her hip and undulating a little as she walked, like the mannequins she had seen in newsreel fashion shows. Slowly she drifted past the admiring reporters, past Click's incredulous stare, and posed for a moment in front of the window. The sun pouring in changed her hair to molten gold, and her smile was like the opening of all heaven.

Only that morning she had been Loretta, the drab chambermaid, making beds and dusting and emptying ash trays. Afternoon had come—and with it, magic. Suddenly, here she was, Dawn Glory, the most beautiful girl in the world!

(To Be Continued.)

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"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

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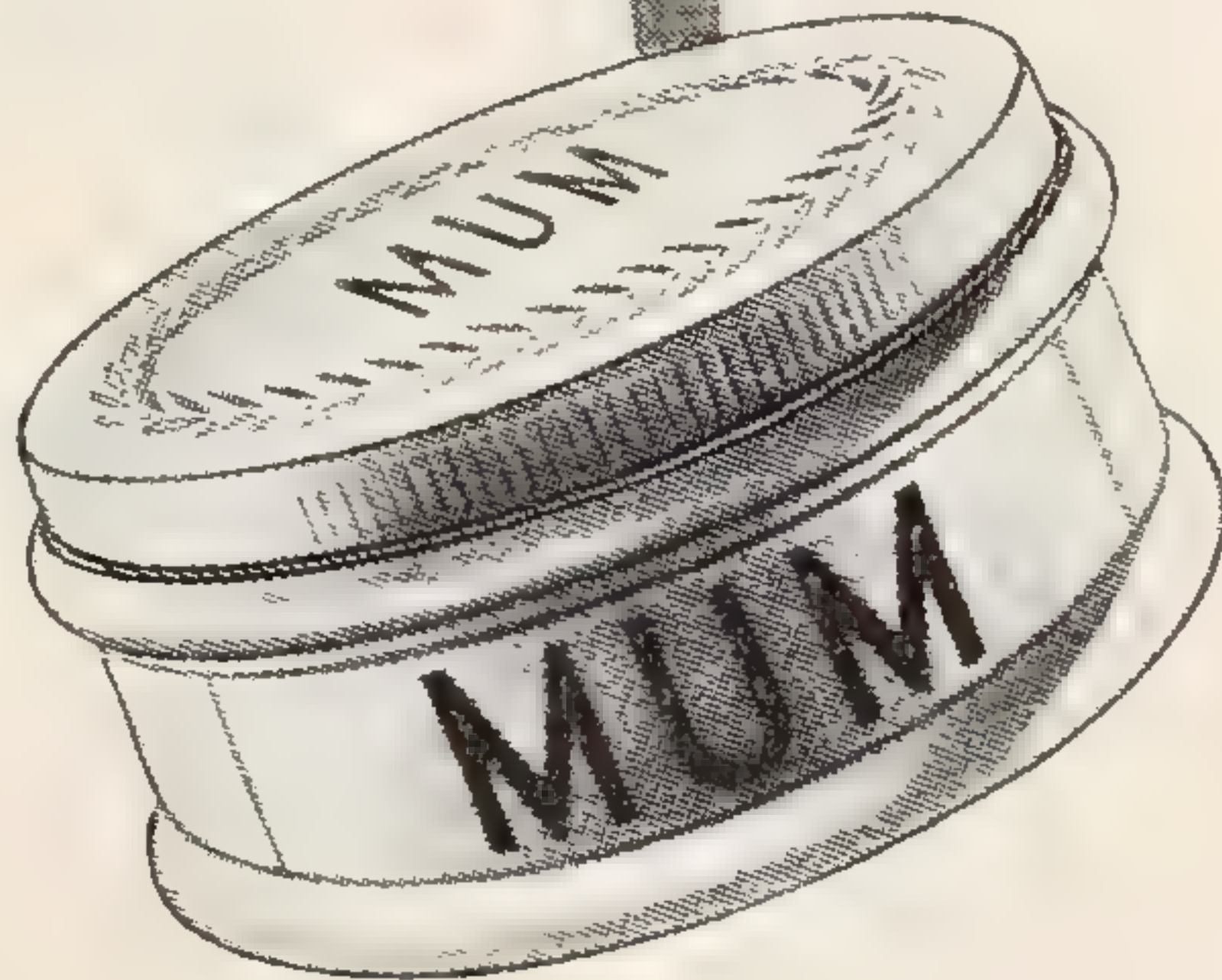
You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

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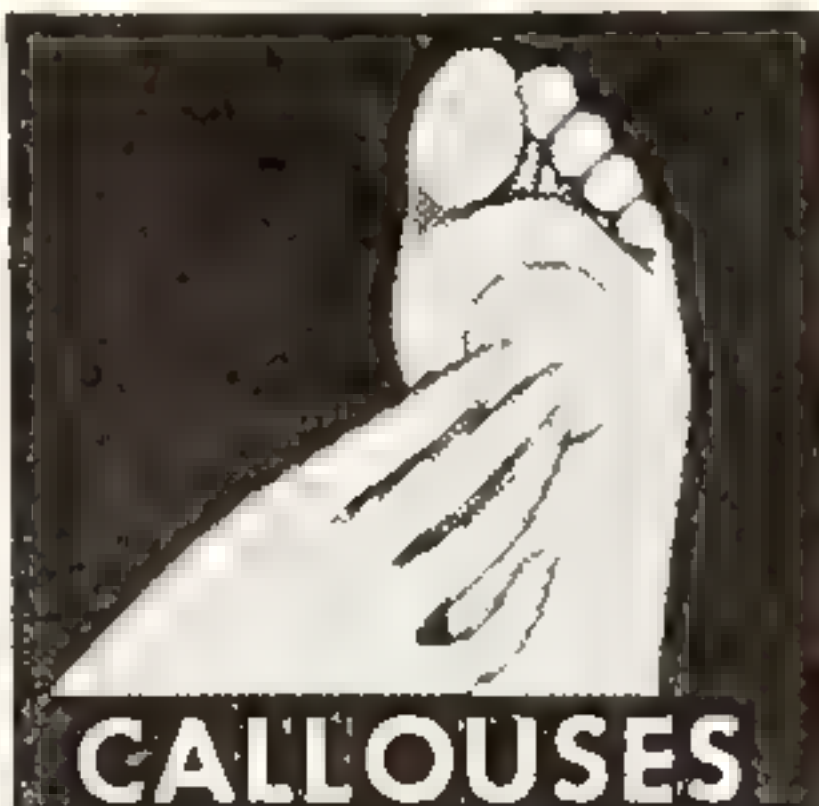
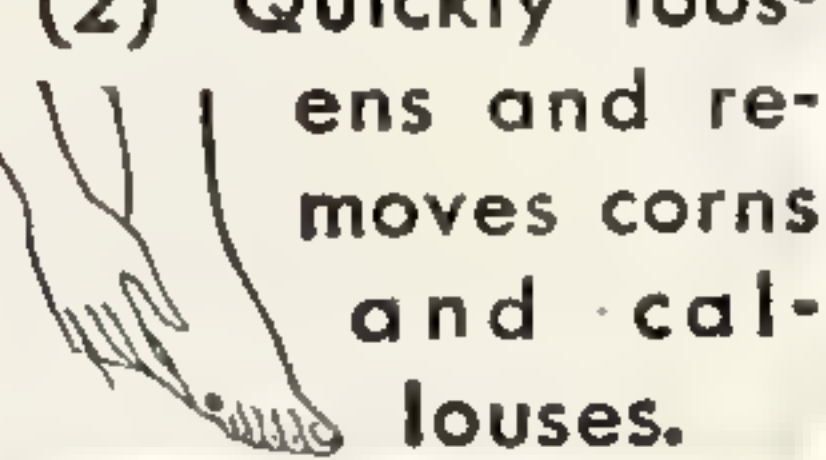
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YANKY Clover may sound 'way down East to you, but it's really from the Chinese, and is one of the most subtle perfumes that ever wafted its way down Sunset Boulevard. Yanky is a Chinese flower with a rare fragrance that seems to combine all the sophisticated wisdom of the Oriental ancients with the freshness of a field of new-mown clover. It's an old, old scent but Richard Hudnut has found a brand new use for it—one of those delightfull Summer ensembles of dusting powder, Eau de Cologne and talcum to

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A whiff of Chinese magic—in the Hudnut manner.



For hair beauty and health—a Duart permanent wave.



A wealth of smart sweetness in Pinaud's Lilac skin perfume.

keep you fresh and consistently sweet all the hot day long. If you're a bit wary of the Oriental tang of Yanky Clover, Hudnut has the same ensemble in Narcisse, a deliciously fresh flower fragrance. By any chance, are violets your passion? Hudnut has a grand big box of Violet Sec dusting powder, not nearly as expensive as you might expect.

THERE'S nothing quite like midsummer sun to spotlight your hair. How about that permanent? Is it the "joy forever" you hoped it would be or is it just one of those things you wish you hadn't done? Maybe you're among the ever-increasing horde who've resolved never to have another permanent after the last flop. Well, here's a tip on taking the risk out of permanents. When you get a Duart wave, the pads used on your hair come in a sealed-in-cellophane package. The lotion is in an individual bottle. Believe us, clean pads and fresh lotion are mighty important if you want to be ultra sure your permanent is going to be a big success! Much as we dislike putting the horrible thought in your heads, women sometimes do inherit scalp disorders from used pads. Duart started in Hollywood, where the stars have gone for it in a big way. They, of all people, can't afford to take chances!

ENTER Lilac of France skin perfume from the House of Pinaud! Just what is a skin perfume, and why? It's a light scent which can be spread lavishly over wide areas of skin and which takes on a different fragrance with each individual; actually becomes a part of you. Our natural skin scents are widely varying, you know. If you must be shown, just spread a little Lilac of France on your hand—then some on a friend's. See what a difference there is in the aroma! Lilac of France can be used as a bath essence, body rub-down, skin fragrance and facial astringent. Incidentally, lilac shades are high fashion for clothes.

Will Rogers

Continued from page 25

is cagey with his money; that he guards it too closely. During his Roach comedy days, he often let his checks accumulate for weeks. This used to worry C. H. Roach, Hal's father who was treasurer of the company. Mr. Roach would remonstrate with Will, but the latter would only grin shyly and say, "I just can't remember to get that pay check."

One night when Roach accompanied Rogers home from the studio, he was introduced to an old family friend—Jim Minnick, a horse dealer from New Mexico. Will had a habit of removing his glasses and fingering them, when he wasn't reading, (he still does it). This dirties the lens, and Mrs. Rogers spends much of her time cleaning the glasses. That night, when Rogers absent-mindedly removed his spectacles, his wife complained, "Oh Will, now you've got your glasses dirty again, and I'll have to wash them."

Minnick looked at her and commented, "Why don't you just wash his thumbs, Betty?" Will still laughs about that remark. When he is too persistent about removing the glasses, his wife reminds him of Minnick's crack, and back on the nose go the specs.

Rogers' silent pictures were not profitable. Roach soon agreed with Sam Goldwyn that Will's humor had to be heard, rather than seen. At the end of his first contract option, Will himself decided to quit the screen. He gave a stag dinner in a log cabin in the garden of his home, to which he invited Roach, Mack Sennett, William S. Hart, and other prominent men of the day. At the conclusion of the dinner, Will announced that the guests had to furnish their own entertainment.

"I'm tired of making speeches," he said. "I want every guest to get up and give a truthful account of why he quit work and started in pictures." Some weird stories followed.

Before he could carry out his plan to leave Hollywood, Will agreed to make one more feature picture. It was "A Texas Steer," and Rogers played the rôle of a Texas rancher who was elected to Congress.

"I was picked for the part," said Rogers, "because all the rest of the actors in Hollywood had morality clauses in their contracts, and were afraid to act like Congressmen."

During the filming of "A Texas Steer," a constant parade of government officials—Senators, Congressmen, and lesser dignitaries—visited the studio sets. Will's piercing satires had touched them through his writings; no doubt they were curious to know if they were to be kidded in the picture. A funny incident occurred one day when a chap in top-hat and cutaway arrived. Rogers glanced at him and drawled, "How're you, Senator?" But the man was no Senator; he was an extra with a company at work on an adjoining stage. Later Rogers said to him, "I'm sorry I called you 'Senator.' You ain't sore, are you?"

"A Texas Steer" was Will's *au revoir* to Hollywood for a long time. In 1923, he left the film colony. The next few years found him back on Broadway, or traveling about the world. His only motion picture experiences during this period were a series of comic scenics, titled "Strolling Through Europe with Will Rogers." They were classics of humor, and are still being exhibited in theatres.

In 1929, Rogers returned to Hollywood. Talking pictures were then in full opera-

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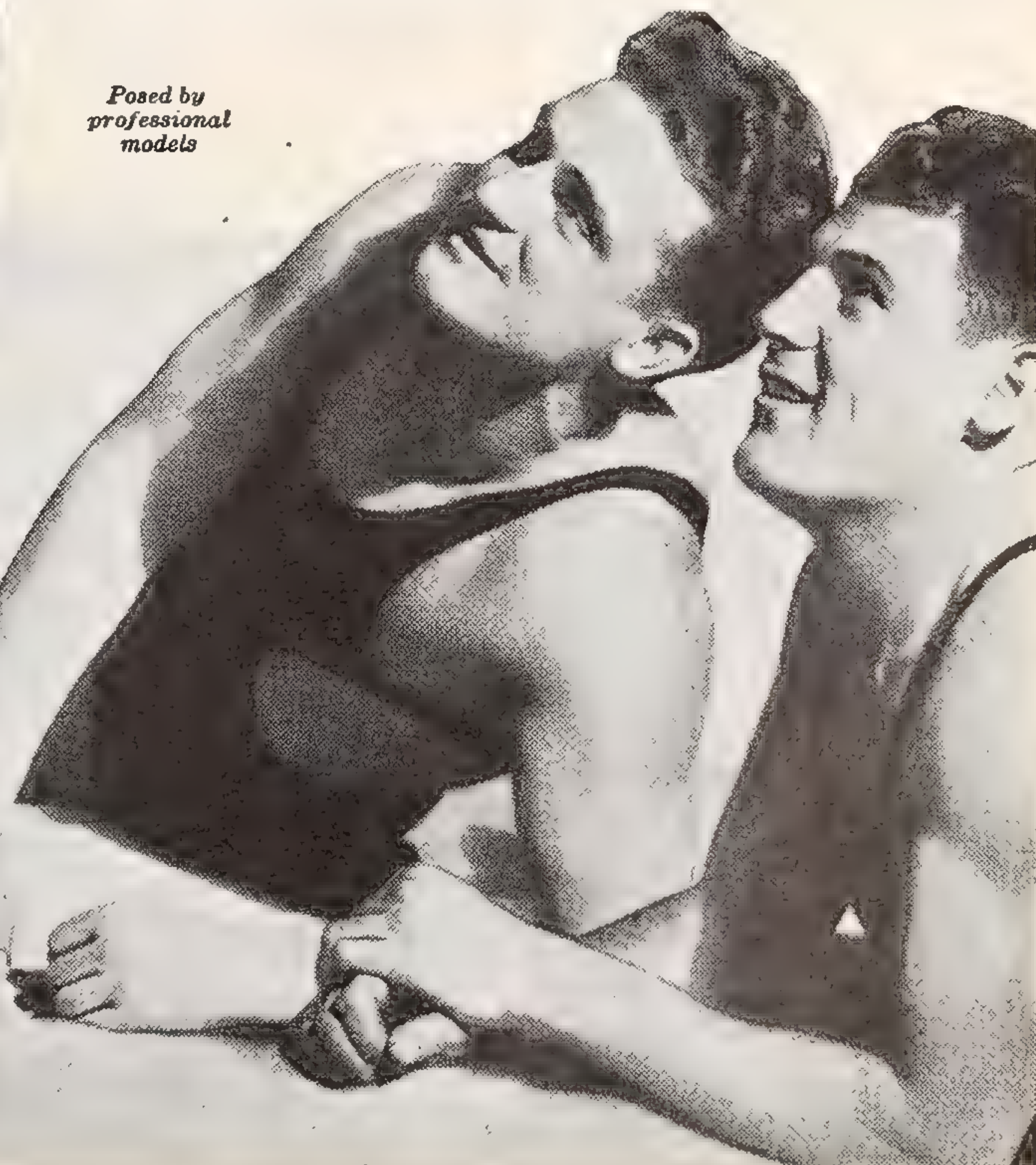
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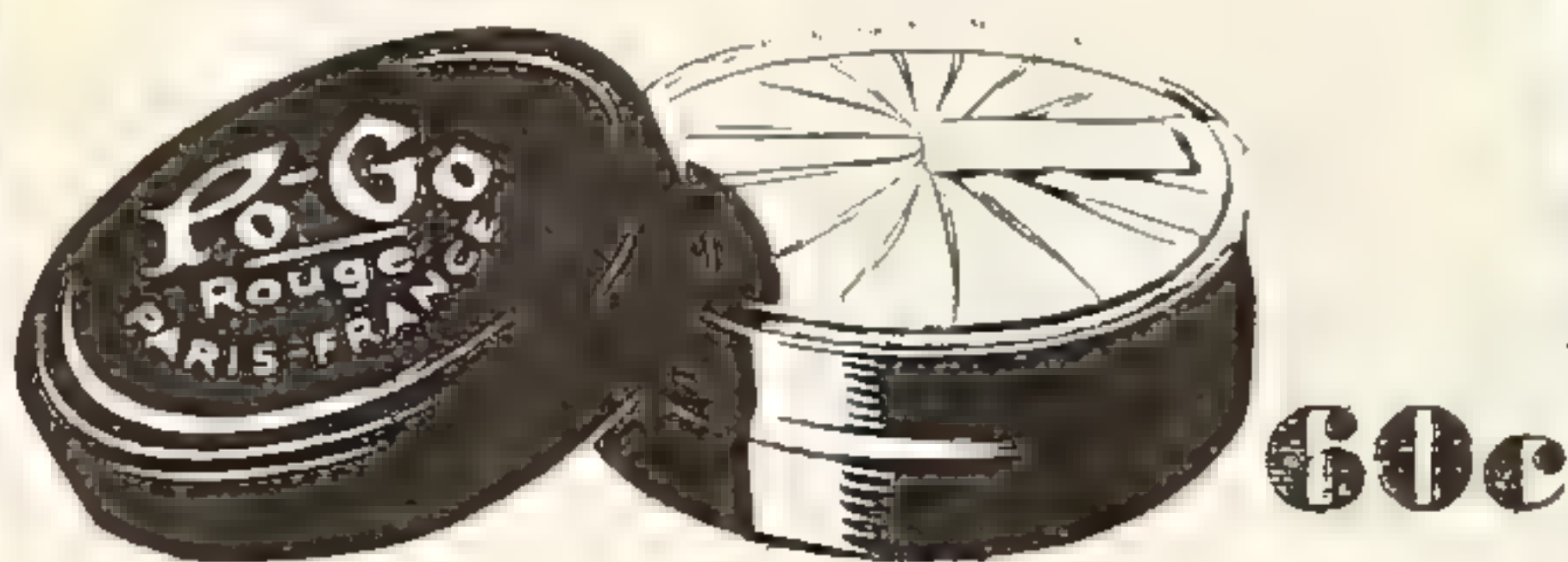
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tion, and the screen now had found a way to capture the charm and personality of Will's voice, as well as the rich wit and wisdom that fairly roll off his tongue. His first picture on his second advent into cinemaland was "They Had to See Paris." It was an immediate triumph. The man who had failed in Hollywood a few years previous, now became a box-office sensation.

He was given a bungalow dressing-room at the New Fox studio, but it was so elaborate he refused to use it. "I come to work in my picture clothes," he explained, "and I don't wear make-up. I ain't going to spoil that pretty house slopping around in it."

Soon after completion of "They Had to See Paris," Will raced to New York to take Fred Stone's place in a show. Stone, a lifelong friend, had broken his leg in an airplane crash. When he heard about the accident, Will wired C. B. Dillingham, the show's producer: "I'LL PINCH HIT FOR FRED UNTIL HE CAN DANCE AGAIN." Rogers and the producer never talked once about salary. Dillingham simply mailed a signed check, and invited the star to fill in his own figures. It was Will's own stipulation that the theatre billing read, "WILL ROGERS, PINCH-HITTING FOR FRED STONE."

His next picture was "So This Is London," a sequel to "They Had to See Paris," and one of the very few pictures ever to re-assemble an entire cast. "Lightnin'" followed, and established a team that has since appeared together many times—Rogers and Louise Dresser.

Then came "Young as You Feel," in which Rogers for the first time donned a full-dress suit. The real task, though, wasn't getting him into the suit. The hard job was persuading Will to put oil on his hair and slick it down. "I feel like a drugstore cowboy," he muttered. "If any Senators was to see me now, I'd sure be ashamed of myself."

In 1931, he abandoned his screen career for a few weeks, and made an aerial tour of the territory affected by the Mississippi river floods. He worked in the interests of the sufferers, making personal appearances and turning the proceeds over to charity. He was credited with raising funds sufficient to feed 150,000 flood victims. While legislators were sitting around wondering what to do, Rogers did it.

That same year, Los Angeles was having difficulty raising money for the Community Chest. Rogers volunteered to appear for one week in a Los Angeles theatre. His salary—\$12,500—was turned over to the Chest.

"Connecticut Yankee," Rogers' next step, looms as his only "spectacular production." "Ev'rybody in pictures has got to do an epic, and this is mine," Will said of "Connecticut Yankee." "Now I can hold my head up again." When sequences were made during which the principals and thousands of extras wore knights' armor, Rogers remarked: "They ought to dress our Congressmen in these tin outfits. Then they could go around beatin' on each other's iron suits, and that's the only way I know they could make more noise without doing nothing, than they do now."

During "Business and Pleasure," Rogers organized his own studio quartette, composed of an electrician and two grips. Will sang his famous "high tenor." Between scenes, the foursome would get their heads together and harmonize everything from grand opera to jazz-time. Those same three workmen still belong to the crew that makes Rogers' pictures; Will demands them. The quartette is as good as some that get paid for entertaining on the radio. This love of singing dates back to his Hal Roach comedy days, when Will, Charley

Chase, director Leo McCarey, and a grip or juicer, (electrician), formed "The Roach Quartette, Songs Sung to Order."

Writing Rogers' cinematic biography is a matter of quoting smart quips, where in past cases of other stars, it has consisted of relating experiences during production. So let us proceed to Will's next picture, "Ambassador Bill." One of his prize witticisms of all time was uttered by Rogers, when a studio official said to him, "Prince Mdvani, (the often wed Georgian Prince), would like to meet you." Will answered, "I'll meet him, but I'll tell you right now—I won't marry him!"

"Down to Earth" and "Too Busy to Work" were made without hap or mishap.

Next in line was "State Fair," the Fox all-star picture which had in its cast: Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Louise Dresser, Norman Foster and others. When Will and the cast met on the set the first day, he looked around meditatively, and murmured, "Looks like my easy days are over. I gotta learn to act if I'm goin' to hold up my end with all you people."

He recalled these words later when a prize-winning hog was imported for the picture. "Finally got a feller in the cast that can't out-act me," Rogers said. Incidentally, Will was the lone member of the cast who did not shy away from the giant hog. He and the porker became good pals. Will accomplished this by feeding the hog daily, and thus "getting in good" with the brute. "Hogs is different from folks," he remarked. "They don't bite the hand that feeds them."

"Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch" and "David Harum" followed in rapid succession. Then came "Handy Andy," during which the star appeared clad in a leopard skin—nothing else. Now Will is no youth, and everyone was amazed by the shapeliness of his bare legs. He explained that with, "I oughta have good legs. Look how long I was in the Follies."

Rogers turns out more pictures than most of the important stars. Rated tops among the box-office attractions, he is the surprise of Hollywood in that he never complains about how often he works.

During the filming of "The County Chairman," Will was engaged on the set when an assistant director notified him of the arrival of a man with a bust of Rogers. "Does the statue look like me?" asked the star. "Well, it hasn't got wrinkles," the assistant admitted. "The man wanted to see you before he put in the wrinkles." Rogers chewed his gum thoughtfully, then said: "If he's over twenty, send him home. He'd never live long enough to put in all the wrinkles."



Margaret Sullavan, back from her honeymoon abroad. A welcome home to you, Margaret!

Rogers had the time of his life, during the filming of "Judge Priest," promoting the romance between Anita Louise and Tom Brown, who played young lovers in the picture, and are real-life flames. Will often called them to one side and gave them bits of wise advice. The sage sayings he uttered about marriage would make a good book. Of course, he is in a position to advise, because his own marriage is one of the longest-lived and happiest in Hollywood.

There was a chap in this picture who was a wonder in the art of tobacco-spitting. His screen scenes were trivial compared to some of his real feats, such as spitting through a fence knot-hole from twenty feet away. Will tried to compete with this man, but gave up in disgust. "Spit from my chewing gum," he complained, "don't hold together like your tobacco juice."

"Life Begins at Forty" is the next step in his screen biography. The director of this picture had heard that Rogers was a great quit-promptly-at-five-o'clock actor, but he learned that this rumor is no more than that—a rumor. The company usually quit at that hour, but Will often worked later when there were big scenes to be completed, or when there were large sets crowded with extras, whose hold-over meant considerable added expense. Other times, he would wait around the set an hour or so, even if his own scenes had been completed.

During the making of "Life Begins at 40," a famous Hindu who has not spoken for more than a decade visited the set. The non-talker and the much-talker were introduced. Will commented, "So you haven't said a word in more than ten years?" The Hindu smiled and bowed in assent. "Mighty smart man. Mighty smart man," Rogers said. "Everything's been said anyway."

The latest addition to his long list of fine pictures is "Doubting Thomas." Billie Burke is the leading lady, and she was cast for the rôle at Will's own request. She is the wife of his former employer, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, and is one of his best friends.

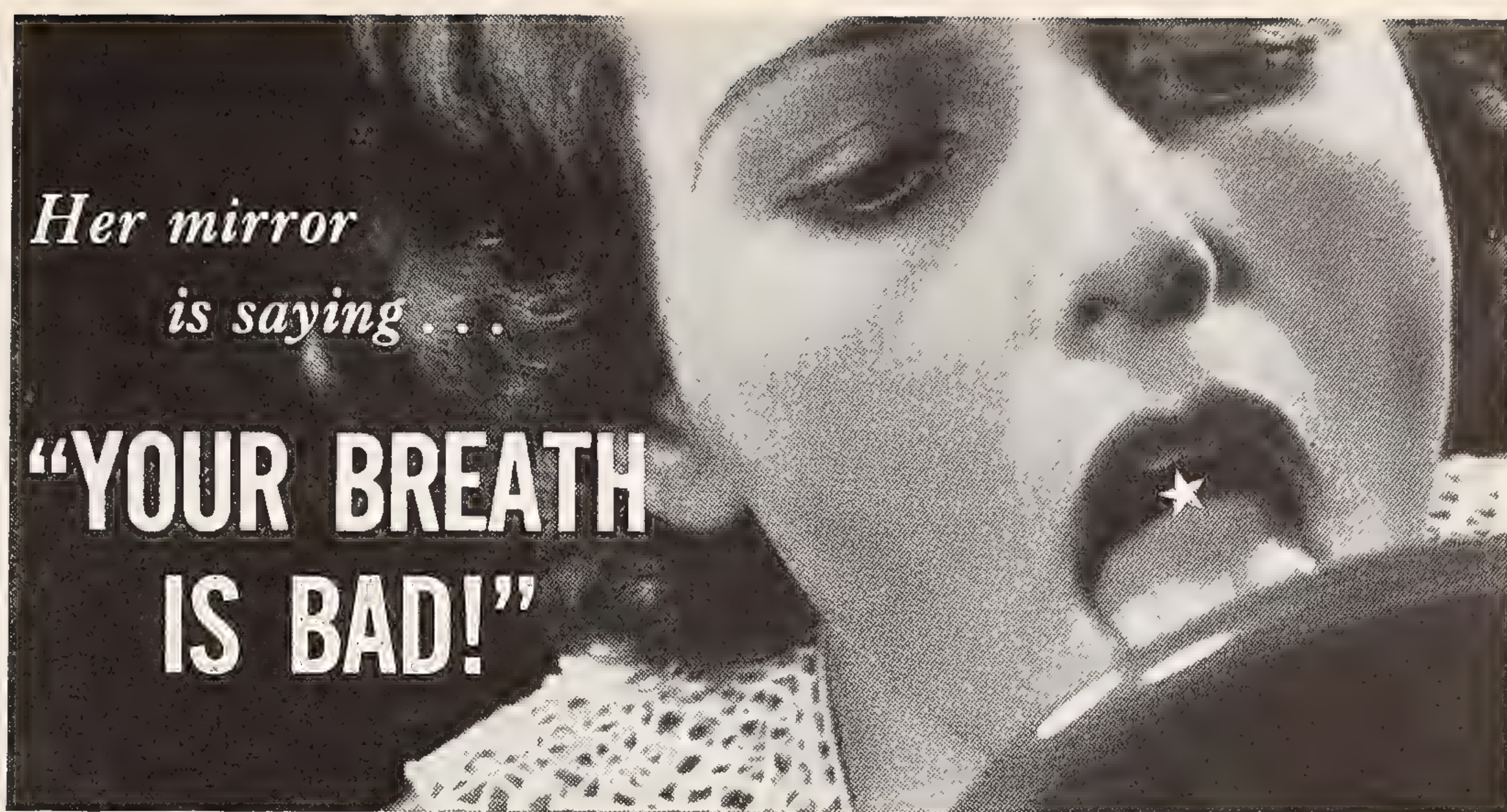
The cast also included another of Rogers' old friends, Andrew Tombes, with whom Will staged his famous barefoot act for the "Follies" in 1923. This act ran three minutes in front of the curtain, while scenery was being changed behind. Will thought it up himself; he and Tombes came out of the wings doing an "Off to Buffalo," dressed in tails and top-hats but wearing no shoes. The sketch was a riot, and people howled throughout. The two men sang, too, but the laughter during their act was so loud and long that nobody ever learned the words of their song.

Will is usually preoccupied on the sets. He is either reading newspapers in search of ideas, or writing his daily or Sunday newspaper columns, or conferring with directors or the managers of his various enterprises. Because of this, he has little time for jokes and stunts, common to many other stars.

He has the happy faculty of being able to sleep anywhere or any time. He can sit in a chair and go sound to sleep. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, he will wake up, full of pep and ready to go.

Thus ends the screen cinematic biography to date of motion pictures' most respected star, and Hollywood's least interviewed man. He is important by reason of his accomplishments, but inconspicuous by reason of his own reserve and modesty. There is no show-off about Rogers. He has been known to walk five miles across country to see old friends, when he could have a cavalcade of cars if he so wished.

He is a Democrat, politically and in truth.



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This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of **SCREENLAND** for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows:

Copies Sold 221,406

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(Signed) **J. SUPERIOR**, Secretary.

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 26th day

of April, 1935.

(Notary's Seal) **E. A. GEELAN, JR.**

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 9

use. To make, pick young green nasturtium seeds, wash well with cold water to which has been added half a cup of salt to each four cups of water used. Let stand overnight. Drain and dry well with a soft cloth. Pack in clean bottles and pour over a cold spiced vinegar made by adding to four cups of vinegar four tablespoons tarragon vinegar, four tablespoons horseradish, four tablespoons salt, two cloves and twelve peppercorns. Let stand twelve months and use in place of capers.

Quince Pickles

Eight pounds quinces, eight cups of sugar, two cups vinegar, one-half ounce cloves, one-half ounce cinnamon, one-quarter ounce allspice, two blades mace. Boil the quinces for twenty minutes in just enough water to cover them. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices for eight minutes. Drain the quinces, put them into the simmering syrup and boil for eight minutes.

Divide into jars and seal when cool. After the informal meal, Joel stretched out on the clover next to the summer-house and Frances brought a cushion and sat close beside him.

"We all need a siesta after eating," asserted Frances. "Relax! It's wonderful! I used to be so nervous and tense. I'd rush along at fifty miles an hour, my poor silly brain speeding ahead of me, worrying about what it had to do next. Now, that's all over. Ranch life has taught me to relax. Eat slowly, enjoy your food, rest afterward and then work. Also don't try to do everything at once. I feel like a new person!"

Joel and Frances can't help talking about their ranch. The tree problem, for example. Joel is directly responsible for a dozen Monterey cypress trees that he has planted on a hillside near the water tank.

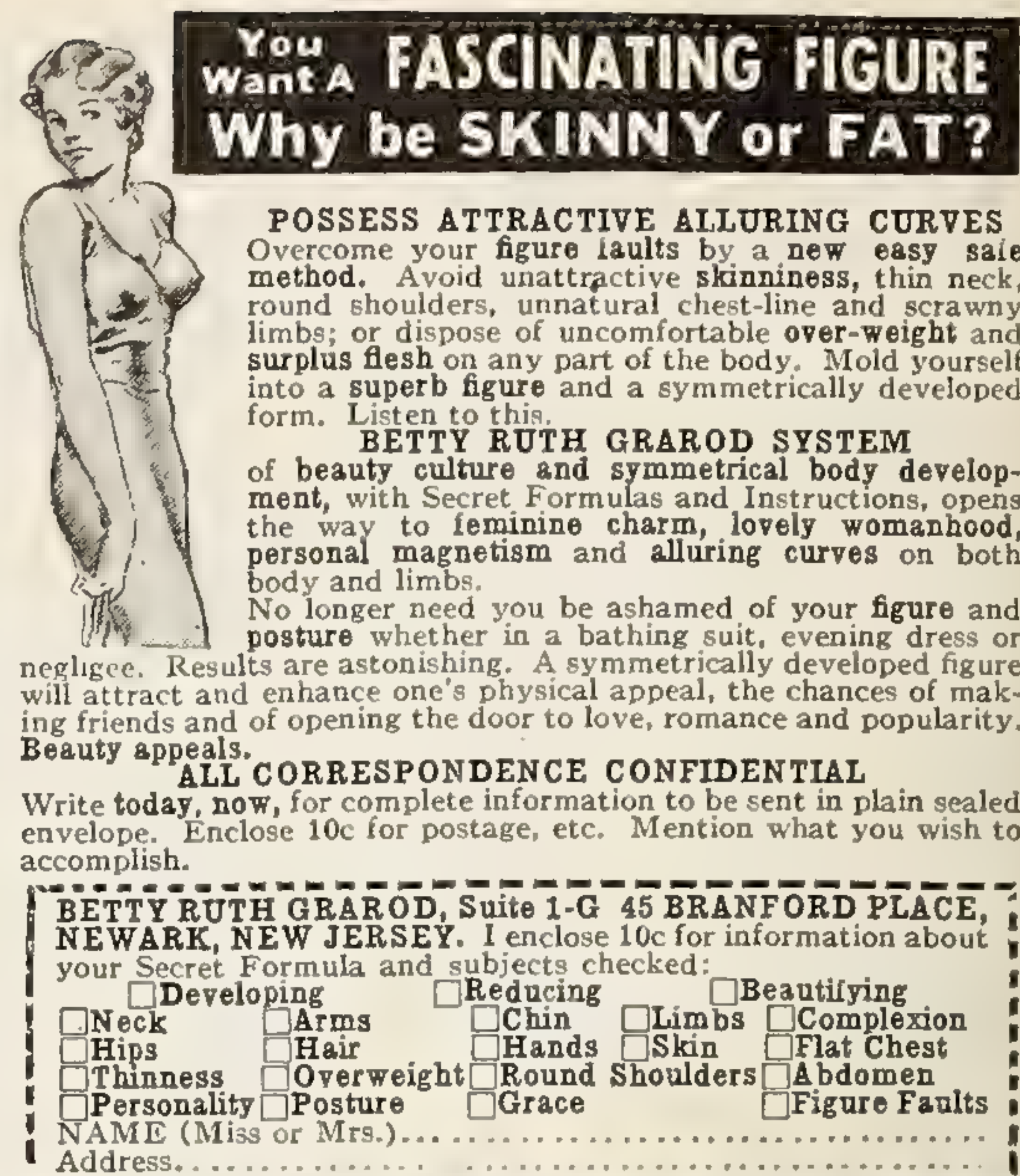
"I went shopping for trees last week," observed Frances, "and I saw the most beautiful old elm that I could have had for \$400—I'd rather have a tree than a fur coat any day!—but it was so big the state highway department wouldn't let me bring it over to the ranch."

The house is another absorbing topic with the young McCreas. And no wonder! The living-room walls are of white-washed brick and knotty pine with a driftwood finish. There's a big fireplace with a lion-skin before it, and the furniture consists of family heirlooms with the exception of an old-fashioned organ.

"We searched everywhere for that organ," remembered Frances, running her fingers over the yellow keys, "but we couldn't find one. We'd given up when Mother discovered it in a little Sunday School in Santa Monica. It's a relic of old California days. I had it reconditioned and renovated. It's such fun fixing up a house! But very difficult getting things that belong together. You see, we use a lot of homespun draperies and so on, and plenty of rag rugs, hooked rugs, old oil lamps wired for electricity. You must see that sampler in Joel's room. His grandmother worked it herself!"

"God Bless Our Home," says the sampler, hanging over Joel's beautiful rosewood bed, another old family piece.

I think He does, for Frances and Joel are very sweet to one another; they seem to have something other couples haven't—something intangible and precious, besides that very tangible and beloved young Joel Dee, who appeared briefly in a blue sun-bonnet and sun suit.



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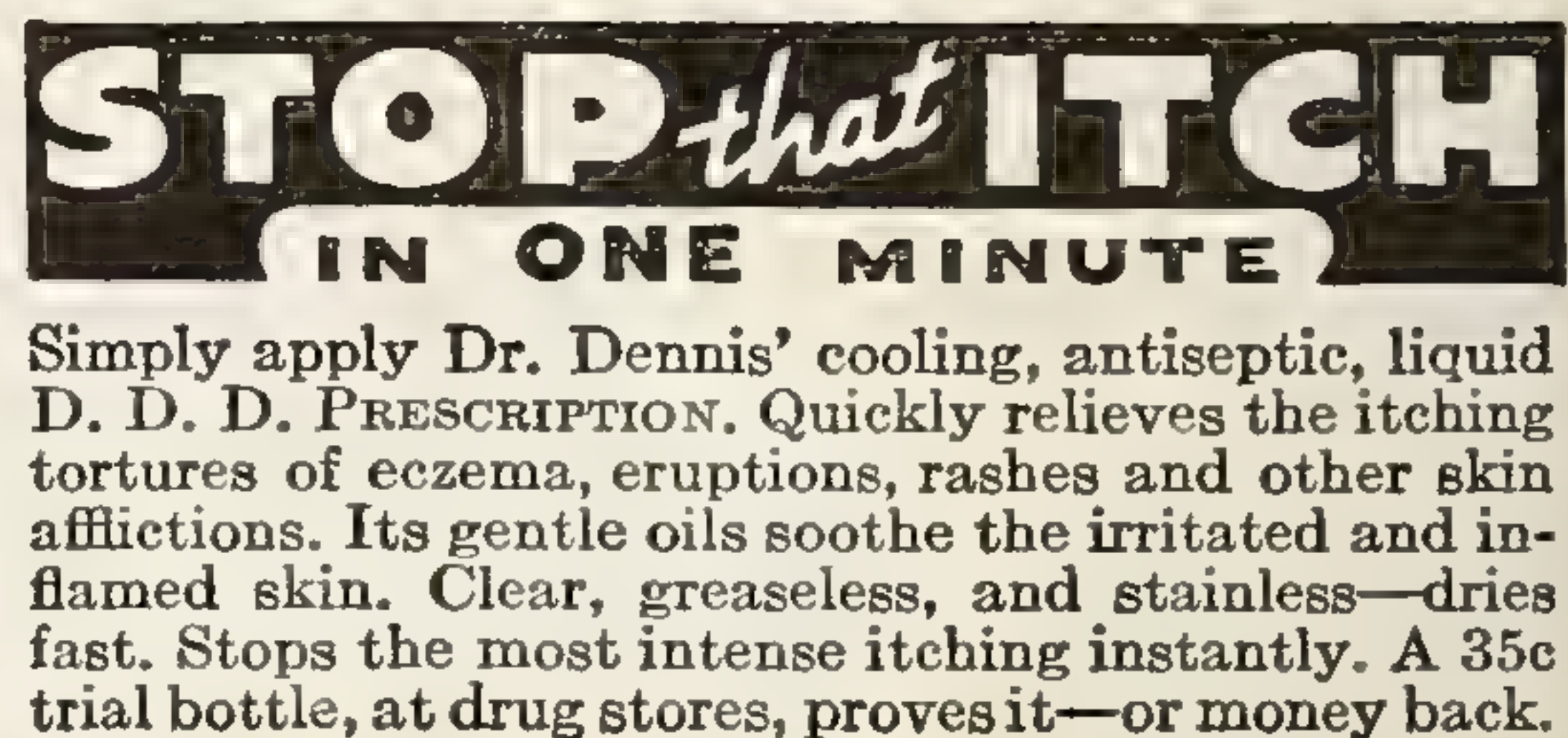
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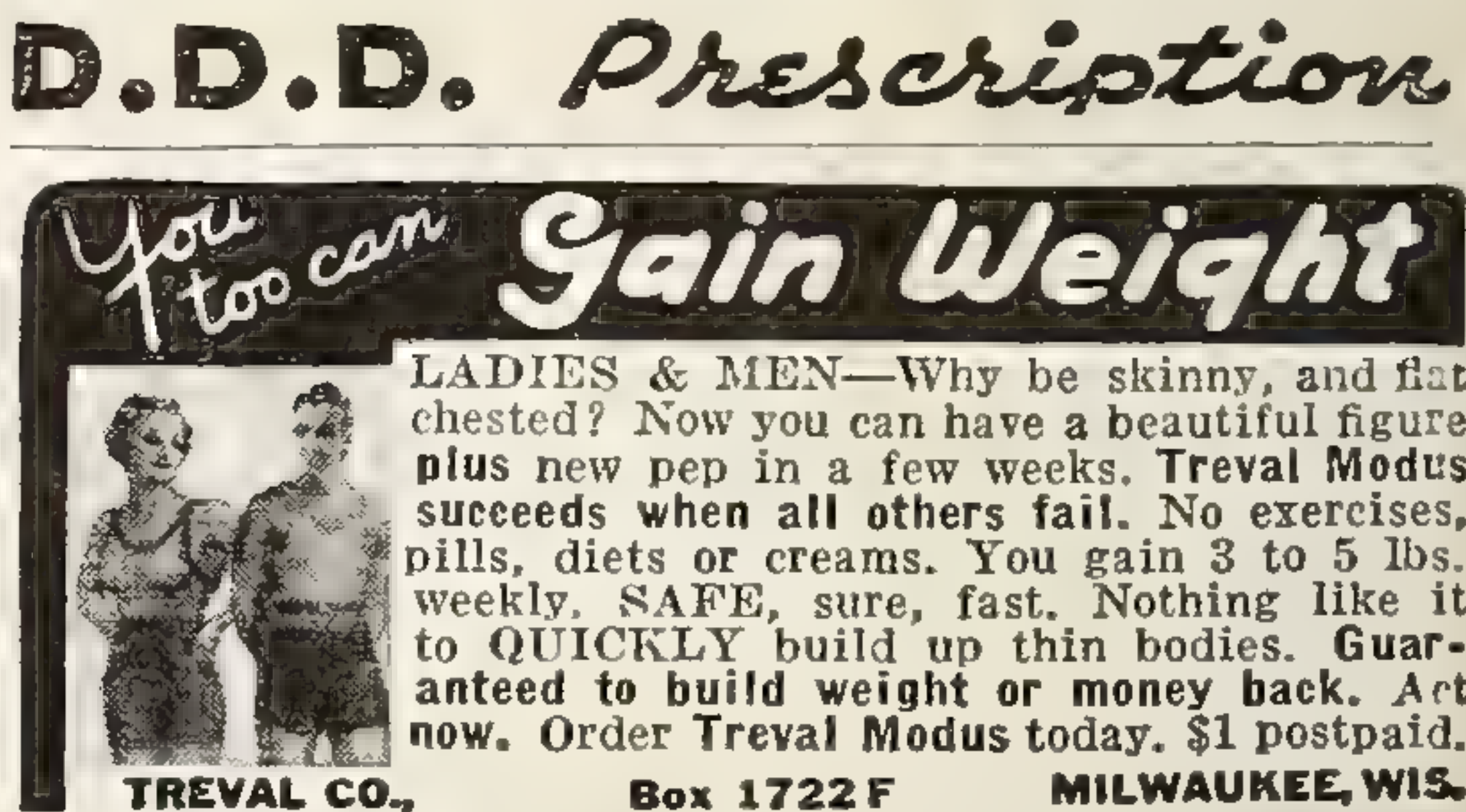
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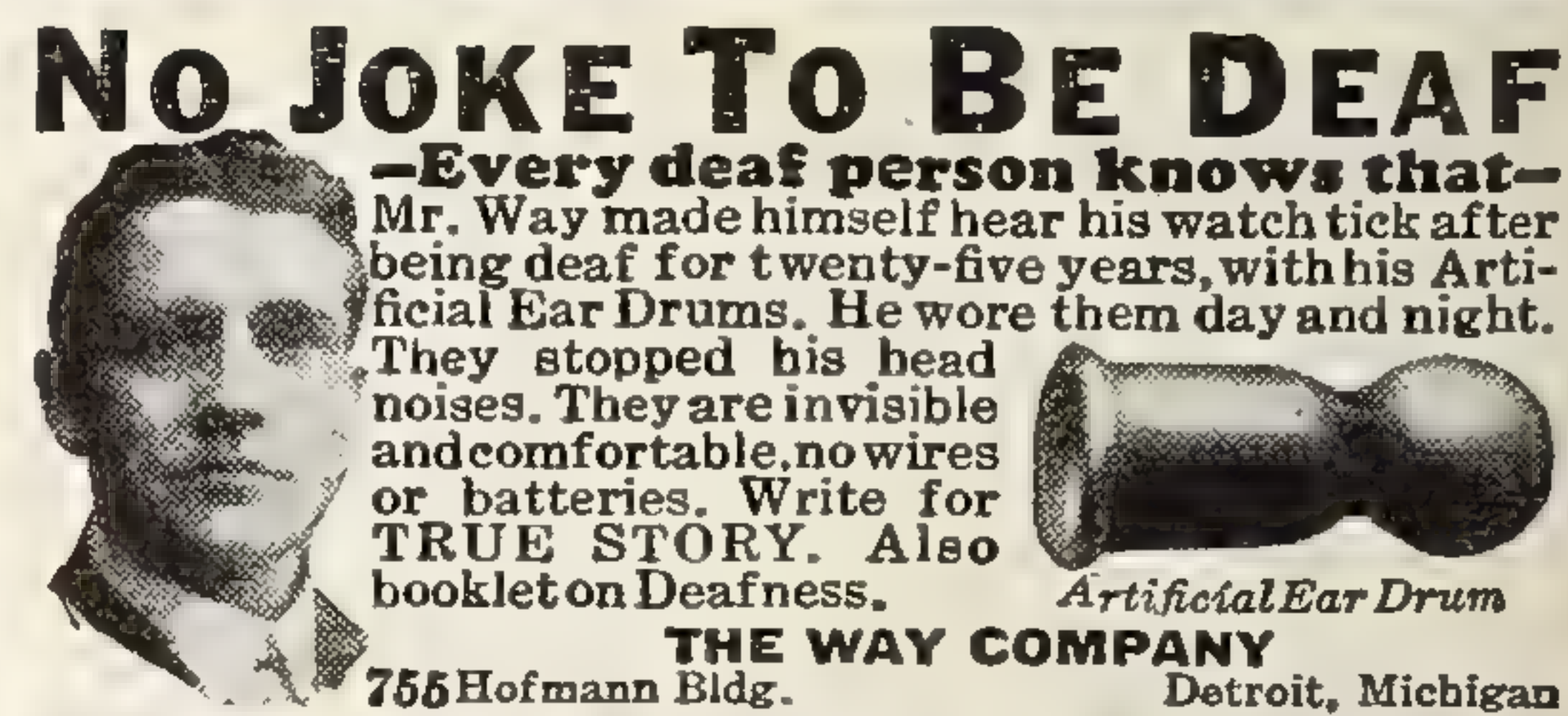
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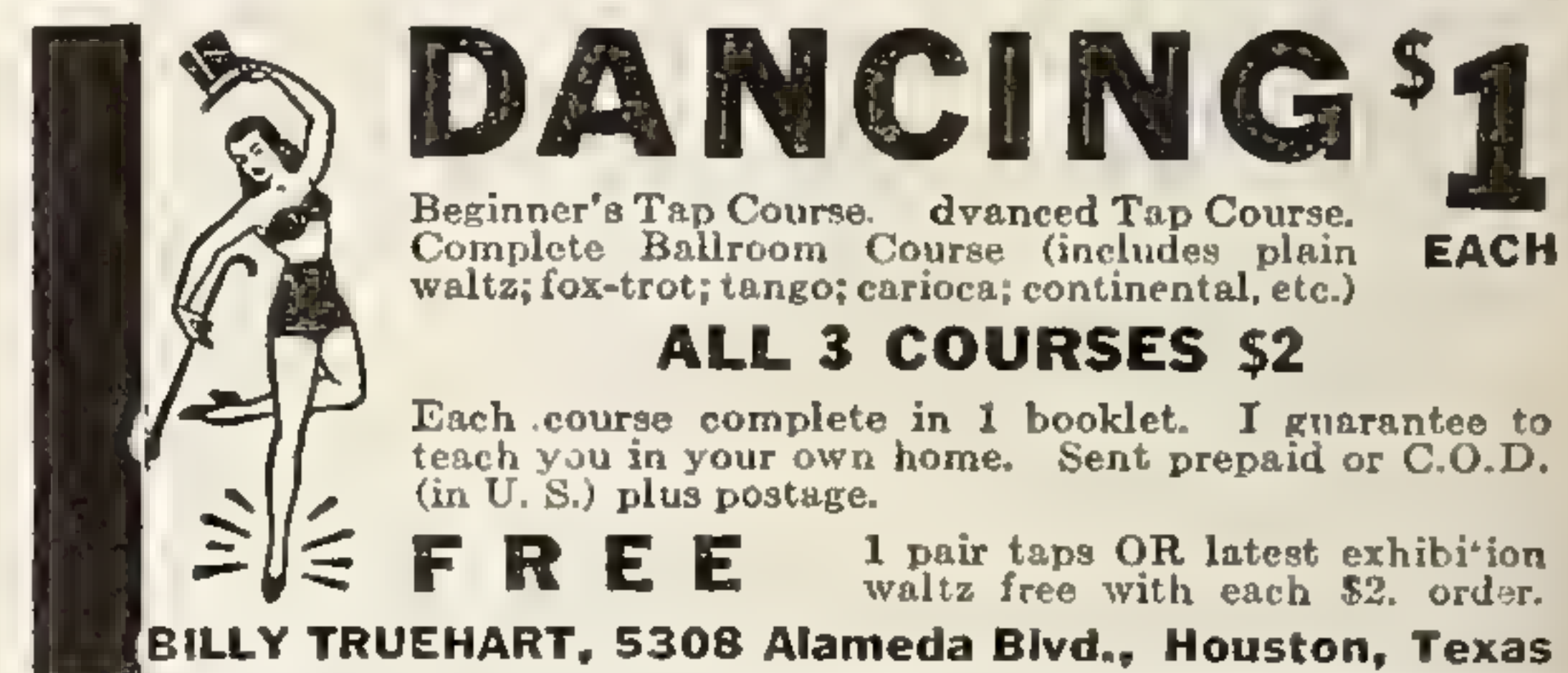
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The Mad, Merry Set

Continued from page 19

performance. Did they have fun! Bob and Chet were given Oriental costumes with long twirling mustachios and fierce eyebrows and told to lead the elephants, while Betty and Sue rode up on top dressed up like Fatima, the Sultan's Favorite. They lead the big parade around the tent and who should be sitting in a prominent box but Mr. Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M, none other than their "boss." As they passed Mr. Mayer Bob shouted at Chet, "I hear 'Reckless' is awful. And personally I couldn't hand 'David Copperfield' a thing. Who makes those lousy pictures?"

And there was the time that Chester and Sue were asked by Somebody Important to entertain guests from the Middle West, a little task that every movie star has wished on him from time to time. All guests arrive in Hollywood with the idea that all stars are idiots and imbeciles so Chet and Sue decided to live up to their advance publicity. They invited the Montgomerys, and when the guests were shown into the exquisite Morris drawing-room they were greeted by Chet and Bob wearing nothing more or less than shorts, tuxedo jackets, mustaches and derbies.

Bob and Chet are always playing jokes on each other, the most recent one involving a horse. Bob bought a beautiful filly, but to his dismay discovered that the horse was possessed of an insane desire to sit down in public places and just relax. So Bob, with a beautiful gesture of friendship and a lot of "my old pal" hooey, gave the nag to Chet for his birthday; and with Sue and Betty and a gang of friends parked along Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills to see Chet try out his horsemanship on the famous bridle path. All dolled up like an Englishman riding to hounds, Chet appeared, and fired with ambition by an audience decided to treat them to a little horsemanship. But the filly had other ideas; she decided to sit down right in the middle of the bridle path, and just as a sight-seeing bus crammed with movie fans passed by.

Another grand irresponsible couple, who are insane in a nice way, are the Dick Barthelmesses. While other actors are worrying lest their public forget them Dick blithely goes on round-the-world tours for months at a time. At five minutes to six Dick may suddenly announce that it would be nice to go to China; and a few hours later, he and Jessica, giggling like a couple of kids, will be on a steamer tooting its way out of Los Angeles Harbor.

Dick and Bill Powell have been pals for a long time and they are constantly "ribbing" each other much in the manner of Montgomery and Morris. One of the best ribs, I think, was the night soon after Bill had moved into his elegant new Beverly Hills mansion. The phone rang and an official of the Hollywood Water and Power company asked to speak most urgently to Mr. Powell. "Mr. Powell," the voice came over the phone frantically, "I'm calling from the Hollywood Water and Power Company. I must warn you that the Los Angeles reservoir has just broken and that the pipes in your house are in grave danger of bursting unless you turn on all the taps and continually flush the toilets." Dick and Jessica arrived fifteen minutes later to find Mr. Powell's beautiful mansion sounding like Niagara Falls.

Bill's house alone would make him eligible for life membership in the Fits and Convulsions Club. Bill has a door-knob complex, and is definitely queer for

push-buttons; in fact, he's completely nuts on the subject of push-buttons. So everything in his new house is controlled by buttons. He pushes a series of buttons, (something like the combination of a safe), and his big massive gates open. "I dislike solitude," Bill told me recently at Carole Lombard's party, "so by a push of the button I can hear what's being said in every room of the house. I loathe door-knobs, so I have buttons installed on the floors in front of every door and when I step on the button the door flies open. In my private theatre if I notice that my guests are yawning and are quite bored with the picture I merely press a button and out from the walls pop two disappearing beds so my guests can take a little nap in complete comfort. Perhaps I have overdone it a bit, though," he admitted vaguely, "for I don't seem to be able to find half the buttons." Which reminds me that the first night Bill came home to his new home he completely forgot the combination of gate buttons, so tophat, tails, and all, he had to climb over the wall, only to be greeted in the driveway by a huge horse-shoe of lilies with SUCCESS on a purple banner—a tender little thought from ex-wife Carole Lombard.

The mad, merry little doings of Bill Powell are innumerable. He likes to recite poetry to blank walls; he likes to carry on long conversations over the phone that don't make sense; and never, never can he remember to get to a place on time. Poor Jean Harlow's servants never know when they will be able to announce dinner. But Bill played a nifty on her at her last dinner party. "I will give him until eight-fifteen," Jean said quite definitely to her guests sprawled over her white drawing-room, "and if he isn't here by then we'll just eat without him." Came eight-thirty and a furious Jean and her famished guests simply fell into the dining room. There sat Bill, quite suave and debonair, (despite the fact he had just slipped in). "My, my," he said gaily, "I thought you'd never come. I've practically finished the olives."

Carole Lombard is definitely on my list of eligibles. She is but divinely insane, with the swellest sense of humor in Hollywood. If you are a friend of hers you are not the least surprised when the phone rings at three in the morning and she merrily informs you and she and Fieldsie will be over in fifteen minutes to take you to Big Bear where she has a cabin. Carole has never left for Big Bear at a respectable hour. She does everything on the impulse of the moment, unless Fieldsie, her secretary, can manage to hold her down, which is practically a case of the blind leading the blind, as Fieldsie herself is so vague that often she forgets her own name. Carole's madness has me in stitches constantly, but it was last January in New York that I nearly died. I had come East on the train with Carole and at every station there were crowds of people, and in New York mobs and cameras every place she went. One afternoon the manager of the RKO Music Hall invited us on a tour of his famous building which rises fifty-five stories into the air. We worked up and after we had "ohed" and "ahed" over the beauty of the view from the top we took an elevator down. To a couple of Hollywood hicks used to nothing taller than Tom Mix's ten gallon hat that trip down on the elevator seemed to take hours. Finally the door opened and we stepped out into a lonely lounge. "What, no one to meet

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us?" said Carole, eyes wide with wonder.

Dear me, my space is running short and I've only scratched the surface as 'twere. We'll have to make this snappy or Auntie Bess will get the shears, not the Norma Shearers. Kay Francis is one of my favorites because she is so delightfully inconsistent. Kay, who is called "Hetty Green" by her friends, or are they, pays fifty dollars a month for the most modest house in Hollywood, has no chauffeur, no butler, no nothing, and you can almost see the glamorous Kay feeling a dollar so tenderly before deciding to part with it. Then all of a sudden Kay will throw a party at the Vendome, which she has converted into a ship or a farm for the night, that will cost thousands upon thousands of dollars. Then she'll haggle over the grocery bill for a few weeks, finding little ways of cutting it down a few cents, and then with an utterly sublime gesture she will sail for Europe in the royal suite of the Conte di Savoia. She just doesn't make sense.

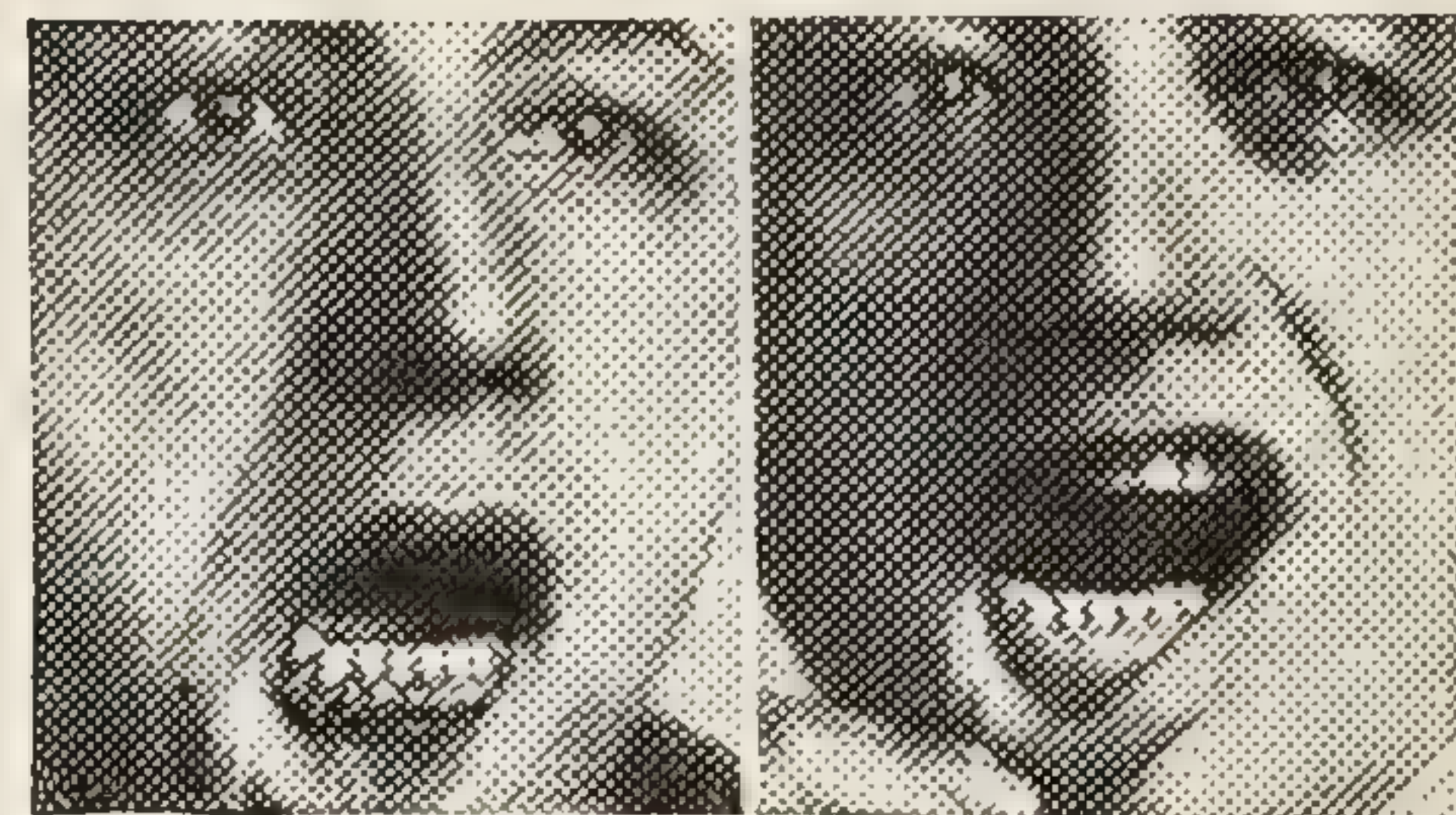
Charles Laughton I must include because Charlie has made the best under-statement of the Grand Canyon I have ever heard. On his way out from New York last year he made a stop-over to see America's magnificent canyon, and as he stood there in the spot where millions have stood inspired by such grandeur to think of God, and poetry, and the marvels of nature, Mr. Laughton merely shook his head and said, "Tsch, tsch, tsch!"

Charlie has a mad passion for Alison Skipworth, and his first day on the Paramount lot he grabbed Skippy in a wild embrace and told her that she was the most divine creature that ever lived and he must make a picture with her at once. "Tut and fiddlesticks!" snorted Skippy "I'm a homely old woman. I'm clever—yes, but I'm homely." "Darling," thrilled Mr. Laughton, "you are the most divine woman in the world." This romance has lasted through the years that Charlie has been here. I was never quite sure of his madness until the day I was interviewing him and in the midst of my discussion of the English drama Mr. Laughton said, "Can you wiggle your ears?" And proceeded to show me that he could.

Myrna Loy is eligible for the Club because she has never lived in one spot in Hollywood longer than six months. She has had houses and apartments all over the place, but at the end of six months invariably she moves. I once asked her about this. "It's the tramp in me," she said. "I really would like to go stomping all over the East and Europe, but I've always been so busy I haven't left California since I came here years ago. I crave new atmosphere and new surroundings, and I can't travel, so I just move."

George Cukor, that director of hits, has to be included because of that mad house he has built on the side of a Hollywood hill. It started out as a few rooms and was quite cozy, and then all of a sudden George started adding to it and now it rambles indefinitely in every direction. To his surprise one morning as he was looking over a new wing George discovered that he has to go through every room in the house to get to his bedroom. As if the house wasn't mad enough, George ups and brings back from Europe with him some mother-of-pearl furniture that is quite the most insane thing you've ever seen. George thought to play a trick on his friend Billy Haines who is decorating the house by buying the furniture himself in Europe and thereby saving money. He paid eight hundred pounds for it, (approximately four thousand dollars), only to learn later that Billy, even in his maddest moments, would never have charged him more than five hundred for it.

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BEFORE AFTER

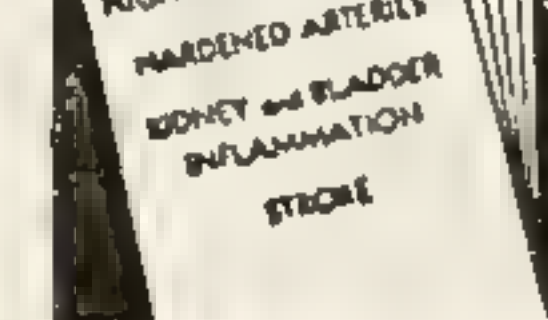
Picture shows Mr. Rochin before and after using P. T. M. FORMULA. He says: "I used P. T. M. for four weeks and all signs of pyorrhea have absolutely disappeared, leaving my teeth and gums in a firm, healthy condition—thanks to your wonderful remedy. My dentist could hardly believe such a change possible. I surely hope that the thousands suffering from Pyorrhea and Trench Mouth learn, as I did, that at last there is relief from these dreaded conditions."—Paul Rochin, Los Angeles, Cal. **DON'T LOSE YOUR TEETH! TRY P. T. M. FORMULA**, a painless economical home treatment with money-back guarantee. P. T. M. has healed Pyorrhea, Trench Mouth, sore, tender, bleeding gums for thousands of sufferers. It is new in principle, and has proven sensationally effective for thousands of users. If you have Pyorrhea or Trench Mouth—if your gums are sore or bleed when brushed—if your teeth are loose or pus pockets have formed—TRY P. T. M. You be the judge—nothing to lose, your health to gain. Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with successful results in your own case. Write NOW for full information. P. T. M. Formula Products, Inc., Dept. T-24 4016 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

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He-Man of Song

Continued from page 51



Mildred Harris, first wife of Charlie Chaplin, returns to the screen in "Black Sheep."

The production of "Naughty Marietta" was set late in 1933, or a whole year before it actually went before the cameras—due to one delay after another. Finally the studio heads prevailed upon W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke to direct it.

"Van Dyke, you know, has had lots of success with inexperienced actors," young Mr. Eddy, still on the subject of his professed belief that he is not an actor, was saying. "What he did to me, I still don't know. There were no 'pep talks,' none of those speeches like 'young man, we're all with you, etc.' Van Dyke treated me just as he did the other experienced actors, his attitude implying that I could act the scenes as he instructed."

Eddy laughed heartily as he recalled that, following the "Naughty Marietta" preview, when Van Dyke asked him how he liked seeing himself in his first picture, the actor, seeking to say he thought it fine but did not know how to carry his newly-conferred honors, replied "Great, but I don't know how to act." Whereupon Van Dyke cut in with a laugh and said, "You're telling me?"

If proof of a sense of humor is ability to enjoy a laugh on yourself, Eddy must qualify as the possessor of a sense of humor. He told about working particularly hard one day. "I was almost groggy, hadn't had a thing to eat for hours, though the other members of the company had. I couldn't get the words of a song straight, and suddenly decided to let it go until I had had something to eat. I started to walk off when Van Dyke called, 'Come back here.' I told him I wasn't going to do any more till I'd had a rest and something to eat. 'Come back and finish this scene,' Van Dyke ordered. Then I decided I might as well find out who was more important there, Eddy or Van Dyke. I decided Van Dyke was, and finished the scene."

By this time Eddy seemed to be craving action; he was pacing about the room, talking about his hopes for what he will be given to do in his future films.

"I'd like swashbuckling rôles. You can be a little 'hammy' in them without any harm to the performance. Also, I know, from meeting so many theatre men during this concert tour, that both they and the public they serve like romance. It need not be especially 'important' or 'significant' drama, but romantic as to story."

The new star says he likes the variety

of work he is doing now. "Radio, concert, pictures, the work is all dovetailing nicely. I get so many fan letters telling me that the writers saw me in the picture and heard me on the radio, and a surprisingly large number mention having seen me in concert. Incidentally, the fan mail has grown so greatly that I'm having a time keeping up with it. I used to think I was a big shot when I got fifty letters a week. Now a week's mail brings in more than a thousand."

As to getting back to Hollywood, Eddy said he'd be glad to be there and have a rest. "Out there," he added, "you don't have to go to parties unless you feel like it." He has never figured prominently in the lists of those present at the parties and gay spots, and perhaps the explanation of the absence of reports linking him romantically with the fair ladies is that he claims he "takes a girl out because he likes her company, not merely to flash her for the sake of getting my name in the papers."

Nelson Eddy is so much news as of the immediate present that there doesn't seem any reason for talking about his past. However, so many have been inquiring "where has Nelson Eddy been all this time" since seeing him in "Naughty Marietta," that you may want a few brief details.

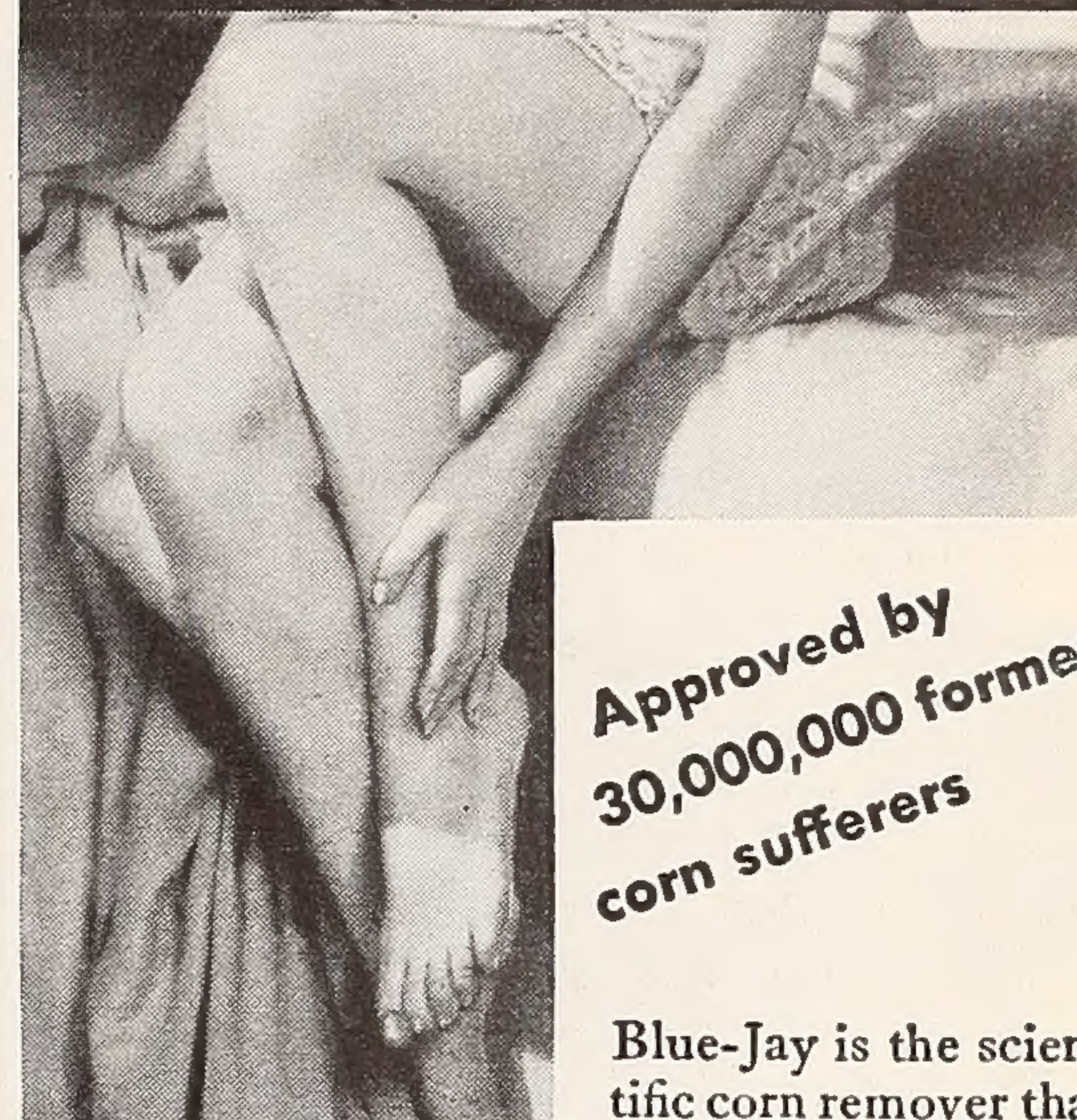
Well, he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, is a descendant of President Martin Van Buren; and Caroline Kendrick, a famous singer of her day, was his grandmother. Eddy started singing as a boy in the church choirs of Providence. His family removed to Philadelphia when he was about fourteen, and in the Quaker City he made his start toward a career as a newspaperman. His interest in singing continued, but he wasn't serious about it until the late David Bispham heard him sing and told him he could make a career as a singer. Then Eddy's interest, under Bispham's coaching, became so great that an advertising agency for which he was working told him he'd better tend to one thing or the other.

That same agency, incidentally, now makes out handsome checks to Nelson Eddy in payment for appearances at the microphone. Eddy's first stage appearance was in a society musical show, and in due course he was singing Gilbert and Sullivan, and later operatic rôles with the Philadelphia opera company. Now he commands thirty-two operatic rôles, and sings in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian as well as English. He has been abroad, studied briefly in Dresden and Paris. Eddy went to Los Angeles in March 1933, a not especially well-known concert singer at the time. He received an ovation, and M-G-M signed him for pictures.

If you are one of those simile adders, you might "Add: as blue as Nelson Eddy's shirts." Every time this writer sees him, Eddy is wearing a bluer shirt than the one he had before, and the only way you can find him wearing anything but a blue shirt is to see him in pictures, or at a concert, like his recent New York recital, when he was a fashion plate in formal afternoon garb.

When I met him for this interview the shirt was of a blue that would have paled those Joseph Urban stage back-drops; the collar encircled by a tie with dots and squares of various shades of blue on a white ground, blue socks, and, believe it or not, a handkerchief even bluer than his shirt, peeping from the pocket of his double-breasted blue suit. Come on, movie color!

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TO BE RID OF
CORN**

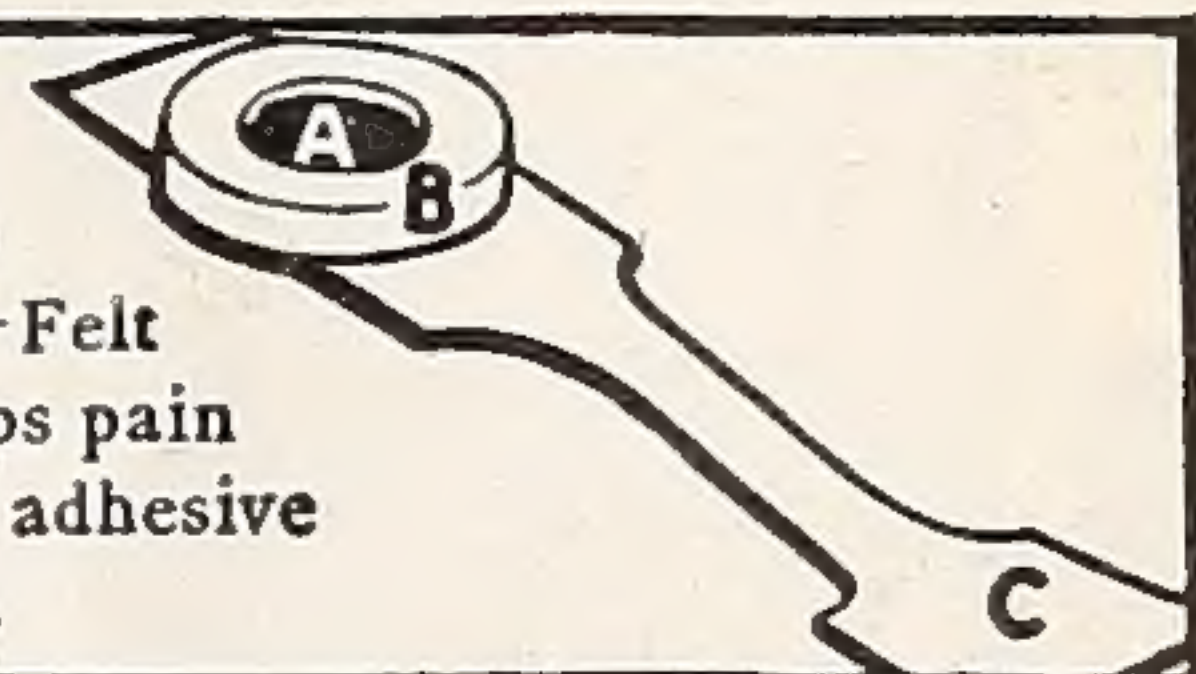


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Mississippi
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Colorful, tuneful, romantic, and very amusing—in other words a good show based on Booth Tarkington's story about a young Southerner who refuses to fight a duel and then gets the fictitious reputation of being a "killer" when he becomes a show-boat singer. Bing Crosby plays the hero rôle effectively and has some fine tunes to sing; W. C. Fields is his laughable best as captain of the boat, and Joan Bennett is lovely.



The Bride
of Frank-
enstein
Universal

This new horror epic starts where that other thriller, "Frankenstein," left off. You must not miss it if you like chills and shivers with your entertainment. Boris Karloff is superb as the monster, while Elsa Lanchester as the mate created to be his bride, offers a splendid performance. Una O'Connor, Colin Clive, Valerie Hobson and O. P. Heggie turn in fine jobs in support. A sure thriller, lavishly staged and photographed.



My Heart
is Calling
Gaumont-
British

Something of a musical treat, as it gives personable Jan Kiepura some splendid chances to render operatic arias as well as lighter music. It's worth your while hearing this star sing. The story is somewhat routine, but it manages to be fairly pleasant comedy about an opera troupe's difficulties getting an engagement in Monte Carlo. Attractive Marta Eggerth, whom you saw in "Unfinished Symphony," is the heroine.



Mary
Jane's Pa
Warners

A new treatment of the *Enoch Arden* idea, with Guy Kibbee as the disappearing husband and Aline MacMahon the waiting wife. Even the fine work of fine troupers as principals and supporting players succeeds in doing little with the attempted pathos when Kibbee returns to find his wife preparing to marry again, and taking a job as a cook in his wife's household in order to hold the family together. It misses fire.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55

Cardinal
Richelieu
United
Artists



Magnificently staged melodrama that is also exciting historical romance, with George Arliss in the best rôle he has had since "House of Rothschild." The intrigues and pageantry of the court of *Louis XIII* have been turned into a really stimulating show. Edward Arnold, Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Douglas Dumbrille and other fine players make up a notably good cast. If you like historical films, see this!

Strangers
All
RKO-
Radio



May Robson in a story of mother love—and only a mother could love the selfish, boorish, three sons this widowed lady strives to help and keep together as a family unit. The daughter proves a little less troublesome. Preston Foster, William Bakewell, James Bush, and Florine McKinney are the *chillun*. It has a court-room climax with "mom" saving her communistic youngest son from jail. Just so-so.

Spring
Tonic
Fox



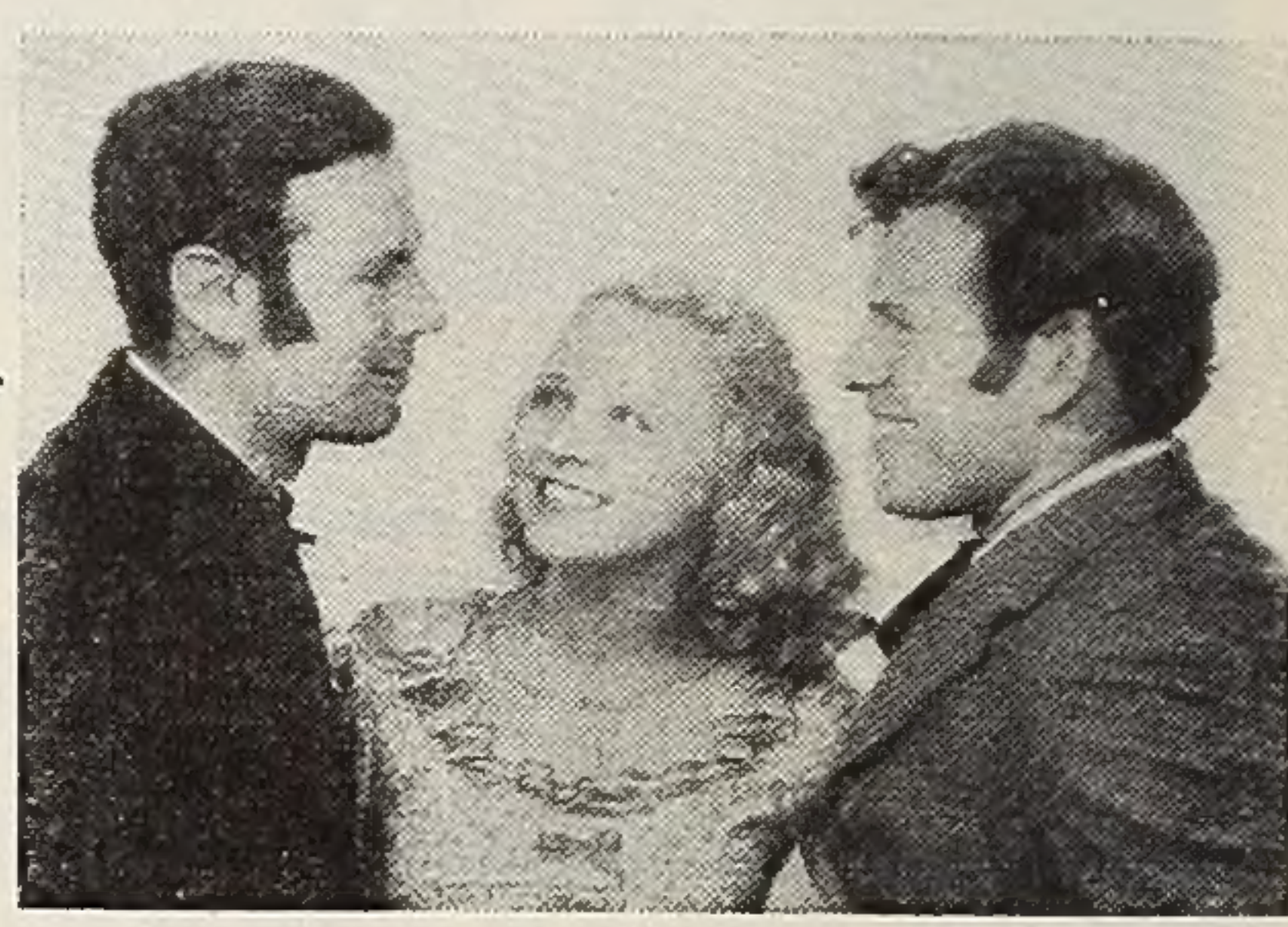
A good cast includes Lew Ayres, Claire Trevor, Walter King, ZaSu Pitts, Jack Haley and Tala Birell, with a comedy specialty added by Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant—struggling in a story about a girl who leaves home and husband and becomes involved with some bootleggers, animal trainers, and a newspaperman. An escaped tiger provides the action. Impossible situations. It's tough on the good cast.

Vanessa
—Her
Love
Story
M-G-M



A lugubrious tale, convincing only as to the realistic atmosphere in which is unfolded the story of *Vanessa Paris*, and her long separation from the dashing young Scotsman she loves. It would be unfortunate if this really is Helen Hayes' valedictory as a film star, for through no fault of hers or Robert Montgomery's, or Otto Kruger's or others in a fine cast, these characters never come to life, nor does the story.

The
Hoosier
School-
master
Monogram



You're going to like this very appealing picturization of a famous novel dealing with post-Civil war days and the romance of a Yankee school-master and an orphan girl "bound out" to an Indiana family. Norman Foster has the name part and Charlotte Henry is the girl. Both are excellent, but Fred Kohler, Jr., is the star of the show. This boy has an arresting personality and real ability. Good entertainment for all.

Cowboy
Millionaire
Fox



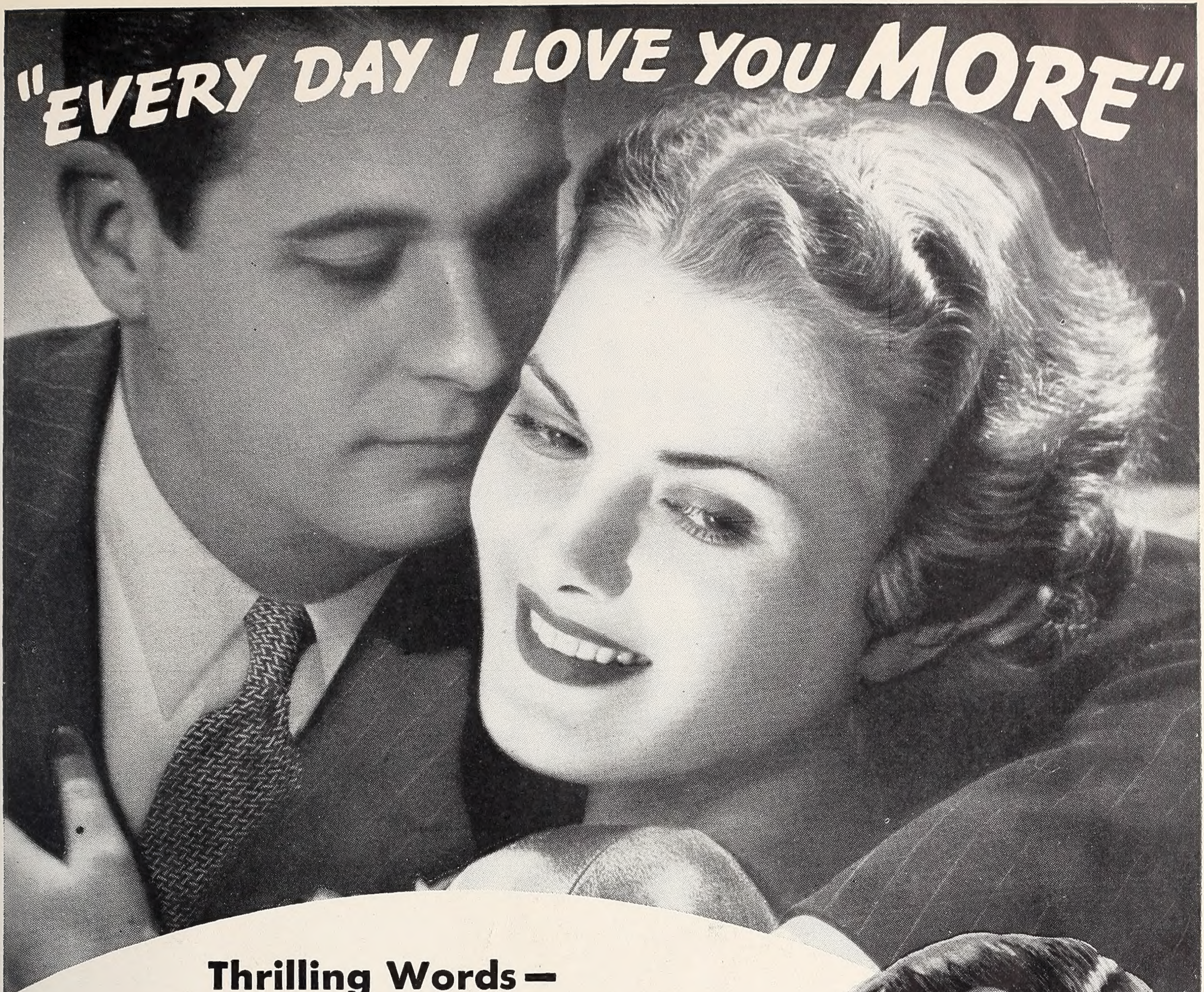
This amusing, breezy Western is a real departure from stereotyped "horse operas" and should appeal to a larger field than the routine Westerns. With George O'Brien, Evalyn Bostock, Edgar Kennedy, Maude Allen and Dan Jarrett in leading rôles, it offers entertaining light comedy as well as a real story—one about an English girl and a true westerner who meet, fight, and finally fall in love. You'll enjoy this.

Brewster's
Millions
United
Artists



Occasionally bright, but never brisk comedy with music, good dancing, and attractive settings. It's the up-to-date version of the familiar story of the chap who must spend millions to get more millions, with Jack Buchanan, Lily Damita, Nancy O'Neil and other capable English players maintaining rather well the spirit of good humor. If you have not had enough musical comedy to suit you, try this one, it's fair.

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